

PHOTODLAY

JANUARY 25¢

PAT BOONE:

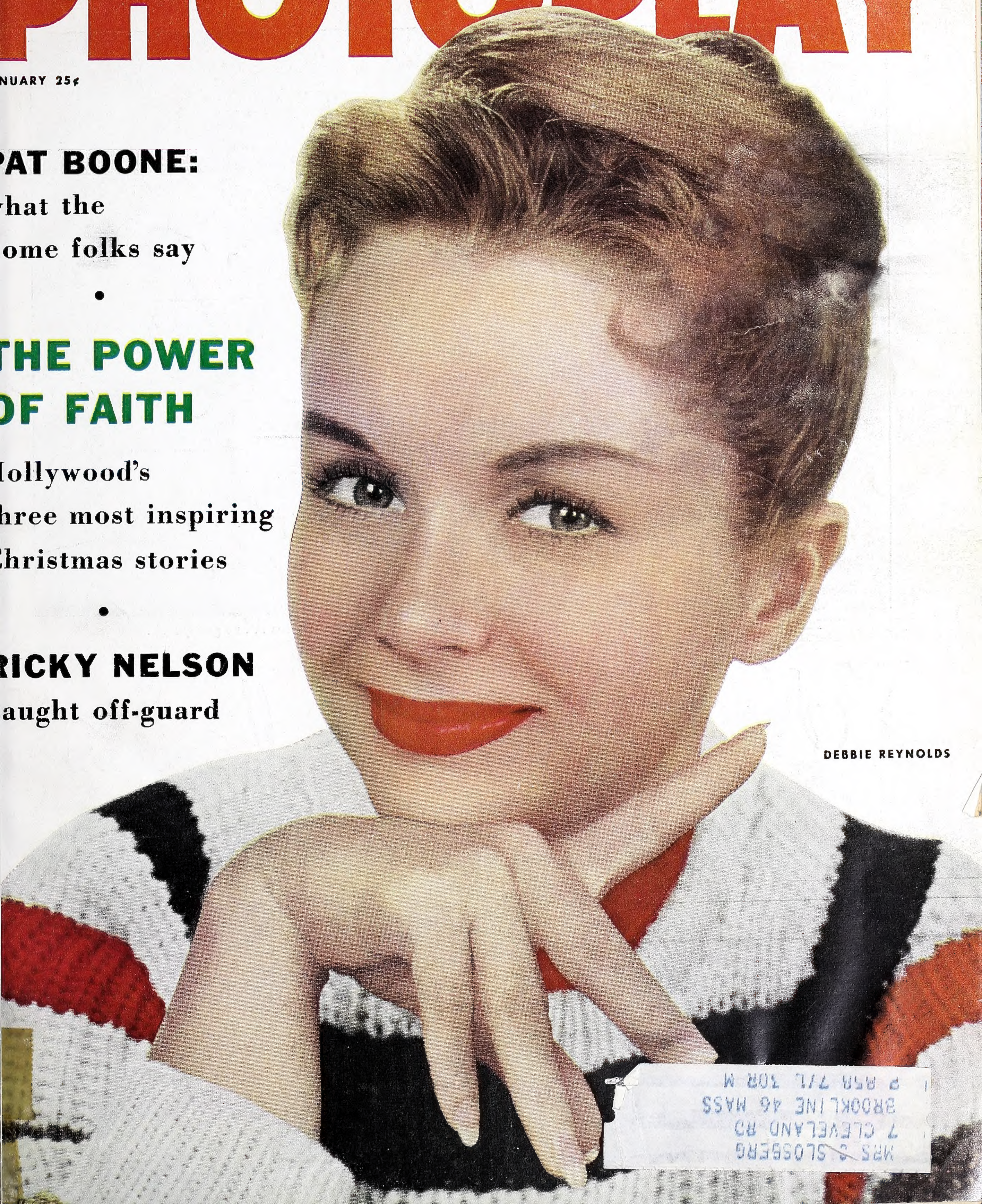
What the
some folks say

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Christmas stories

RICKY NELSON

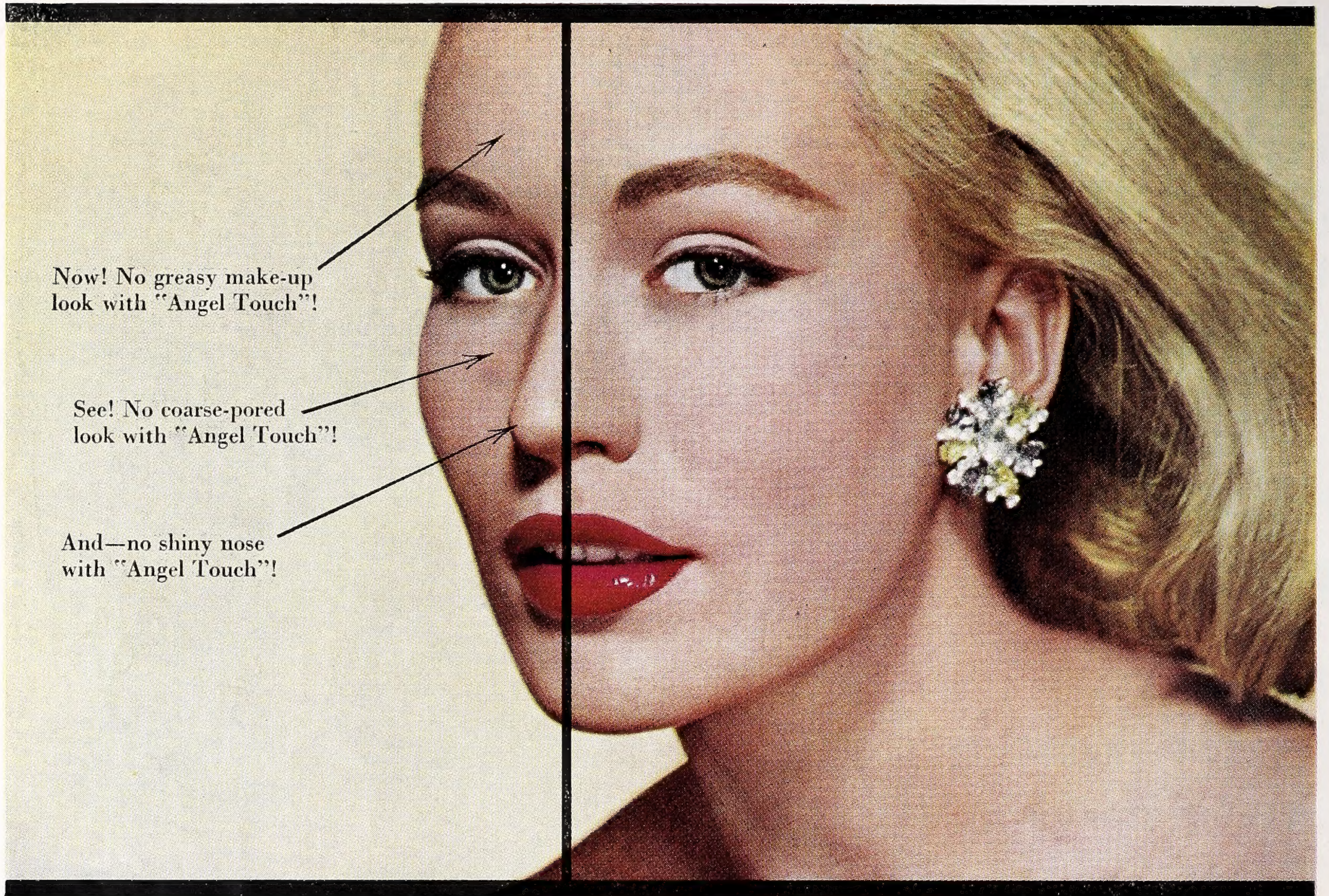
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CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

BABY FACE NELSON—U.A. Directed by Don Siegel: *Nelson*, Mickey Rooney; *Sue*, Carolyn Jones; *Doc Saunders*, Cedric Hardwicke; *Jerry*, Chris Dark; *Rocca*, Ted de Corsia; *Mac*, Emile Meyer; *Hamilton*, Tony Caruso; *Dillinger*, Leo Gordon; *Fatso*, Jack Elam; *Parker*, John Hoyt; *Van Meter*, Elisha Cook, Jr.; *Mr. Hall*, George Stone.

DON'T GO NEAR THE WATER—M-G-M. Directed by Charles Walters: *Lt. Max Siegel*, Glenn Ford; *Melora*, Gia Scala; *Adam*, Earl Holliman; *Lt. Tomlen*, Anne Francis; *Gordon Ripwell*, Keenan Wynn; *Lt. Comdr. Nash*, Fred Clark; *Deborah*, Eva Gabor; *Ensign Tyson*, Russ Tamblyn; *Lt. Pendleton*, Jeff Richards; *Farragut Jones*, Mickey Shaughnessy; *Adm. Boatwright*, Howard Smith; *Mr. Alba*, Romney Brent; *Janie*, Mary Wickes.

GREEN-EYED BLONDE, THE—Warners. Directed by: Bernard Girard: *Greeneyes*, Susan Oliver; *Betsy Abel*, Linda Plowman; *Ouisie*, Beverly Long; *Cuckoo*, Norma Jean Nilsson; *Trixie*, Tommie Moore; *Joyce*, Carla Merey; *Margaret Wilson*, Sallie Brophy; *Mrs. Nichols*, Jean Innes; *Miss Vandingham*, Olive Blakeney; *Sally Abel*, Anne Barton; *Ed*, Tom Greenway.

INVISIBLE BOY, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Herman Hoffman: *Timmie*, Richard Eyer; *Dr. Merrinoe*, Philip Abbott; *Mary Merrinoe*, Diane Brewster; *General Swayne*, Harold J. Stone.

JAILHOUSE ROCK—M-G-M. Directed by Richard Thorpe: *Vince Everett*, Elvis Presley; *Peggy Van Alden*, Judy Tyler; *Hunk Houghton*, Mickey Shaughnessy; *Mr. Shores*, Vaughn Taylor; *Sherry Wilson*, Jennifer Holden; *Teddy Talbot*, Dean Jones; *Laury Jackson*, Anne Neyland.

KISS THEM FOR ME—20th. Directed by Stanley Donen: *Crewson*, Cary Grant; *Alice*, Jayne Mansfield; *Eddie Turnbill*, Leif Erickson; *Gweneth*, Suzy Parker; *Mac*, Ray Walston; *Mississip*, Larry Blyden; *Ruddle*, Nathaniel Frey.

MONOLITH MONSTERS, THE—U-I. Directed by John Sherwood: *Dave Miller*, Grant Williams; *Cathy Barrett*, Lola Albright; *Martin Cochrane*, Les Tremayne; *Prof. Arthur Flanders*, Trevor Bardette.

MY MAN GODFREY—U-I. Directed by Henry Koster. *Irene*, June Allyson; *Godfrey*, David Niven; *Angelica*, Jessie Royce Landis; *Mr. Bullock*, Robert Keith; *Francesca*, Eva Gabor; *Vincent*, Jay Robinson; *Cordelia*, Martha Hyer; *Molly*, Jeff Donnell; *Hubert*, Herbert Anderson.

PAL JOEY—Columbia. Directed by George Sidney: *Vera Simpson*, Rita Hayworth; *Joey Evans*, Frank Sinatra; *Linda English*, Kim Novak; *Gladys*, Barbara Nichols; *Ned Galvin*, Bobby Sherwood; *Mike Miggins*, Hank Henry; *Mrs. Casey*, Elizabeth Patterson.

SAD SACK, THE—Paramount. Directed by George Marshall: *Bixby*, Jerry Lewis; *Dolan*, David Wayne; *Major Shelton*, Phyllis Kirk; *Abdul*, Peter Lorre; *Pvt. Stan Wenaslawsky*, Joe Mantell; *Sgt. Pulley*, Gene Evans; *Ali Mustapha*, George Dolenz; *Zita*, Liliane Montevecchi; *Gen. Vanderlip*, Shepperd Strudwick; *Hassim*, Abraham Sofaer; *Sgt. Hansen*, Mary Treen; *Lieut. Wilson*, Drew Cahill; *Moki*, Michael G. Ansara; *Capt. Ward*, Don Haggerty; *French General*, Jean Del Val; *Arab Chieftain*, Dan Seymour; *Hazel (Wac)*, Yvette Vickers.

SHORT CUT TO HELL—Paramount. Directed by James Cagney: *Kyle*, Robert Ivers; *Glory Hamilton*, Georgann Johnson; *Stan*, William Bishop; *Bahrwell*, Jacques Aubuchon; *Adams*, Peter Baldwin; *Daisy*, Yvette Vickers; *Nichols*, Murvyn Vye; *L.A. Police Captain*, Milton Frome.

STOPOVER TOKYO—20th. Directed by Richard L. Breen: *Mark Fannon*, Robert Wagner; *Tina*, Joan Collins; *George Underwood*, Edmond O'Brien; *Tony Barrett*, Ken Scott; *Koko*, Reiko Oyama; *High Commissioner*, Larry Keating; *Wife of High Commissioner*, Sarah Selby.

STOWAWAY GIRL—Paramount. Directed by Guy Hamilton: *Prothero*, Trevor Howard; *Mario*, Pedro Armendariz; *Manuela*, Elsa Martinelli; *Bleloch*, Leslie Weston; *Evans*, Donald Pleasence; *Tommy*, Jack McGowan; *Moss*, Warren Mitchell; *Wellington Jones*, Harcourt Curacao; *Murphy*, Barry Lowe; *Official*, Juan Carolilla; *Ferguson*, John Rae; *Stranger*, Roger Delgado; *Pereira*, Harold Kasket; *Bliss*, Max Butterfield; *Cook*, Andy Ho; *Agent*, Peter Illing; *Patron*, Armando Guinle; *Coca-Cola Man*, Michael Peake.

UNTIL THEY SAIL—M-G-M. Directed by Robert Wise: *Barbara*, Jean Simmons; *Anne*, Joan Fontaine; *Capt. Harding*, Paul Newman; *Delia*, Piper Laurie; *Capt. Bates*, Charles Drake; *Evelyn*, Sandra Dee; *Shinner*, Wally Cassell.

ZERO HOUR—Paramount. Directed by Hall Bartlett: *Ted Stryker*, Dana Andrews; *Ellen Stryker*, Linda Darnell; *Treleven*, Sterling Hayden; *Captain Wilson*, Elroy "Crazylegs" Hirsch; *Dr. Baird*, Geoffrey Toone; *Tony Decker*, Jerry Paris; *Stewardess*, Peggy King; *Mrs. Wilson*, Carole Eden; *Burdick*, Charles Quinlivan.

JANUARY, 1958

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PHOTOPLAY

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COVER: Color portrait of Debbie Reynolds by Gene Trindl. Debbie stars in Universal-International's "This Happy Feeling" and M-G-M's "The Boy Friend." Sweater by Gantner of California.

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Your February issue will be on sale at your newsstand on January 2nd



PHOTOPLAY IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y. EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES at 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Editorial branch office, 321 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Lee Andrews, Vice-President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising offices also in Chicago and San Francisco. SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$2.50 one year, \$4.00 two years, \$5.50 three years in U. S., its possessions and Canada. \$5.00 per year all other countries. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 6 weeks' notice essential. When possible, please furnish stencil-impression address from a recent issue. Address change can be made only if we have your old as well as your new address. Write to Photoplay Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS will be carefully considered but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or damage. It is advisable to keep a duplicate copy for your records. Only material accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes or with sufficient return postage will be returned. FOREIGN editions handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Douglas Lockhart, Vice-President. RE-ENTERED as Second Class Matter May 10, 1946, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as Second Class International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Pan American Copyright Convention. Todos derechos reservados segun La Convencion Panamericana de Propiedad Literaria y Artistica. Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Printed in U.S.A. by Art Color Printing Company. Member of TRUE STORY WOMEN'S GROUP.



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of sunshine,
song and
sweethearts.
And you'll
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beauty, Marisa
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miss it!

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"THE SEVEN HILLS OF ROME"

co-starring

**RENATO RASCEL
MARISA ALLASIO**

with

PEGGIE CASTLE



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Filmed in TECHNIRAMA® — A Product of TECHNICOLOR® • Produced by LESTER WELCH
Directed by ROY ROWLAND • A Le Cloud Production



Liz Taylor, resplendent in velvet and jewels, was girl of the hour at "Raintree County" premiere. Her gown, a black floor-length sheath, was designed to show off rubies, diamonds and chinchilla stole, gifts from Mike

INSIDE STUFF

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

Parties: Mike Todd, at his \$7,000 party following the "Raintree County" premiere in Louisville, Ky., cautioned the orchestra *not* to play "Around the World in 80 Days." "This is *her* night," Mike emphasized, nodding toward **Liz**, "and I want no publicity for myself." And *her*, in bright array, looked a dream. But Mike's tune was different the following week at his "intimate" Madison Square Garden blowout, held to celebrate the first birthday anniversary of "80 Days." More than 18,000 guests sang his laurels during the year's biggest and most publicized fiasco.

At the **Jules Stein** (MCA) soiree, **Gene Kelly** popped in from the "Marjorie Morningstar" location. Remembering those rumors of bickering between Gene and his leading lady, **Natalie Wood**, we asked how the picture was going. "Well," said Gene with a shrug, "at the moment it's in bits and pieces." The following week so was Gene, with an injured leg and Asian flu. In bits and pieces.

At the same party, **Van Johnson** bustled over. "Hey, I was thinking about you today," he said. "While I was washing the lunch dishes, I came across that tray you gave **Evie** and me for a wedding present and I—" *While*

he was washing the lunch dishes?!! Tut tut, the things you do hear at Hollywood parties . . . **George Nader**, at the same party, hasn't half the social ease as girlfriend **Martha Hyer**.

Highlight of the shebang that **Jack Benny** threw for **Ed Sullivan** was **Maurice Chevalier's** rendition of "Dixie" with a French roll accent . . . And the contortions in that number put on by eight-year-old **Portland Mason**



at Dean Martin's Mocambo party was to me the height of bad taste.

Tears: The misty eyes of **Jeff Chandler**, who finally moved into a Hollywood apartment alone, at the mention of his two children . . . The wails of **Marie Wilson** at the prospect of losing the adored baby she hoped to adopt, with the real mother now asserting her claim.

People in Hollywood Wonder: Why **George Raft** didn't title that too-revealing magazine confessional just plain "Riff-Raft" and be done with it . . . If 20th Century-Fox will be successful in its plan to star **Elvis Presley**, **Pat Boone** and **Tommy Sands** in one picture . . . Why, in "Raintree County," M-G-M insisted on those closeups of **Monty Clift's** swollen features, results of that auto smack-up . . . If Monty is really in love with his secretary, **Marge Stengel**, as reported, and if so why **May Britt** draped his arm at the premiere. They just wonder about Monty, period.

They're concerned over **Shelley Winters** and **Hedy Lamarr**, two stars who insist on feudin' and fussin' through life. Contention, in part, prevented Shelley's play, "The Saturday Night Kid," from opening on Broadway, and cost Hedy many friends at Universal Studios.

Hello, Memphis: It was two o'clock in the morning in Memphis and eleven P.M. in Hollywood, when **Nick Adams** and I decided to telephone **Elvis Presley** with news of his latest movie, "Jailhouse Rock." Nick had carted us off to the private showing earlier that evening and couldn't wait to get back to the telephone. "He's (Continued)"



At the preem, Monty Clift and date May Britt were a study in seriousness. But pert Doris Day, with hubby Marty, was her usual gay, fun-loving self, in a lush white stole

Paramount Presents

ANNA MAGNANI

ANTHONY QUINN

ANTHONY FRANCIOSA

**NEVER HAS
THERE BEEN SUCH
MAN-WOMAN
EXCITEMENT ON
THE SCREEN!** The raw
realism of love in the
story of a woman who
married a man she
had never seen before . . .
before she met the man
she couldn't live
without! Anna Magnani
brings new adult
emotions to the screen
in her first performance
since her Academy
Award-winning role in
"The Rose Tattoo"!

in

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Wild is the Wind



VISTAVISION®

Co-starring **DOLORES HART • JOSEPH CALLEIA** • Directed by George Cukor
Screenplay by Arnold Schulman • Based on a story by Vittorio Nino Novarese • Music composed and conducted by Dimitri Tiomkin

INSIDE STUFF *continued*

probably down at the gate talking to the kids." Nick said while the Presley phone jangled. "Guys hang around there all hours." Elvis, who had just returned from Nashville, was happy over Nick's raves on "Jailhouse," and thanked us both for our kind words.

Tips: Stars to watch for: **James Garner**, six-foot-four Oklahoman, thirty, brown eyes, black hair, devil-may-careish, bit part in Broadway's "Caine Mutiny Court Martial," and **Marlon Brando's** friend in "Sayonara," scores in "Darby's Rangers," star of his own TV show, "Maverick." Strong, sexy, eligible. **Curt Jurgens**, handsome blond co-star of **Bob Mitchum** in "The Enemy Below," six-feet-four, divorced from Eva Bartok. Single.

Prediction: Take my word for it: Never

take sides in a quarrel. After all those bitter bits tossed between **Jerry Lewis** and **Dean Martin**—and as recently as Dean's TV debut—guess who Jerry telephoned first with the news of his newest son's arrival. You know it—Dean Martin. So, I predict that sometime, somehow, someplace, those two will get together again, Dean and Jerry.

All About Venetia: Get ready! The new Lana, the young Rita, the latest Kim is on her way. Her one and only role so far, in "Darby's Rangers," rings no alarms, sets no standards, promises no genius. But what this teenage divorcée does to the local swains! Handsome **Barry Coe**, the "Peyton Place" boy, hopes to marry Venetia the minute her divorce from **Russ Tamblyn** is final.

Tab Hunter, in a trance of sorts,

parted with his favorite horse, "Battling Bim," before he knew what hit him, selling it to Venetia in an unguarded moment. **Tony Perkins** risked life and limb to climb embankments and break in windows when Venetia mislaid her door keys. **Frank Sinatra** spent one entire evening at a party trying to become "friends," and got nowhere. Once shy, once retiring, Venetia's now cool and sophisticated. Besides her own private phone, which she never answers unless on signal, two answering services take care of her messages. She seldom, if ever, calls back. She lives alone, likes it and keeps ex-husband Russ as her best friend. If all this comes across on the screen, and, remember, we said *if*, then walk, don't run, to the nearest Venetia Stevenson fan club. *This could be the one.*

This 'n' That: **Paul Newman** has finally effected a property settlement with his ex-wife, and is now free to marry **Joanne Woodward** . . . A few days after **Bob Wagner** taught **Natalie Wood** how to play gin rummy, she took him for \$485 . . . **Yul Brynner** coaching **Kim Novak** on her "From Among the Dead" lines . . . **Jayne Mansfield** has set January 8th as her wedding date with **Mickey Hargitay** . . . **The Fishers** awaiting a little brother or sister for baby **Carrie**. Daddy **Eddie** wants a boy. . . . Everyone bursting his buttons with pride over **Irene Dunne's** U.N. appointment . . . Big, big hats at cocktail parties newest rage, with **Dana Wynter**, **Joan Collins**, **Martha Hyer** and **Erin O'Brien** the smartest wearers . . . **Liz Taylor** and **Eva Marie Saint** biggest fans of town's smartest color: Green.

Set of the Month: Rumors that **Tommy Sands** has it made as an actor, sent us to the "Sing! Boy, Sing!" set for a look. Sure enough, even after ten or more takes of a single scene, Tommy was cool, natural and easy. The scene had Tommy and pal **Nick Adams** eating waffles for breakfast. Tommy could take his slowly but Nick—a half-starved kid—must wolf his with gusto and ask for more. After ten waffles with butter and syrup, a pea-green Nick asked to be excused, and bolted for the exit. "That's nothing," grinned Tommy. "The other morning Nick had to eat nineteen banana splits before we got it right!"

(Continued)



Lots of fascinating new faces have been livening the recent Hollywood parties! Heads turned when that demon partygoer, Nick Adams, turned up with a dazzling new girl friend—Jennifer Holden, a model turned actress. John Saxon squired cute little Sandra Dee to big wingding celebrating "Escapade In Japan," in matching costumes, yet! Sandra, who's only fifteen, got her first screen kiss from John in the test that won her U-I contract. And handsome Curt Jurgens, Europe's toast, is charming all the ladies in Hollywood now—including Claire Bloom



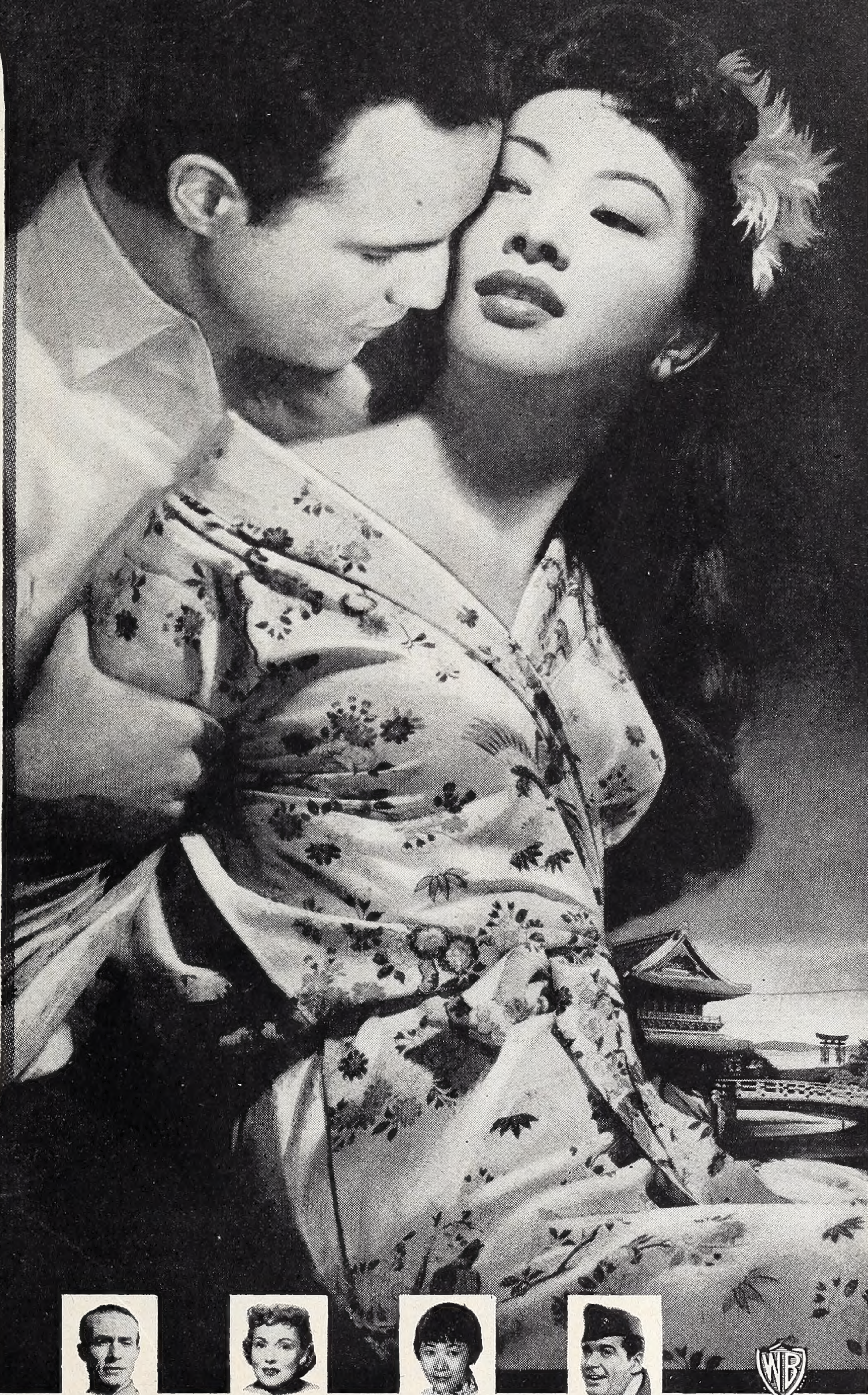
-And then she said,

*"I am not allowed to love. But I will
love you if that is your desire..."*

THIS IS
**MARLON
BRANDO**
AND AN
EXQUISITE
NEW
JAPANESE STAR.
THEY *LIVE*
JAMES A.
MICHENER'S
STORY OF
DEFIANT
DESIRE.
IT IS
CALLED
SAYONARA



Filmed in Japan
in the
never-before-seen
beauty of
TECHNIRAMA®
and
TECHNICOLOR®
presented by
WARNER BROS.



CO-STARRING PATRICIA OWENS • RED BUTTONS • RICARDO MONTALBAN • MARTHA SCOTT • MIYOSHI UMEKI • JAMES GARNER

PRODUCED BY
WILLIAM GOETZ • JOSHUA LOGAN

DIRECTED BY

BASED ON THE NOVEL BY
JAMES A. MICHENER

SCREEN PLAY BY

PAUL OSBORN

Song: "SAYONARA" Words and
Music by IRVING BERLIN
MUSIC BY FRANZ WAXMAN

AND INTRODUCING
FOR THE FIRST TIME
MIIKO TAKA

INSIDE STUFF

continued

Fans who turned out to ogle the stars at "Raintree County" premiere got an extra treat—a great show of new fashions



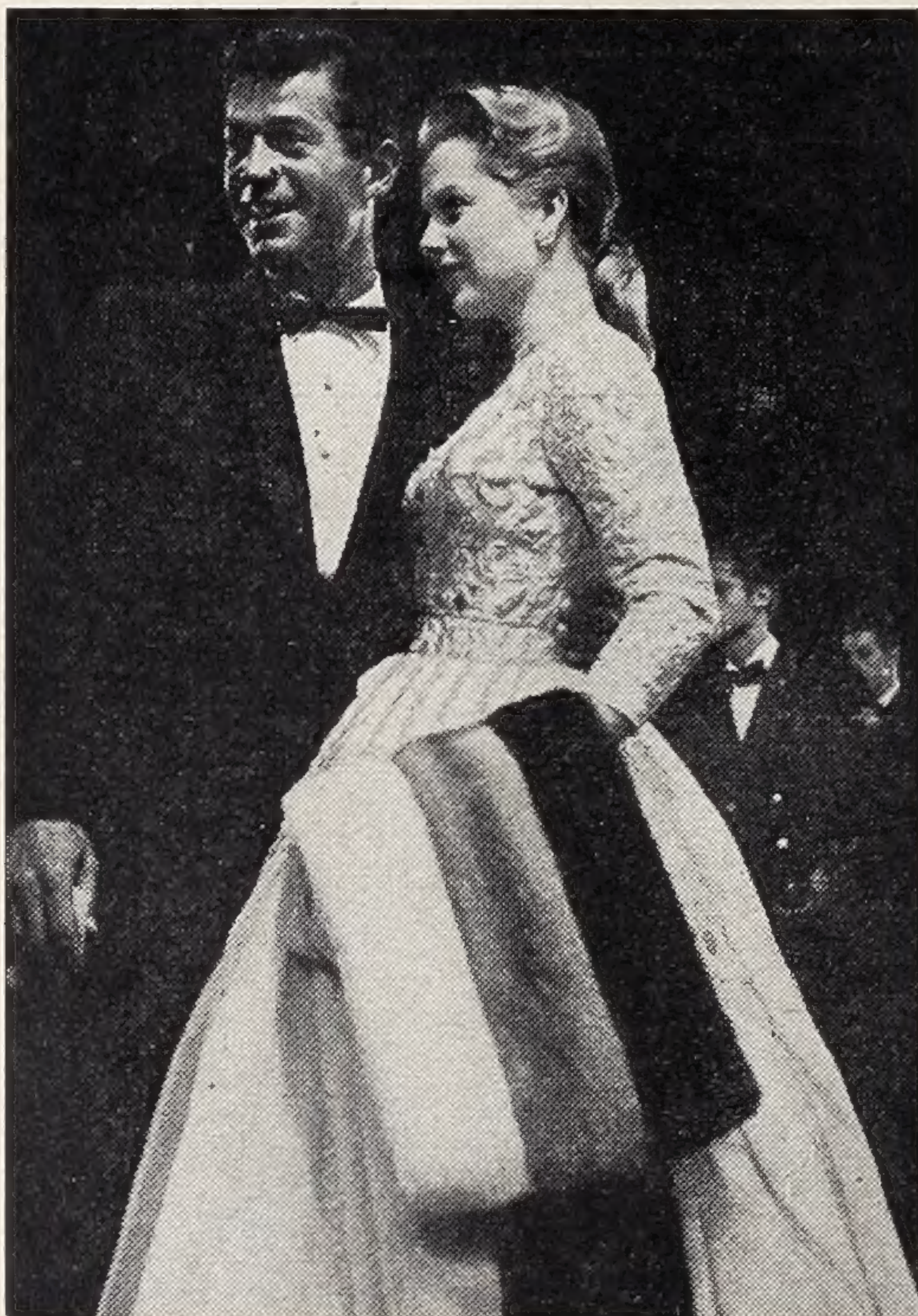
Pier Angeli, with her Vic, was demure Victorian in gown mother designed



To smitten Tab, Venetia Stevenson, in painted chiffon, was a dream walking



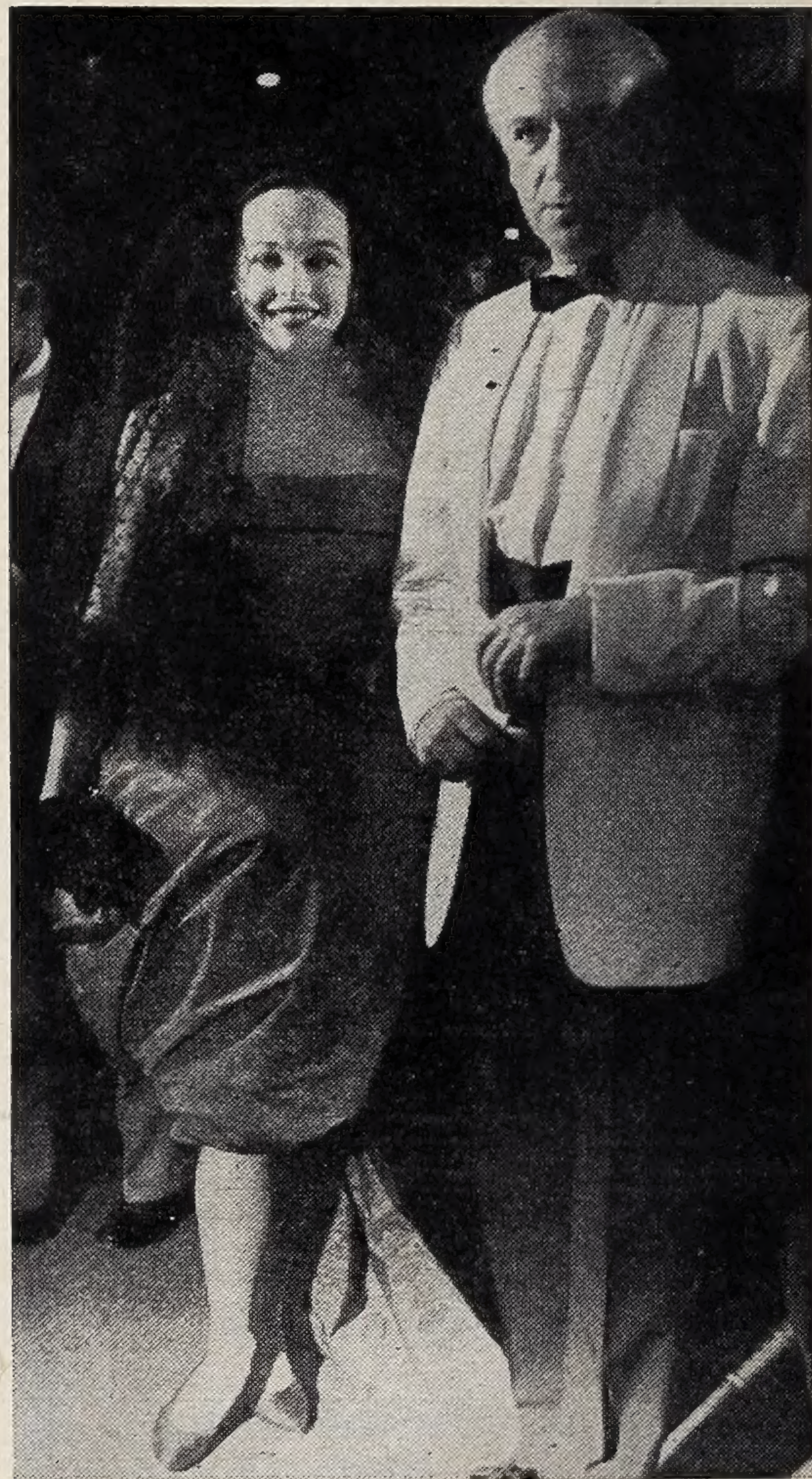
"It's my last year's tux," quips Mr. Heston. Mrs. H. chose bouffant satin



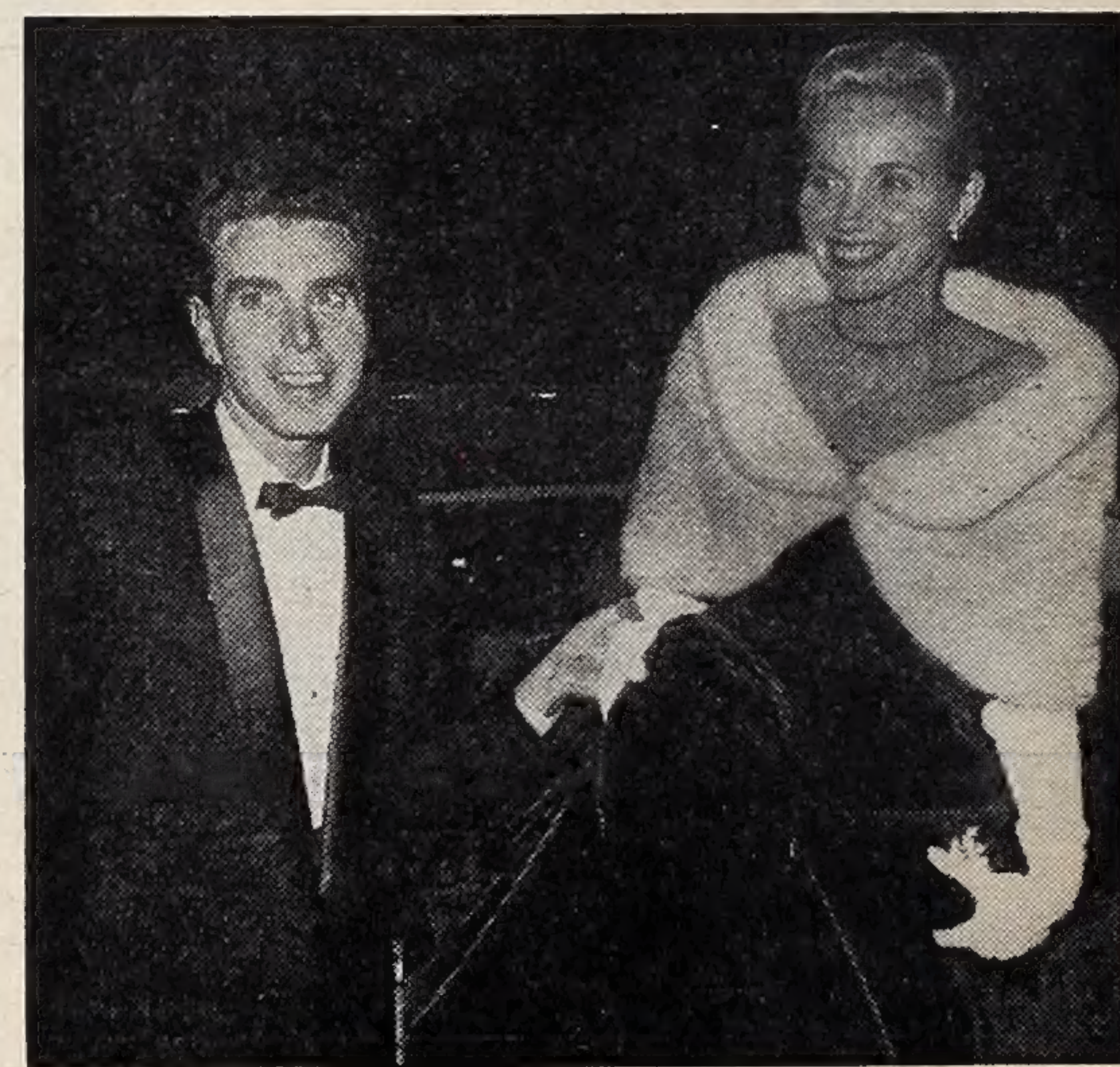
Even the minks were new—like stole of Martha Hyer, George Nader's date



Last word in hairdos—Audrey Hepburn's wide puffs, with single jewel atop



Leslie Caron made her hooded cape. Escort Cecil Beaton had absent hubby's okay



Wide cut of new cape sets off delicate features of Jeff Hayden's Eva Marie Saint

Now...the first, luscious high-gloss lipstick!

Revlon

'Lustrous' Lipstick

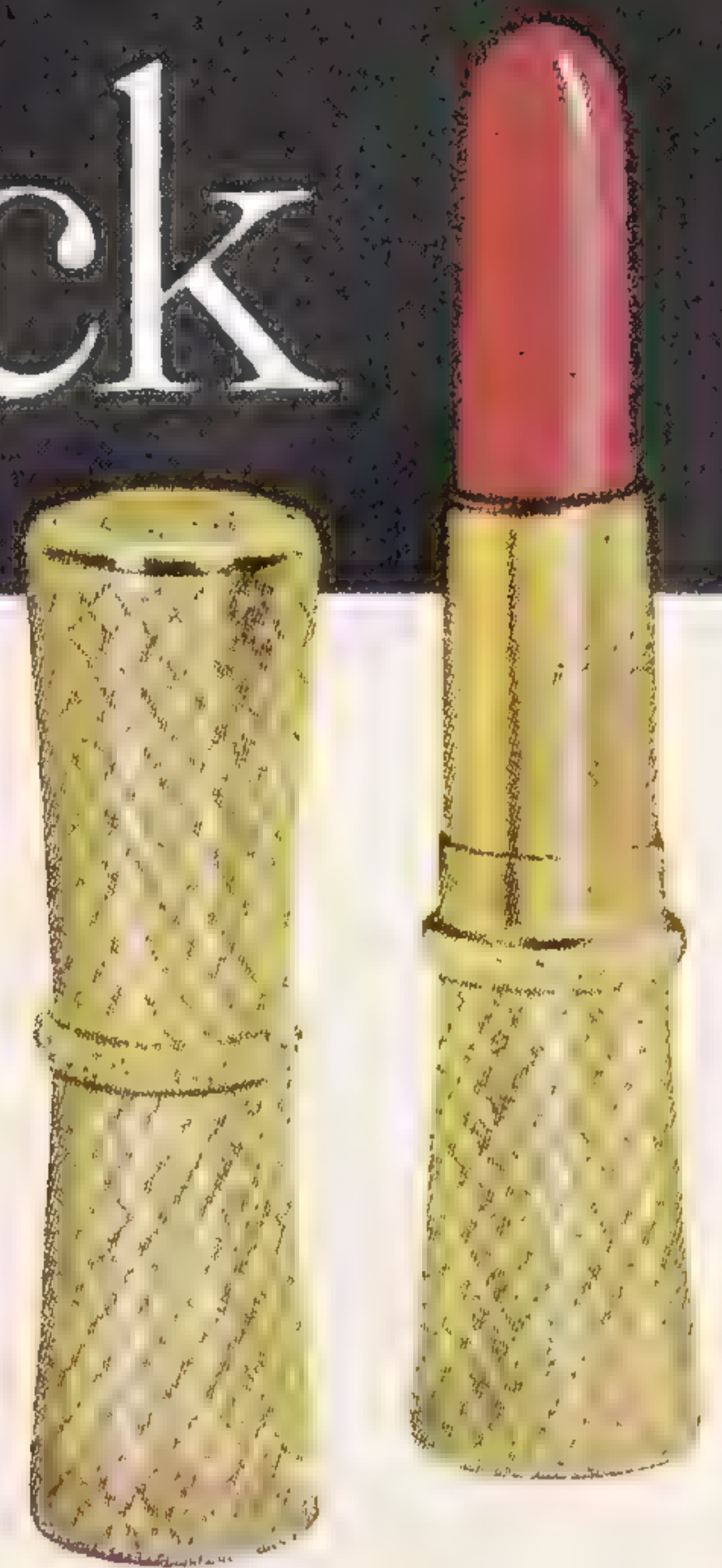
Designed for the smart woman...

who insists on that dewy look on her lips!

There's a special look a smart woman has that others always notice . . . a polished, shining look of elegance. You see it above all in her moist, radiant lips. Perhaps *you've* wished for this look, but never found the secret. Well, look no more. It's Revlon's 'Lustrous' Lipstick—

extra-creamy, non-drying, to give your lips a *luscious, high-gloss* glow. Wear? Remarkably well! Choose 'Lustrous' to give your lips the soft, *dewy* look.

Also by Revlon... famous 'Lanolite' Lipstick . . . the only non-smear-type lipstick that stays on and on without drying your lips!



26 fabulous 'Lustrous' colors...
in jeweler-designed 'Futurama'
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Just about the softest word in any girl's vocabulary, that's Kotex. The Kotex napkin has Wondersoft covering—so kind and gentle it won't rub, won't chafe. Kotex won't ever fail you, either—for Kotex absorbs instantly, completely.

And what comfort you experience with the new Kotex belt. Its special kind of self-locking clasp holds the napkin securely, molds itself gently to your body.

No wonder more women

choose Kotex than all other brands



Memo to Mothers: Every year over 100,000 girls begin to menstruate before they are eleven. So it's not too soon to tell your daughter at ten. Our free booklet "You're A Young Lady Now" helps give the facts she needs to know. Write Miss Jones, Kimberly-Clark Corp., Neenah, Wis.





Gia Scala's schoolhouse has a leaky roof, but Glenn comes to the rescue

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT
✓✓✓ VERY GOOD
✓✓ GOOD
✓ FAIR

Don't Go Near the Water M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Meet a bunch of nice people, sitting out the Pacific war on an idyllic South Sea island. Glenn Ford, likable as ever, is a Navy public relations man; Gia Scala, his heart interest, a lovely native girl dedicated to her schoolteaching job. There's a touching secondary romance linking sailor Earl Holliman and nurse Anne Francis, with complications caused by rank. As Glenn's superior officer, formerly an ad man, Fred Clark sets off the picture's funniest sequence, by deciding that the typewriter-jockeys under his command should build their own clubhouse. Other amusing portrayals: Keenan Wynn, arrogant reporter; Eva Gabor, dashing lady correspondent, and Russ Tamblyn, brash gob. FAMILY

My Man Godfrey U-I; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓ A delightfully suave performance by David Niven highlights this screwball comedy, though June Allyson is also appealing as a wacky rich girl. Niven plays an elegant tramp, on his uppers because he's in the U.S. illegally. June brings him home to her daft household, where he takes over as butler and proceeds to make himself invaluable. There's some romantic rivalry from Jeff Donnell, as the amorous maid; but Martha Hyer, as June's snooty sister, resents the interloper. However, Niven finally endears himself to Jessie Royce Landis, flutter-brained lady of the house, and even to Robert Keith, the long-suffering father. And Eva Gabor's on hand again as a gal who knew David in Europe. FAMILY



Junie picked David up just for a joke, but she decides it's nice to have a man around the house

THE EXCITING 3 OF "WRITTEN ON THE WIND"

in the story they
said would
never be
filmed!

ROCK HUDSON

ROBERT STACK

DOROTHY MALONE

JACK CARSON



The TARNISHED ANGELS

BASED ON
"PYLON"
by
WILLIAM
FAULKNER

CINEMASCOPE



co-starring ROBERT MIDDLETON with ROBERT J. WILKE

Directed by DOUGLAS SIRK • Screenplay by GEORGE ZUCKERMAN • Produced by ALBERT ZUGSMITH
A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

Pal Joey

COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ A topnotch all-round performance by Frank Sinatra is the best feature of this unusual tune-film. He's a tough-minded opportunist, a night-club entertainer whose fondness for the ladies keeps getting him into jams. His special target is Rita Hayworth, former burlesque queen who has married money. Object: to sweet-talk her into backing a club of his own. But he can't keep away from sweet chorus girl Kim Novak, and it's soon easy to see problems in the offing. With Rita, Frank has met his match. The fine old Rodgers-Hart song numbers are done with grace and simplicity.

ADULT

Until They Sail

M-G-M

✓✓✓ In a gentle and sympathetic story of people in wartime, we find a quartet of New Zealand sisters fighting loneliness. Piper Laurie is the most resentful; she plunges into a disastrous marriage with roughneck Wally Cassell, just because he's the only guy around. After American forces arrive, the romantic situation looks up; but Jean Simmons remains loyal to her husband overseas, even though she's attracted to embittered officer Paul Newman. Teenager Sandra Dee eyes available kids. And oldest sister Joan Fontaine, at first disdainful of the other girls' desires, herself finally falls in love with Charles Drake. The people are all believable, Piper tackling a role very different for her, a selfish young woman short on morals.

ADULT

Stopover Tokyo

20TH CENTURY-FOX;

CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ This is a Mr. Moto story without Mr. Moto, and it's a pity, even though in this adaptation he's been replaced by an American intelligence agent in the handsome person of Robert J. Wagner. Robert struggles manfully to best a bunch of Commies led by Edmond O'Brien who plan to blow up the American High Commissioner. On top of all that, Bob has a romance with Joan Collins and custody of a cute little Japanese girl, Reiko Oyama, to handle on the side. He could certainly use Mr. Moto's assistance. But the scenery, filmed in Japan, is gorgeous, and so is Joan Collins.

FAMILY

Kiss Them For Me

20TH CENTURY-FOX;

CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ Here's another comedy culled from the backwash of World War II. Navy pilot Cary Grant and his pals, Larry Blyden and Ray Walston, after a long stretch of tough sea duty, wangle themselves a trip to San Francisco. What the boys have in mind is a glorious bender, complete with wine, women and song. But what the Navy, in the person of harried public relations officer Werner Klemperer, has in mind is something else. Seems our heroes are just that, and the plan is to have them go around giving speeches to boost industry morale. Cary smells a rat in tycoon Leif Erickson,

who's out to use the publicity to get himself some war contracts. With help from the charms of pal Jayne Mansfield, the boys evade the Navy's clutches, and Cary wins Leif's fiancée, luscious Suzy Parker. When Cary and Suzy aren't mooning about life and love in a few dull spots, it's a gay romp.

ADULT

The Sad Sack

PARAMOUNT, VISTAVISION

✓✓✓ Jerry Lewis, who's already proved that he can score without the aid of ex-partner Martin, does it again, playing the old Army game in a film tailor-made for his talents. In the title role—naturally—Jerry's a military misfit who inevitably winds up in the psychiatrist's office. It's hard to picture an Army head-shrinker as pretty as Phyllis Kirk, but that she is, and she goes to work on Jerry, with the aid of squadron leader David Wayne and his buddy, Joe Mantell. But the story never gets in the way of the bubbling buffoonery, with Jerry mixing it up with baddies in Morocco (including Peter Lorre in a hilarious takeoff of Peter Lorre), Jerry exchanging kisses with a French general, Jerry loose in a WAC barracks, Jerry—well, need we say more?

FAMILY

Jailhouse Rock

M-G-M, CINEMASCOPE

✓✓✓ In spite of the fact that he plays a real heel in this picture, Elvis Presley is getting better and better! As an actor, he's coming along very nicely indeed. Elvis plays a lad whose hot temper leads to a manslaughter sentence. In jail, he falls under the influence of his ex-show-biz cellmate, Mickey Shaughnessy, who sees that Elvis is possessed of a hot talent, too, and ties him to a partnership to follow their release. Out of stir first, Elvis finds a friend in Judy Tyler, who helps him to fame. But Elvis, despite his success, uses every mean trick in the book to hold onto it. When his old buddy joins him, he tears up their agreement and gives him a job as a flunky. Finally, in a showdown brawl, a punch from Mickey brings matters to a crisis and brings him to his senses. Throughout, Elvis belts across some top tunes that will leave his fans begging for more, and Judy Tyler's last performance is lovely and touching.

FAMILY

Zero Hour

PARAMOUNT

✓✓✓ Based on a television play, "Flight From Danger," this modest yarn has been built into a suspenseful drama, with hefty assistance in the acting department from Dana Andrews, Sterling Hayden, and Linda Darnell. Both pilots of a plane are stricken with food poisoning, and it's up to passenger Dana, who hasn't flown a plane since he accidentally led his squadron to disaster in World War II, to take over. Though still plagued by his past, he does so, with Sterling, as the airlines' chief pilot, egging him on by radio from the ground. Pathos is provided by Linda Darnell, as the wife who stands by Dana even though she is going to leave him. The tension is continuous.

FAMILY

You can not brush bad breath away - reach for Listerine!

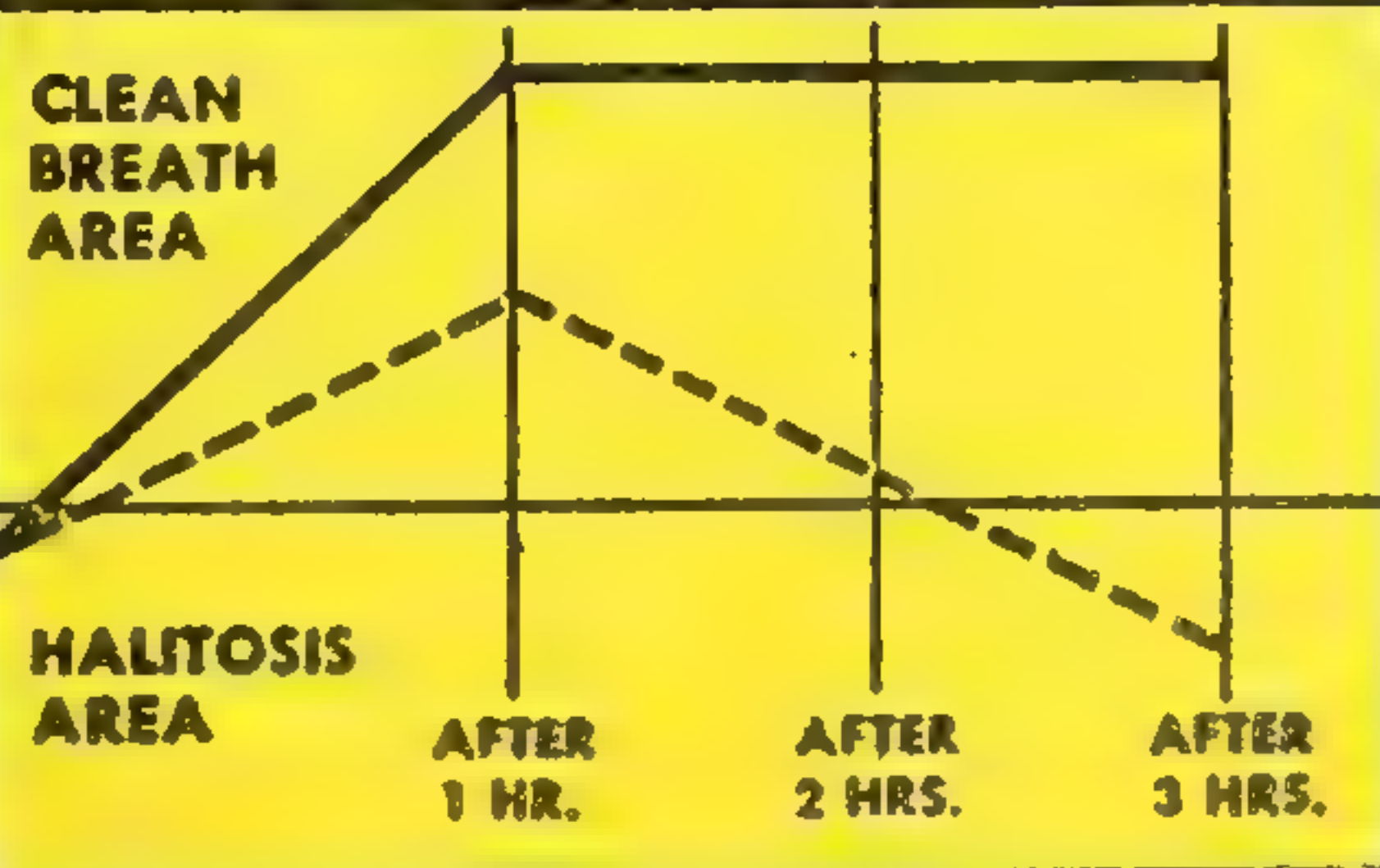


NO TOOTH PASTE—NOT A SINGLE ONE—STOPS BAD BREATH THE WAY LISTERINE DOES!

Chart shows how quickly bad breath returns after brushing with tooth paste

BREATH LEVEL

After using tooth paste --- After using Listerine ---



Listerine Stops Bad Breath 4 Times Better Than Tooth Paste!

Brush away bad breath? Impossible! Germs in the mouth cause 9 out of 10 cases of bad breath (halitosis)—and no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does. Listerine kills all known bacteria on contact—stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste. Nothing—absolutely nothing—stops bad breath as effectively as The Listerine Way.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC...
Your No. 1 Protection Against Bad Breath



Address your letters to Readers Inc., Photoplay,
205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We
regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters
not published in this column. If you want to start a fan
club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.—Ed.

READERS INC...

A Certain Kinship

It is my belief that as each of us goes through life we feel a great aloneness as we face life's many complexities—physical, mental, moral. Even spiritual unrest, anguish.

If we could but live the life of someone else—the “bigger” man. If we could be that smiling face looking out from the tabloids; the industrialist with the millions; the star with the fame and beauty. If we could be just anyone but who we are.

And then we turn the pages of a magazine. We read where the lovely and talented star whom we admire so much has had trials such as ours. In spite of her riches, her beauty, her adoring public, she too feels as we do. Her life inwardly is much the same as ours.

We turn more pages and we find another famous personality on his knees. He's praying. His life too is intermingled with doubts; ever-present problems.

There are other pages; other personalities. And yet through all the gloss and glamour, we find they are not actually unlike us. There is almost a kinship in our facing of life. We like this. And it isn't the underscoring of pain to which we pertain. It is the physical likeness in all things.

Faith. It is a wonderful thing when these “Big” people have so much use for it. A sustaining link to all people—everywhere.

And so we find we're all alike. Joys and sorrows come to one and all, no matter the cast or mold. We are not alone in this. We are only alone in our reactions to life. This is our lesson to be learned.

This then, is a thank you letter to you. For one who is constantly searching, you have opened my eyes in many ways. Life is truly what you make it—to one and all.

NADINE M. EDWARDS
Los Angeles, Calif.

Casting

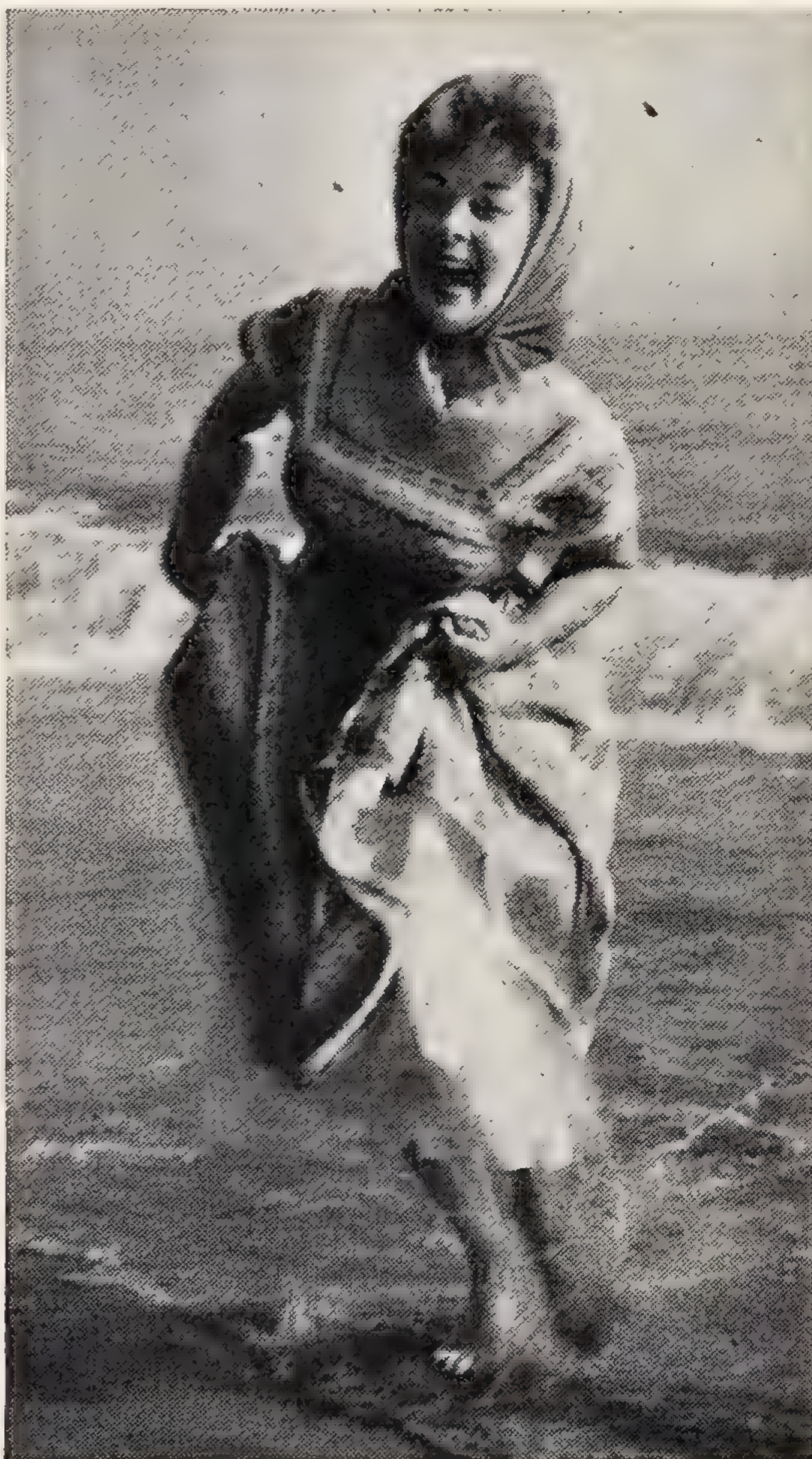
I think the movie-going public is tiring a little of the recent biographical movies, even though they have all been well done; such as “Jeanne Eagels” and “The Helen Morgan Story.” Both were good but they are the same plot from a little different viewpoint. What a pleasant change it would be to have the life of Babe Zaharias done as a tribute to a great woman acted by that great woman, Susan Hayward.

A SUSAN HAYWARD FAN
Louisville, Ky.

Sounding off on “Oscar”

Many a year now I have seen the coveted Oscar go to undeserving stars. I intend to study dramatics when I finish my time in the service and my interest in the art of acting is the highest. It is a shame to see great talent being squeezed out by the seemingly “good will policy” award. This has proven true many times, namely the case of the 1955 awards. Susan Hayward's vivid portrayal of Lillian Roth in “I'll Cry Tomorrow” was nosed out by an actress in her first American picture, Anna Magnani for “The Rose Tattoo.” Doesn't the Academy board feel it has enough veteran talent in Hollywood worthy of the award? I might add that Miss Hayward was up for the award two times before and lost out. Something is wrong somewhere and I'm inclined to believe it's with the Academy.

DAN NANI
APO, Seattle, Wash.



Susan Hayward's playing here, but a fan wants her picture-making again

Which is Right?

Last night I saw the movie “The Helen Morgan Story” starring Ann Blyth. I think Miss Blyth should be congratulated again for her wonderful performance. Also, I think Gogi Grant did a superb job as the voice of Miss Morgan.

I saw the story when it was shown on television with Polly Bergen in the starring role. However, although both renditions were terrific, they were not actually the same story.

On television Polly Bergen married a very young man, adopted a baby and was deeply in love with a married lawyer. In the movie, she was deeply in love with a crook, never married and no mention was made of the adoption at all. Which of these stories is the true story of Miss Morgan?

PAMELA A. MARTIN
Milwaukee, Wis.

Both stories were basically true, but certain events and characters had to be fictionized for the sake of brevity, to maintain continuity of the plot and to avoid possible complications with living persons who were associated with Helen Morgan. However, both versions tried to project the true character of the singer.—Ed.

Stars for a Classic

I understand “Ben Hur” is to be made into a film. I have read the book and feel it has all the qualities of another “Robe” or “Ten Commandments.” I would like to suggest the stars I feel would be suited for the roles and at the same time experienced enough to handle the parts.

Farley Granger in the title role. He has the youth, the handsomeness and the intense quality as described by the author. This talented star has been kept away from the screen too long!

Vittorio Gassman as Messala—the arrogant, handsome Roman. He should fill the part to perfection.

Gina Lollobrigida as Iras; though she doesn't have the physical characteristics, she has the beauty and aptitude to play the temptress.

Elaine Stewart as Esther. Miss Stewart is a lovely girl and is certainly deserving of more breaks than Hollywood has given her.

Last, but far from least, Marisa Pavan as Tirza, the sister of Ben Hur. This is not a large part but certainly requires much talent to get the most out of the character.

UNSIGNED
Salt Lake City, Utah



Don't Change, Debbie!

I've read a few times that some of Debbie Reynolds' fans would like to see her as a glamour girl, so enclosed is a picture which I drew of Miss Reynolds and which I hope you will print in your magazine to show those fans how wrong they are. Miss Reynolds is a very sweet person and, in her own way, a very beautiful woman and I hope that she will not change.

TONY TONNOCHY
Washington, D. C.

The "Memphis Miracle"

Photoplay scored again in the November issue with the feature, "Elvis—Why Can't He Get Married?"

From the beginning Photoplay recognized the tremendous potential of the "Memphis Miracle," and has never failed to give him a fair deal, both as an entertainer and as a human being.

Never have you painted him as a saint to please those who adore him, nor have you ever used him as a whipping boy to appease those who despise him. This is why I always look to Photoplay for a true picture of Elvis.

Alex Joyce's fine feature on Elvis definitely left the impression that our boy has a bear by the tail. The author wisely does not try to supply the answer on the best way to let go. Only time and the Golden Boy himself can do that.

MRS. A. HOHN
Wadsworth, Ohio

DEDICATION TO ELVIS PRESLEY

You resemble great Apollo
And in your footsteps we will follow
So take no heed what the critics say,
For we, your faithful fans, will stay.
Where did you get those eyes so blue,
Which take in everything that's true?
Where did you get the forehead smooth,
Free of wrinkles, showing a character so good?
You sing to beat the band, dear Elvis
And even though critics dislike your pelvis,
We, your fans, the motto will say,
"Critics should be shot at the end of the day!"

PERVIN PATHAN
Bombay, India



SEE THIS MIRACLE HAPPEN TO YOU IN 20 SECONDS

suddenly, you seem to grow a new and flawless skin!

So subtly does "Complexion Control" Liquid Make-Up by LANOLIN PLUS... banish those "things" in your face you don't want seen... no one even suspects make-up. Little blemishes, dark patches, skin imperfections are covered beautifully without masking.



That's because "Complexion Control" Liquid Make-Up is not a mere "cover-up". Instead it's an exclusive new formula that actually blends right in with your complexion; a formula rich in the same precious *sterols* your own skin produces to stay glowingly young and beautiful; the same sterols doctors prescribe for dry skin, coarse skin, fine lines and creases; the same moisturizing sterols your skin may be starving for right now!

No make-up sold, no cosmetic known makes your complexion look so lovely, so fast, yet is so good for your skin. In 6 flattering-fashion shades at all cosmetic counters. Only \$1, plus tax.

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Pressed Powder in a Beautiful Compact

Use it over "Complexion Control" Liquid Make-Up for a soft mat finish or for touch-ups during the day. Or as a complete make-up in itself. Shades harmonize perfectly with "Complexion Control" and other types of make-up. \$1.25 plus tax.

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IT'S THE PLUS IN

*Lanolin
Plus*®

THAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE



After Ty's "League of Nations" romances, a southern belle. Radie steps out with the couple

Exclusively Yours

BY RADIE HARRIS



They say Hank Fonda's moody, but gay Italian wife Afdera doesn't think so; nor vice versa!

To Thine Own Self: Right after Marlon Brando's surprise marriage to Anna Kashfi, I talked to a close friend of the bride, who told me, "Anna should be a perfect wife for Marlon. She has the European approach to marriage that American women don't have, which means that she will be an understanding, tolerant and acquiescent wife—and need I add that being married to Marlon demands all these virtues and more! That's why the only other serious romances in Marlon's life were of foreign background, too—Movita of Mexico and Josie Beranger of France.

"Annie isn't madly career-conscious, either, and would be perfectly happy settling for home and babies. But, of course, now that she's Mrs. Brando, her new name is box-office dynamite, a fact not overlooked by a discerning producer named Arthur Freed, who promptly signed her to star in a remake of 'White Shadows of the Sea,' with Marlon as her co-star. Whether the Brando household will be big enough to hold two careers in one family remains to be seen. If it isn't, I'll wager you my new Xmas bonnet that Annie will give up her M-G-M contract faster than you can say Joanna O'Callaghan!"

Anna's gigantic hoax about her "Indian parentage" is a big laugh to everyone who knows Marlon's antagonism towards the press. After successfully eluding any leakage of his secret marriage, it was his bride's "secret" that unleashed a torrent of publicity on them both! There is still speculation whether Marlon was in on the hoax *before* the wedding. Even though, when Annie had to quit her role in "Don't Go Near The Water," because of a tubercular condition, Marlon was a frequent bedside visitor at the hospital where she was registered under her real name—Joanna O'Callaghan.

Mind you, it's an accepted custom in show business for an actress to exchange the name given her at birth, for one that looks more spectacular in electric lights. But what is unusual in Anna Kashfi's case is her determination to stick to the legend of her "Indian heritage" in the face of the contradictory statements of her Welsh-Irish parents. Why does she want to reject her mother and

father in this cruel way? Why did she put them through the humiliation of having to read about her marriage in the papers, instead of telling them about it herself?

Annie, obviously, has her own answer to these baffling questions. But by her silence, she is not only breaking the Fifth Commandment, "Honor Thy Father and Mother," but also disavowing another respected credo: "To thine own self be true."

Power-ful Man: After Ty Power's divorce from Linda Christian, when his name was constantly being linked with Swedish actress Mai Zetterling, I kept denying the persistent rumors that their romance would wind up at the altar. And although I hate I-told-you-sos, time proved me right: Ty has switched to another "fair lady."

Her name is Debbie Minardos, but she isn't Greek, as has been generally reported. A divorcée, she acquired her deceiving last name from her Greek husband, the father of her seven-year-old daughter. Debbie's real name is Smith and she hails from Memphis, Tenn., but she doesn't even have a southern accent! For Ty, whose accent on love in the past has been a veritable League of Nations—France, Mexico, Norway, Sweden, Germany and Hungary—this all-American girl from below the Mason-Dixon line is a unique change. So is the fact that she isn't an actress, and has no desire to become one. She does, however, aspire to become Mrs. Tyrone Power. And in this respect, she is definitely *not* unique!

Manhunt: Now that Anna Kashfi has romped off with one of the few remaining eligible bachelors left in Hollywood, it's interesting to observe that the girls from abroad are beating "les girls" American in marriage to our hometown heroes. Last year, a "bundle from Britain," Dana Wynter, astounded everyone in filmdom by leading Greg Bautzer to the altar—a miracle glamour queens like Joan Crawford, Ginger Rogers and Jane Wyman had hoped to achieve, without success. Another captivating Continental, Audrey Hepburn, took ubiquitous Mel Ferrer out of circulation.

In gay Paree, a young news reporter of Polish-Russian origin named Veronique Passani, found her dream prince, Greg Peck, newly separated from his Finnish wife, Greta. Anne Buydens of Belgium caught up with Kirk Douglas in Rome, and "zing went the strings of his heart"—right from Italian import, Pier Angeli, to Mlle. Anne. A location trip to Rome found Henry Fonda his bride, Baroness Franchetti, whose friends now wonder if she can keep up with the moody temperament which Hank's three American wives were unable to cope with.

Not a home product, but a Berlin fraulein named Ursula Thiess introduced Bob Taylor to the strains of "Lohengrin"—a wedding march she had been attuned to since childhood. After all, what good German isn't teethered on Wagner?

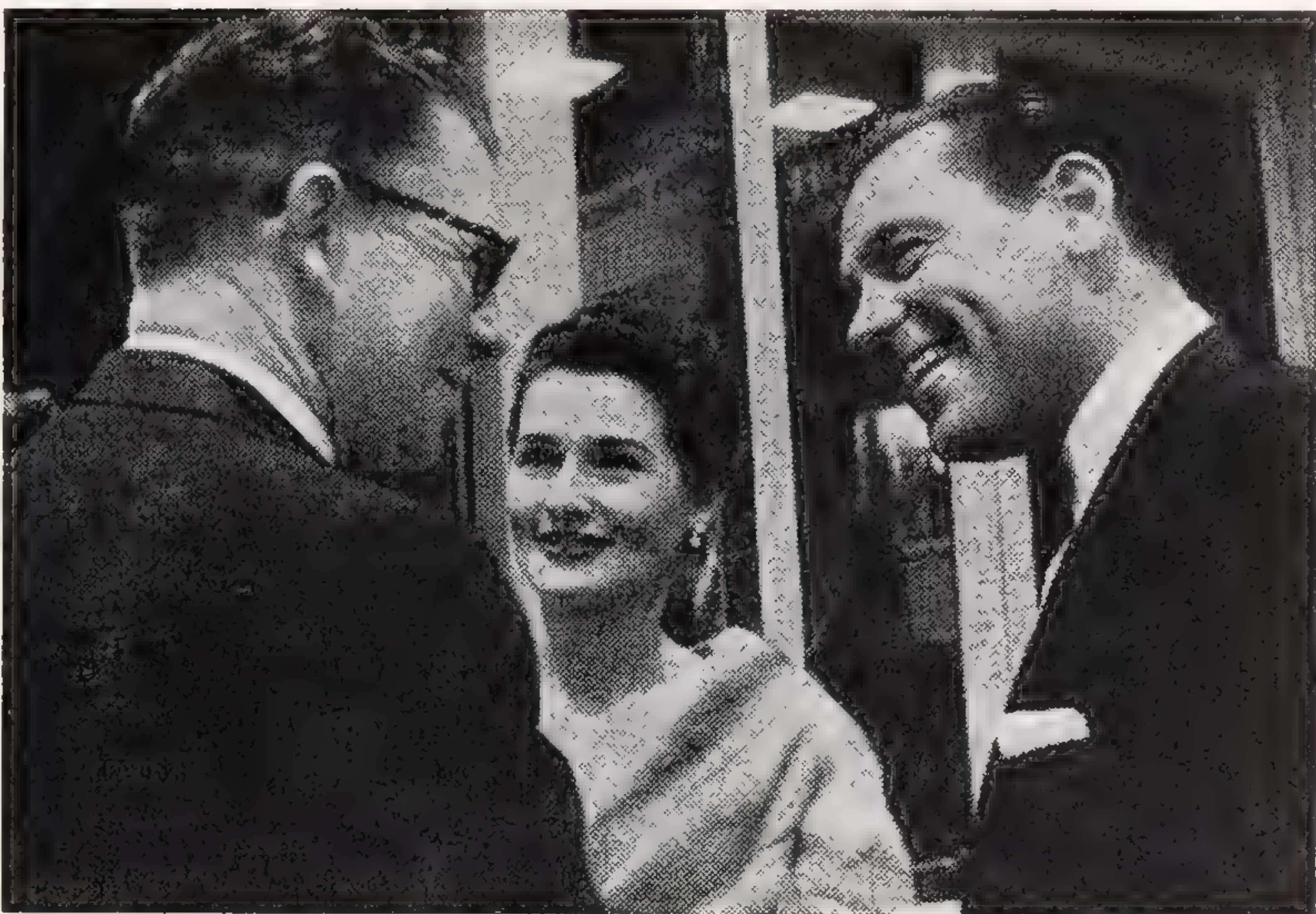
Some American movie maidens, set for revenge, found happiness, others heartbreak. Divorce was in store for Rita Hayworth, who snared Ali Khan's affections; for Ginger Rogers and Jacques Bergerac, and for Liz Taylor and Britisher Mike Wilding. Princess Grace and Rainier found happiness and so did Olivia de Havilland and her



Betty Grable's not in Radie's category of stars with foreign mates. Her look-alike, Virginia Grey, is still single



Tony Randall, a troubled husband in "No Down Payment," reaps compliments from Carolyn Jones, Aaron Spelling



Rumor has it that Hollywood's travelingest couple, the Bill Holdens, can't afford astronomical income taxes

charming Pierre Galante. So the score's about fifty-fifty.

But, for Swedish-born Ingrid Bergman, who sacrificed Hollywood, her husband and her daughter for the Italian Roberto Rossellini, a tragic end to a seven-year idyll has come with the signing of a separation decree behind the closed doors of a Roman court. Only a few days before, a joyous Ingrid had greeted Roberto with kisses in Paris. But with Sonali Das Gupta secreted in France, reporters were skeptical. They were right.



THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

I wonder if Jayne Mansfield will turn in a good acting job before her publicity runs out . . . Shelley Winters is trying to find herself so she can be herself . . . Tony Curtis had a "West Side Story" childhood. "I had every chance in the world to grow up to be a hood or a bum," said Tony, who found out crime only pays when you're paid to play a gangster in a movie . . . I wish Frank Sinatra would sing "My Time of Day" and "It's All Right with Me" in his next album . . . In my book, there's never been a more convincing woman spy than Marlene Dietrich . . . Charles Everett Pratt, Don Court and Queenie Thompson are the real names of an actor who scares you, a comedian and a glamorous actress. Can you guess who they are?

I'd say Brigitte Bardot's structure is becoming as well known as the Eiffel Tower . . . "Real success," claims Don Murray, "is not just living happily, but fruitfully." . . . As for happiness, here's Oscar Levant's comment: "It isn't something you experience; it's something you remember."

Liz Taylor is so beautiful, she makes Mike Todd look good . . . Description of Miss Taylor and "Raintree County": "Long, long reels awinding into the land of her dreams." . . . After a long and careful study, I'd say that for a blonde, a mink coat is part of her uniform . . . Joan Collins may be English, but she has American-style sex appeal . . . All right, I'll talk: The reel name of that actor is Boris Karloff, the comedian is Ken Murray, and the actress is Merle Oberon . . . To be embroidered for framing: "In Hollywood even a Man's Best Friend is his Enemy."

I'm afraid it's true that Suzy Parker performs better in still pictures than she does in moving pictures . . . Too many actresses try too hard to prove they're sexy. Ava Gardner doesn't have to prove it . . . Audrey Hepburn believes that only those people who are absolutely definite succeed . . . Most times, Burt Lan-

caster is impatient of such indulgences as liking or not liking a person . . . Knock, knock: Susanne Burce, Nathan Birbaum and Yewell Tomkins are the real names of an actress, a comedian and an actor . . . I'd like to know what those autograph hounds do with their filled autograph books . . . June Allyson talks as if she had laryngitis, and Julie London sings as if she had laryngitis, but June and Julie don't sound alike.

Zsa Zsa Gabor contests the contention that "It's a man's world" and has had three husbands who will agree with her . . . I'd say it's no middle of the road with Rita Hayworth. Either she's deeply in love or she isn't in love at all . . . There are exceptions to what I'm going to tell you, but if you look at a girl's mother, you can get a preview of what the girl will look like in future years . . . When Mamie Van Doren visited the Los Angeles City Hall, she was escorted into the Council chamber. There, Mamie said to a councilman, "I didn't know you fellows had meetings."

Jose Ferrer lives quietly in a frantic way . . . I don't know any actors who are more polite than Elvis Presley, Pat Boone and Tommy Sands. I'll have to ask Emily Post if this is part of rock 'n' roll etiquette . . . Meanwhile, the reel name of that actress is Jane Powell, the comedian is George Burns, and the actor is Tom Ewell . . . Rita Moreno said it: "I glory in being a girl and take every advantage of it." And believe me, she's got some mighty good advantages.

I'm of the opinion that Kirk Douglas is his favorite actor . . . Mickey Rooney is Lana Turner's ex-husband's ex-wife's ex-husband. This is just a sample of the Hollywood marriage circle . . . Kim Novak said it: "Just looking beautiful on the screen doesn't make you a better person." . . . I have it on good authority that Barbara Rush often wears a red chiffon nightgown to bed . . . When Natalie Wood asked Robert Wagner what he would do if he were out of movies, R.J. replied: "Try to get in again." . . . Shirley Booth told me why she prefers the stage to television: "I grant you that millions of people can see me on TV. The trouble is that I can't see them."

Susan Strasberg gets a big laugh in "Stagestruck," playing an actress and saying that she doesn't want to and doesn't need to go to the Actors Studio. Susie has the same acting coach as Marilyn Monroe on the set with her—Paula Strasberg . . . Marlon Brando's marriage also surprised a number of secretaries (some Marlon had taken to lunch; others had visited him on "The Young Lions" set) at 20th-Fox. Said one: "Marlon told me he was serious about Anna Kashfi, but he never mentioned marriage." . . . Jane Russell is going to adopt a fourth baby . . . Carolyn Jones is very sexy in "Marjorie Morningstar." . . . Dubbed in: The final gesture Barbara Rush makes before getting into bed is to dab herself with perfume.

Biggest laugh in "Pal Joey" (reels of entertainment) is when Frankie prepares eggs for breakfast with Kim Novak and says: "You can't go through life on Wheaties alone." . . . "Cary Grant laughs when people say Bing Crosby, Gary Cooper et al 'Just play themselves,'" according to Films in Review. "There's nothing more difficult than appearing natural while the cameras are turning," says Cary.

Tab Hunter took Venetia Stevenson to the "Raintree County" premiere. Venetia didn't say a word during the entire picture; not even a "Yes" that Tab wants to hear. And oh yes, Tab is taking modern interpretive dancing from Saida Gerrard.

An adult western is one the kiddies understand . . . As you know, Joanne Woodward plays a triple role in "The Three Faces of Eve." The only trouble director Nunnally Johnson had on the set was to keep Joanne Woodward from trying to steal scenes from the other two Joanne Woodwards. That's Hollywood For You!

1957 A CRAZY WONDERFUL MIXED-UP YEAR

As they would phrase it in the best Hollywood drawing rooms, anyone for a crazy, wonderful, mixed-up year?

How else would you describe 1957—the year the Jayne Mansfields boomed the bust, the Audrey Hepburns busted the boom and success really didn't spoil anybody. But some of the over-sized egos did.

It was the year Mike Todd took up permanent residence on the front pages, became a household word, staged airport scenes with Liz, put Elsa

Maxwell to shame and became a proud Pappa to boot.

'Fifty-seven will go down as the year actors turned to singing, singers turned to acting and Elvis just stood there and wiggled. It was the season everybody wore bulky Italian knit sweaters, drove sleek Italian cars and went mad for Scandinavian furniture.

Hollywood's hep set clapped to calypso, argued over rock 'n' roll, then tired of both. Country boys like Pat Boone (*Continued on next page*)





Bulky Italian knit sweaters were the big fashion rage, worn by everybody from Anita Ekberg to Paul Newman! Paul romanced new hit, Joanne Woodward

1957

continued

and Tommy Sands wowed the city slickers. Pat made his first movie, his first half-million and first-rate grades at Columbia University. He was big news in '57. He revived old songs, not only plugged the clean, family life but lived it, refused to smooch it up on the screen with his leading lady, and finally compromised with a near-kiss (a quarter-inch apart).

It was the year that Brando went blond (for "The Young Lions"), Tony Curtis hennaed (for "The Vikings") and Pixie Shirley MacLaine continued to comb her hair with an egg-beater.

It was the year that Natalie Wood dated everyone from Elvis Presley to Frank Sinatra and ended up announcing she was in love with Bob Wagner. Wood and Wagner quickly became the Debbie and Eddie of '57—the cutest courtin' couple in town.

Natalie had a big year in more (*Continued on page 85*)



Actors turned into singers, and singers became dancers. Doris Day's fancy footwork with John Raitt in "Pajama Game" was real surprise

Everybody gasped at the fabulous antics of Liz and Mike, shared their joy when baby Liza came. Fishers made news, too, as parents-to-be



No question about the year's most blazing romance—Bob Wagner, Natalie Wood



Children grew up—Bob Mitchum's son, Jim, is playing his brother in new film



Two new star meteors who caused as much commotion in the film colony as the Russian satellite were the voluptuous Italian, Sophia Loren, our own super-talent, Tony Perkins

He may have snoozed peacefully on Alpine location of "Farewell to Arms," but Rock Hudson was working on a great performance that makes him a star of first rank



Desired by many, Sophia Loren could have had any man in the world. "What does she see in him?" they said, when she made her choice—Carlo Ponti, five inches shorter than she and twice her age. But locked deep inside Sophia's heart were many reasons why she calls Carlo "The only man in the world"

I have loved only once

In the Roman street outside the offices of Ponti Film Productions, the sun was warm. But the seventeen-year-old girl who stood and stared at the lettering over the door shivered. She was nervous. She was scared.

She walked slowly into the building, her feet feeling like lumps of lead, her heart pounding. "Where is the office of Mr. Carlo Ponti?" she managed to blurt to the neat, attractive secretary. "I have an appointment . . . I am Sofia Scicolone," she added, almost apologetically. That Neapolitan accent of hers—she knew it was bad. It must sound awful to this sleek, polished Roman girl.

"Oh, yes," the girl said, smiling, and pointing down the hall. "Right over there. Mr. Ponti is expecting you."

Outside his door, she stopped again, fussing at the rich mass of chestnut hair that hung about her shoulders, tugging and smoothing the dress that she and Mama and Maria had worked on for hours that morning. Then she bit her lip, and squared her shoulders. "Don't be a timid goose," she told herself angrily. On the other side of that door lay the fulfillment of all their dreams. No more homemade clothes. No more scraping to make ends meet. No more posing for the fumetti, those cheap romance magazines that looked like

comic books—only they used scantily-clad, sexy-looking models instead of drawings. She'd had to do it, because they needed the money. Some of them she hadn't even dared to tell Mama about. Then the police confiscated one issue that had her pictures in it. "Never again," she promised herself bitterly. "Never again."

She walked into the office proudly, defiantly. The man sitting behind the big desk, engrossed in his work, didn't look very frightening. He was a little man, balding, a bit paunchy. About forty, she thought. And when he looked up at her, he smiled and his eyes were kind.

"You wanted to see me?" she asked timidly, the old shyness flooding back.

"Yes. So you're Sofia Scicolone." He eyed her curiously, but she was relieved when she saw it wasn't the way men usually looked at her—first startled, then greedy with desire. The first time it happened, back home in Naples when she was fifteen and a bunch of sailors whistled at her when she walked down the Via Roma, it was the biggest thrill she'd ever had. Then, she knew she wasn't what they always called her—stechetto, "little stick." She wasn't ugly. She wouldn't be an old maid, like everybody thought. But even now, the memory made her cringe. (Continued on page 68)

by JEAN LEWIS

by CARL POSNER

the strange case of

Hollywood's mystery woman, they called her. The reporter trembled. There he was, face to face with her, and he had to find out why...

If you're looking for a thriller-chiller whodunit, don't read this. It isn't that kind of a case.

It isn't a murder, a rootin' tootin' robbery, a blood-curdling crime story, a heart-wrenching kidnaping, or a confidence exposé. None of the conventional type mysteries. It is the mystery of a woman. A woman in the public eye: a woman in demand; a woman known to millions, but a woman only a handful of people know.

It is the strange case of Dorothy Malone.

It was early evening. A Sunday evening. An L.A. newspaperman—let's just call him Steve

Matthews—cruised his beat, looking for stories. He was bored by the inactivity of Sunday night—a night known to the news industry for being dead. People were home watching movies on TV or reading to their kids or popping corn.

Earlier that day the reporter had heard the news that Dorothy Malone had been picked for the coveted role of Diana Barrymore in "Too Much, Too Soon." The news had interested him because he was an admirer of Dorothy's from way back, and had followed her strange career for seven or eight years. (Continued on page 76)



One big mystery is: Why has lovely Dorothy never married? All men—including even her brother, left, and his pal—find her wonderful company. One clue: She dates so many of Hollywood's most attractive eligibles that she must have a hard time deciding which to choose! Another: Intimates hint that a broken romance in the past could be the reason

Dorothy Malone





Pat's grandfather lives in red brick home next door. He and Pat's mother keep an eye on mailbox for the latest letter from Pat

It isn't hard to guess what show Mr. and Mrs. Boone, Pat's sisters Margie and Judy, are watching on their living room TV set



by NANCY ANDERSON

what the home folks think of PAT BOONE

Pat Boone's mother looked at Pat Boone's bride, her eyes troubled, her heart sore. Three years of anxiety and prayer—and now, this final defeat.

"Well," she said crisply to her son's new wife, "you won."

And then, suddenly, Margaret Boone, whose son had just married against her wishes, was swept by a wave of affection for the pretty daughter-in-law whose own mother had so recently died.

"Children," she cried, "for three years we've tried to prove you were wrong. Now we'll do everything we can to prove you were right."

And the nineteen-year-old bridegroom, Pat, knew that as usual his mother was ready to forgive, love and help him, despite the fact that he'd courted Shirley Foley secretly and wed her in the face of parental disapproval.

Seated in the living room of the Boone home, a compact white frame dwelling on the outskirts of Nashville, Mrs.

Boone smiled as she recalled the day Pat brought his bride home.

"We had nothing at all against Shirley," she hastens to explain. "There's never been a sweeter, finer girl anywhere, and never, for a minute, did we object to her personally. We just thought that the children were too young to marry when they did. We'd hoped they'd marry eventually, but after they finished school.

"Actually, we didn't believe Pat could support a wife and we felt it might be unfair to Shirley for him to marry her so soon.

"But he was sure he could support her, and he was right."

As a clincher, Mrs. Boone admits with a twinkle, Pat had his parents' example before him! Twenty years earlier, A. A. Boone and his bride had eloped. He was a draftsman, just graduated from the University of Florida, and she was a student nurse. (Continued on page 72)



speaker:

FRANK SINATRA

subject:

WHAT IS A WOMAN?



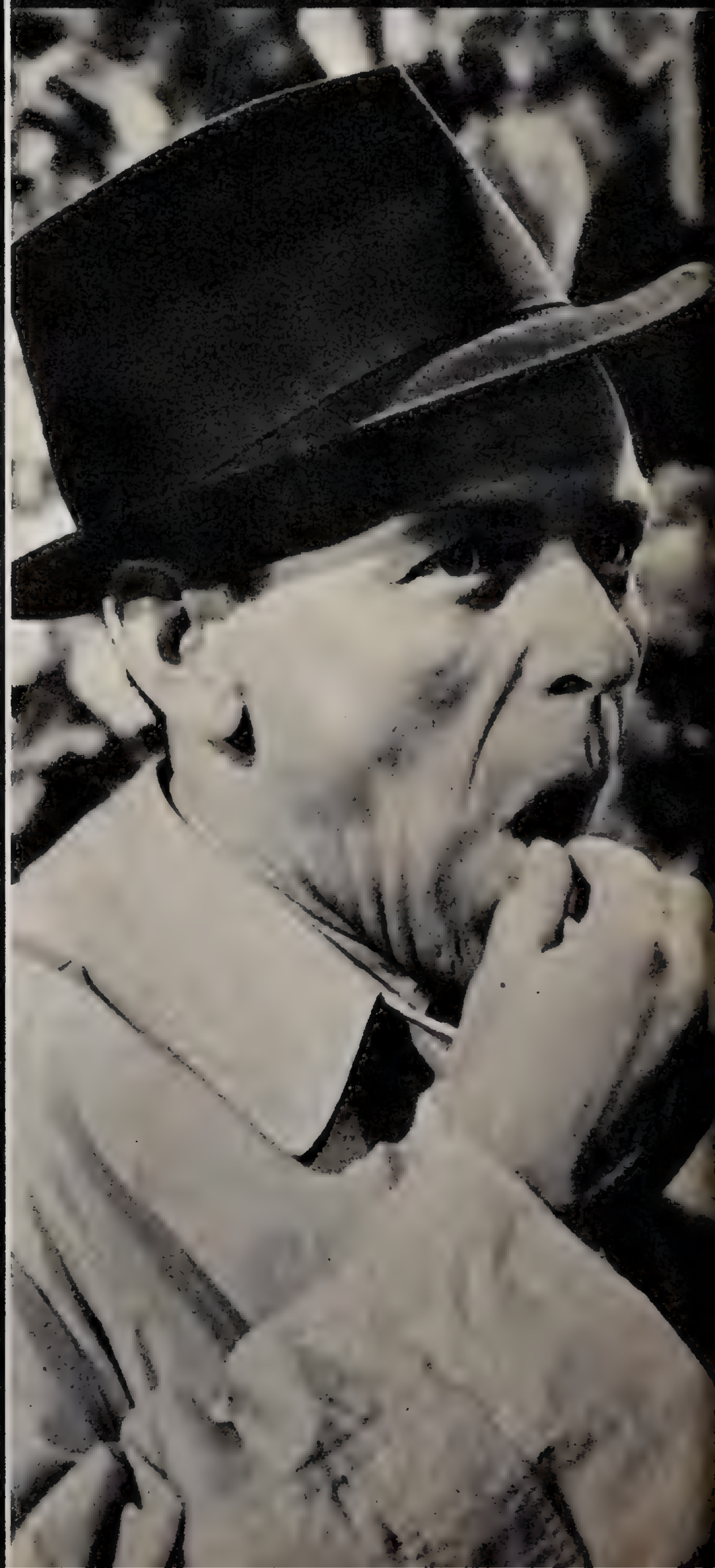
**What's a broad? That's simple.
A broad is a dame with sex appeal**

It's no secret that Frank Sinatra has made such a thorough study of the subject of women, he could easily be graduated magna cum lover:

But up until now, the studious Thin One has kept most of his interesting knowledge to himself. Whenever he was asked about the femmes, Frankie would clam up. His questioners would be treated to what is known as Frank's fast freeze.

But at last, the *(Continued on page 84)*

**Let's see now...there's eight
different kinds of broads**



**Kim Novak, she's a real
gasser. So's Sophia Loren**



**But I'd call Rita Hayworth
more the barn-burner type**



**What's Lauren Bacall?
A tomato? Aw, come
off it, puh-lease!**



who is

SANTA



Janet Leigh tells her young Miss Kelly
about the jolly saint in red
with the rather large belly:

“It isn’t who Santa is,
and it isn’t who Santa’s not,
nor is it what he’s got
in that sack that’s a pack on his back
that makes us wonder about him.

No, it isn’t *who* Santa is.

And it isn’t from where he came,

where the wind blows the snows into heaps,

and Mrs. Santa Claus keeps all the fur sewed on Santa’s suit
and the reindeer fed with fruit.

No, it isn’t from where he came.

Nor is it the way he comes
across the starry skies
and squeezes himself to size
into your chimney, Sweet,
and emerges whole and neat.

No, it isn’t the way he comes.

It’s why does Santa come,



continued

who is
SANTA

for little girls and boys,
even if they make noise.

It's *why* does Santa come.

He comes because there's a world of wonder
full of lightning and full of thunder,
and mossy trees and stones with cracks,
and camels with two humps on their backs,
and Santa Claus and owls that peer,
and anything else you've ears to hear. That's why Santa comes."



The Power of Faith

*...If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed,
ye shall say unto this mountain,
Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove:
and nothing shall be impossible unto you.*

ST. MATTHEW 17:20

The Christmas season is a time when people of all faiths and creeds are brought closer to each other and to spiritual values. It is a fitting time to bring you the stories on the following pages, for in these inspiring experiences of Kim Novak, Don Murray and Mala Powers, they found that, no matter how great their needs, a Higher Power was always there to help

To a shy, lonely little girl a great gift was

given—a gift nothing short of a miracle. Now, a grateful

Kim Novak wants to share her gift with Mario Bandini

I BELIEVED... AND GOD BLESSED ME

A few days from now, God willing, a girl with excited, amber eyes and a soft whiff of pearl blonde hair will be waiting eagerly among the crowd in the cold, at an air field near New York—waiting with a Christmas gift for the man who is most important in her life, Mario Bandini.

Her gift will be a very large package, tied with a bright red bow and wrapped in cellophane, so the heart of it—and all the people who are part of it—will show.

The gift: America at Christmas—All the people whose affection and faith made an insecure duckling of a girl—a girl who was so sure she would never be anybody—so sure she would never belong anywhere, into a famous star who belongs to millions today.

It's important to Kim that the tall, gracious, dark-haired Italian Bandini, so much a part of his country, should meet the people, the country that is so much a part of her.

"Mario's never been here. I'll be able to give him the present that I think is the most endearing present you can give: Being able to show someone your own country for the first time," Kim Novak says in her soft, excited breathy way.

"I wanted him to see America at Christmas—I think Mario can get the best picture of family life here at this time. All across the country this is the family-time—when he can see best how much our families and home life mean to us. And I wanted Mario to see America for the first time—that way."

(Continued on page 82)

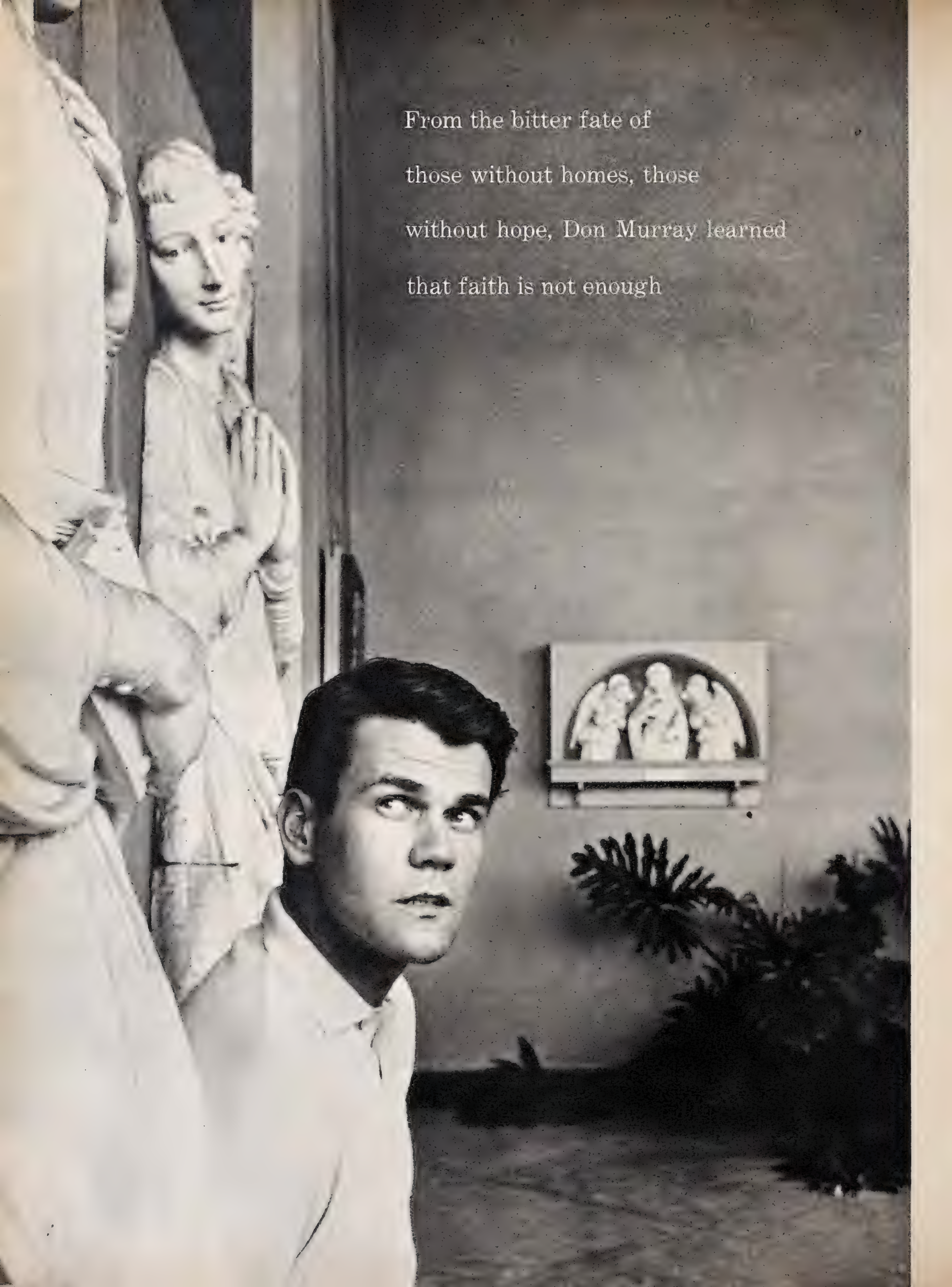
by DIANE SCOTT

*Many have sung the
praises of Kim's ethe-
real loveliness
and the haunting
beauty of her smile.*

*But few realize
that the secret of
that beauty is a
radiance that springs
from a touching
religious experience,
dating from the
days when she felt
ugly and unloved*



From the bitter fate of
those without homes, those
without hope, Don Murray learned
that faith is not enough



by ALEX JOYCE

On the rough bunk in the tiny room, scarcely bigger than a large closet, Don Murray lay staring at the cracks in the ceiling, watching as the pale light of the cold winter dawn revealed them in all their sharp ugliness.

Another day. The day before Christmas. Christmas Eve. He pulled himself up and sat on the edge of the bed heavily. He tried to get up, but he could not. A wave of dizziness struck him, and he held his head in his hands until it passed. At last, he rose and tried to pull on his clothes as quickly as he could, to guard against the blasts of icy air that the flimsy, broken walls could not keep out. But it was slow going. He had lost thirty pounds. His skin was still yellow from an attack of hepatitis that almost cost his life. When he bent to pick up his shirt, there was a dull ache in his side—the result of an appendectomy, performed with scanty anesthesia. Dust that seeped into the room and covered everything made him cough. He was suffering from lung congestion, following a siege of pneumonia.

He staggered out of the room like a man bent under a heavy burden. But in his heart, Don Murray carried

a burden much heavier than that of physical ills. A burden of doubt.

“Could it be that I was wrong, after all?” he thought dully. “Wrong to come here, wrong to do what I am doing?”

As he walked down the shabby, dirty street in the heart of the worst Naples slum, he could feel the hostility and hopelessness that surrounded him like an impenetrable wall. It was in the surly glances of the men, the vacant, empty faces of the women, the open jeers of the children.

If Don Murray had firm convictions that war was an evil before, he had terrible affirmation of those convictions now. Here, he saw that war killed with more than bombs and bullets. It had devastated these people's souls. Stricken with sickness and poverty, the older people had no hope—only hate. For the young, only one avenue of escape was open. Crime. Stealing and violence had become an accepted way of life—because they appeared to be the only way to survival.

To Don Murray, who had (*Continued on page 87*)

I WORKED...
AND GOD
REWARDED ME

I PRAYED... AND GOD HEARD ME

"This is it," Mala Powers thought. "This is what it feels like to die." But alone in the darkness and pain, she knew that Someone was going to help . . .

Mala Powers sits by her warm fireside, content in the knowledge that her baby son is asleep upstairs in his crib, that her husband will be home from work at any moment. Tree trimmings have been bought; the first exciting packages are carefully hidden away. But she watches the glowing logs, and she hears the grandfather clock chime, and her mind goes back to a dark night only a few years ago, when other presences hovered close to her, bringing terror—and the faith that has made her present life possible.

The gentle firelight, token of home, seems to fade. She is back in the hospital room, waking to the sudden conviction: "This is it. This must be it."

In Mala's own words: "I got weaker and weaker, and everything just kind of disappeared all around my body.

And I thought, 'This must be what it feels like to die. I don't want to die.'"

She was alone, but not alone, because she had knelt in the hospital chapel and asked a question—and been given an answer, a silent promise that has now reached complete fulfillment.

Mala's story of faith begins during another Christmas-time, in 1951, when she was invited to join a Hollywood troupe bound for the Korean battlefield. She was undecided. "I knew my mother would worry, but I had an urge to go. I felt somehow that it was important to my whole life that I go." As usual whenever she had a problem, she prayed for guidance. "I told my mother, 'If it's not right for me to go, if God doesn't want me to go, He'll stop me some way.'" (Continued on page 61)

by MAXINE ARNOLD



a day with RICK NELSON

Rick Nelson woke up at 7 A.M. and stretched his six feet and one hundred-sixty pounds. At the back of his sleepy consciousness there was a vague pulse of excitement beating away. Rick shut off the shrill alarm clock and lay there for a moment, trying to think what the excitement he felt was about.

The day ahead was to be like any other day . . . school, the last round of the tennis tournament . . . rehearsal for the family television show. . . . So why should he wake up this morning with a feeling of expectancy?

Still wondering, Rick climbed out of bed, scratched his tousled hair and began to dress. Then, a moment later, as though the color of his own red crew neck sweater shocked him into it, he remembered: Today was the day when, during the filming of the Nelsons' weekly TV show, his own new record, "Have I Told You Lately That I Love You?" would be played publicly for the first time before its release.

And there was something else that excited him as he tossed the sweater casually over his shoulders. And it sure as heck wasn't the math test coming up

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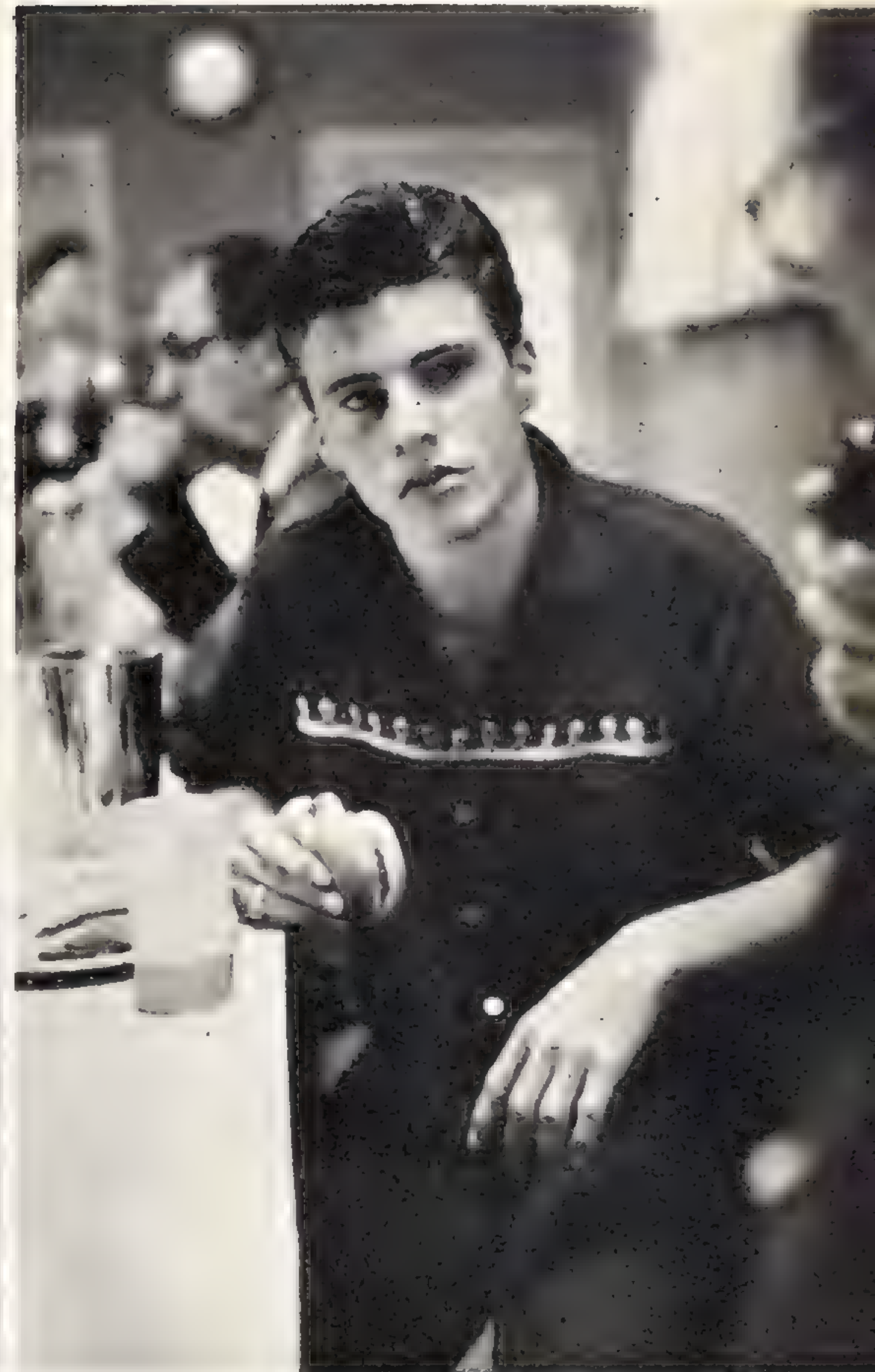
by DANIEL STERN



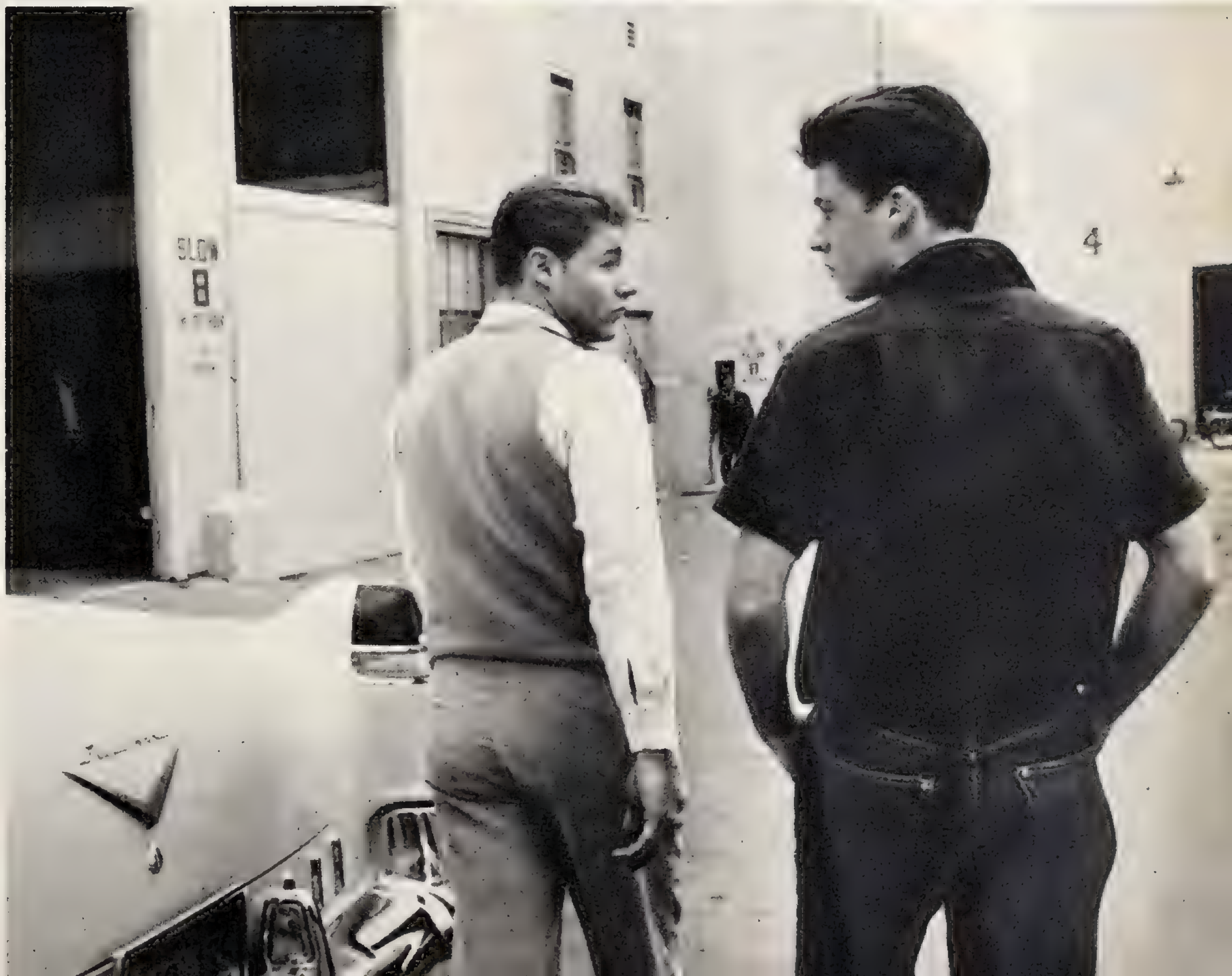


9:00 A.M.: "Ooh, that math test coming up! Dave and I had better made the most of this study hall with Mr. Van Scoyk"

12:30 P.M.: "Lunch at last—I'm starved! Sa-ay, that's a cute chick there. Must be a new girl. Gotta wangle an introduction. Good thing Mom can't see me with this hamburger. She's glad I like milk, but she's always after me to eat vegetables"



5:30 P.M.: "Hi, Dave! Gee, I'm glad that math test is over. Wasn't bad—think I passed. The tennis match after school? Great! Wish I had time for another, but I've got to get movin' down to that recording studio. Don't forget, we've got the show to film after that. See you at the studio!"





a day with RICK NELSON *continued*

third period today. Yesterday he'd been told the news that he was to make a personal appearance tour of four state fairs, singing his recent record hits. If that wasn't terrific, then what was?

Happily, he pulled on his beloved rubber-soled white bucks, wrestled a careful few moments with his unruly brown hair, and took the steps downstairs two at a time, plunging into the breakfast room where Ozzie and Harriet awaited him.

Breakfast time at the Nelsons is a convivial period, if sometimes a little rushed, due to previous teenage dawdling.

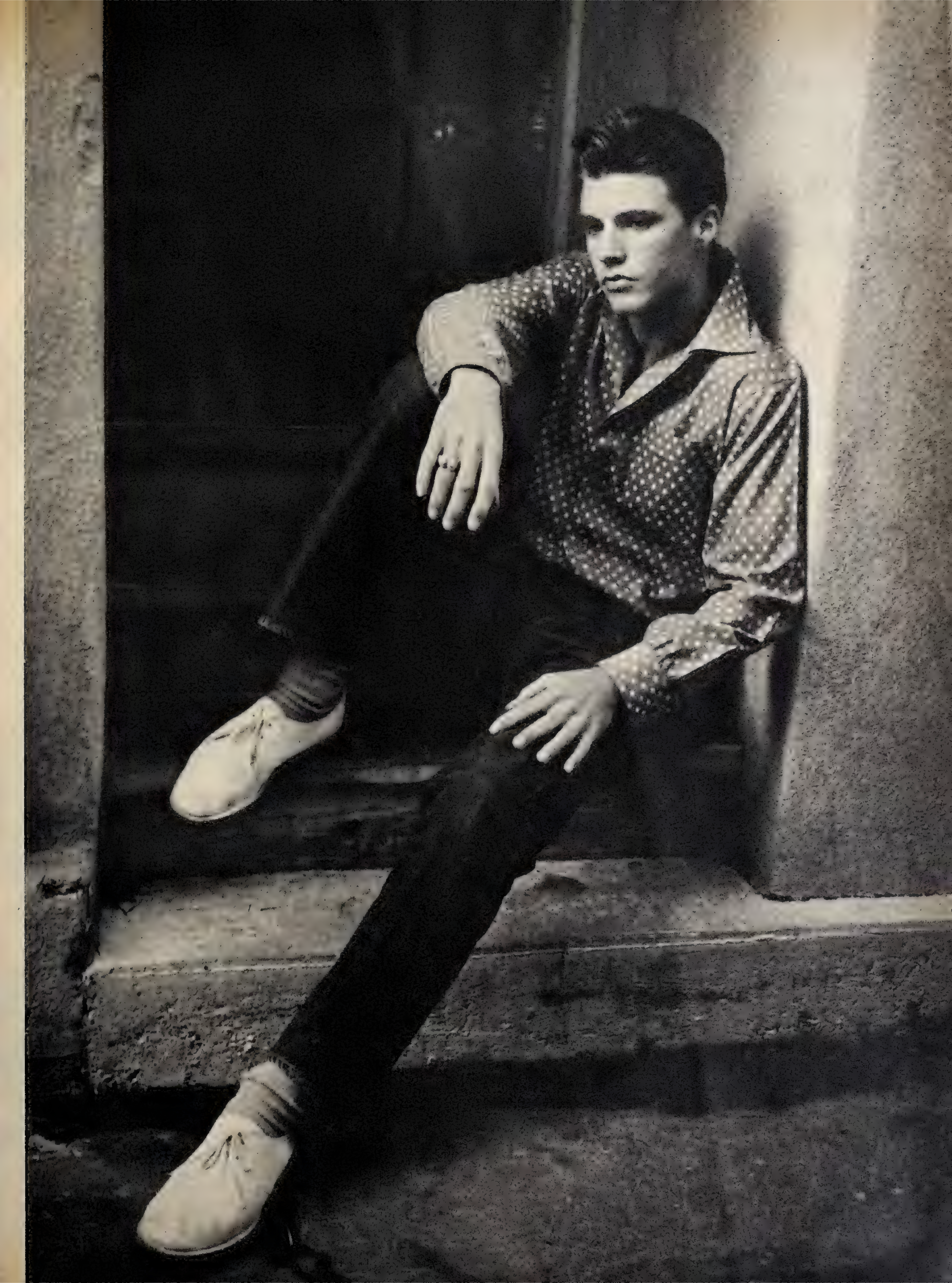
"Good morning, Mr. Nelson," Harriet (*Continued on page 89*)



6:00 P.M.: "Funny, but when I hear a playback, I still can't get used to it . . . that all this has happened to me. I hope the people like it—I'm sure grateful. Don't know where this will lead . . . movies, maybe? But one thing's sure—I won't quit the family show until Dad fires me!"

SAVOIE







For failing to answer questions, Debbie pays forfeits by making like a senorita, gal with glasses, and a silly ingenue



PHOTOPLAY TELLS DEBBIE—

confess, or take the consequences



Here's a switch on that old parlor favorite, "Truth or Consequences." Ever the eager beaver when it comes to getting all the facts from filmdom's famous faces, Photoplay hit upon using it to coax more and better answers from the stars. How? Simple: Whenever a question is bypassed, a forfeit must be paid—in pictures, yet! Debbie Reynolds wasn't the least perturbed at the prospect. "Sure, I'm game," said she. "It sounds like great fun." And, as you'll see from this result, it was!

Q. Are you at all temperamental?

A. Oops! Guess I'd better come clean on that one. I'll admit there *are* moments in my life when I lose my temper.

Q. Of what are you most afraid?

A. Sleeping in the dark. That's something I never could get used to.

Q. What was your most embarrassing moment?

A. I don't have to stop and think about that—I'll never forget it. It was supposed to be a great moment for me. There I was at last, playing my *(Continued on page 81)*

by HILDEGARDE JOHNSON

Who's telling the truth?

Fibbing can be fun, as Kay, Taina, Mitzi and Gene show you in "Les Girls." But now let's level! We corner the co-stars to give you the real lowdown on the hit film—and each other

Everybody's talking about a guy and three gals: Gene Kelly and "Les Girls," Kay Kendall, Mitzi Gaynor and Taina Elg. If you're on your toes, you've already heard the hilariously conflicting stories given in the movie. Kay pictures Taina as a sexy minx in love with Gene; Taina accuses Kay of being smitten with Gene and becoming a lovelorn drunk; Gene says they're all nice girls, but he loves Mitzi; Mitzi doesn't say anything. But if you haven't seen "Les Girls"—well, don't just sit there! Put down this magazine and get out of the house and go see it! . . .

Okay, now where were we? Oh, yes . . . everybody's talking, so it's about time the stars of "Les Girls" did some talking about themselves and each other, from the personal point of view. And whose story in the film do they

think really *was* the truth? So let's meet the people—and get set for some surprises!

Take Britain's statuesque Kay Kendall (five feet eight, with splendid measurements to match). Fans who play the J. Arthur Rank circuit will remember her as the sumptuous photographers' model in "Genevieve," the stand-offish babe who finally got loaded on champagne and stood up to play a good hot trumpet. She was a model again in "Doctor in the House," too expensive for our poor hero to afford. And she helped Robert Taylor kid the pants off Sir Walter Scott, in the gaily burlesque movie version of "Quentin Durward."

Since the release of "Les Girls," reviewers have been wearing out their Websters in search of new superlatives (*Continued on page 80*)



In "Les Girls," Mitzi Gaynor, Gene Kelly, Kay Kendall and Taina Elg fool the audience. In person, they fooled each other! 'Round the clock: Onscreen, Kay's the haughty one, Taina's a sexy dish, Mitzi's a hoyden. In real life, all three turned out to be very different



by M. O'DONNELL

THE MEN YOU LOVE TO HATE



Ever since Warner Oland menaced Pearl White 'way back in silent days, movie villains, in their own dastardly way, have gone right on titillating female hearts. True, there's been a change. The good old silent-screen boys with hearts so black were just plain mean. It was nothing for one of them to casually blow up the hero—or even the heroine—with a stick of dynamite and suavely twirl the ends of a sleek, black mustache at the same time.

But Jimmy Cagney kind of changed all that. Jim sauntered onto the screen, boyish and brash, and in no time at all was the hero of every boy who'd never really have the nerve to push a grapefruit in the face of a girl like Mae Clarke, and the heart-throb of every girl who wished she had a beau tough-minded enough to do it. It was 1931 and the film was "Public Enemy," (Continued on page 66)



Today's movie villains like Dick Widmark can get away with being good guys in real life. Yesterday, public so identified George Raft with gangster parts, he was supposed to act like one twenty-four hours a day. His mother even got her Georges mixed up and once screamed at him as he was being escorted to a premiere by four policemen: "Run, Georgie, run! Don't let the cops get you!" P.S. George stayed put



Jack Palance, above, portrays on screen the "lone wolf" type of killer who can handle his dirty deals by himself. But in the 'thirties, a gangster hero like Edward G. Robinson (left), who in real life is an art connoisseur and gourmet, usually headed a tightly organized mob of ruthless, scurvy gutter rats. Less sinister than "lone wolf" Palance, he would show signs of human qualities, even stoop so low as to succumb to romance



Both Ben Gazzara, above, and the late Humphrey Bogart, left, share one thing in common: their lean, brooding, dark good looks. Surly manner and take-'em-or-leave-'em attitude towards women add that something extra—romantic appeal. They're real he-men all the way through and most females can't bring themselves to believe they couldn't be persuaded to leave their tough ways for marital bliss—with them, natch



UNMASKING CHARLTON HESTON

He is bored by horse-racing, overly fond of oysters and clams and nurtures an elaborate hatred for so-called Cafe Society.

He owns more than 2,000 pairs of socks knitted for him by young fans.

He cannot remember a time when he didn't want to act: "At seven I read Ernest Thompson Seton's 'Lives of the Hunted' about animals, and

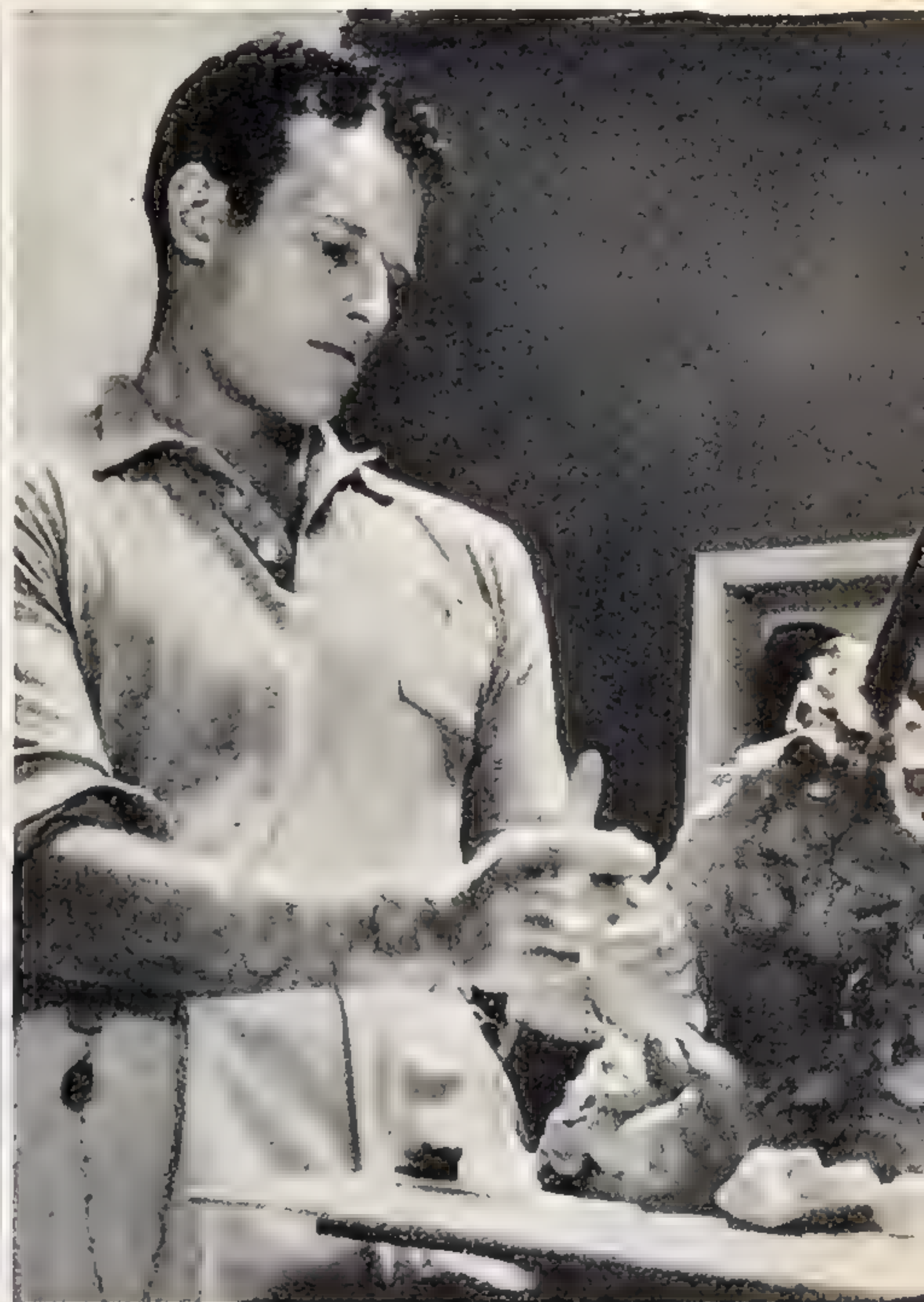
acted out all the parts myself. I developed a very effective wolf howl, which stood me in good stead the first time I saw Lydia (his wife)."

He is outspoken, extremely articulate and cooks a mean dish of spaghetti.

He was baptized Charlton Carter.

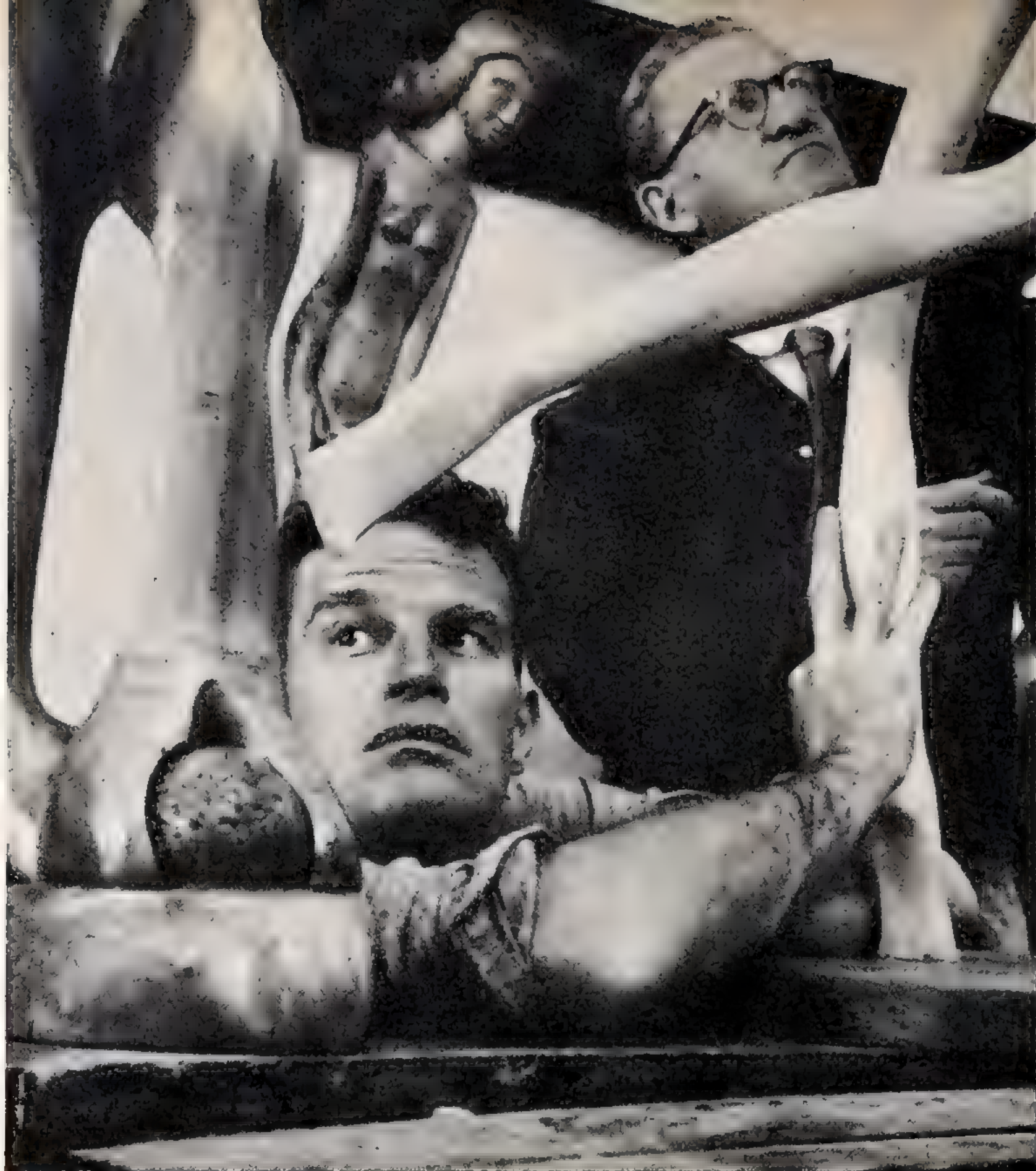
He is an avid reader, often likes literary trash and served during World War II as a radio

continued



When noted artist Charles Schlein told Chuck he merges modern techniques and philosophy with emotional traditions of the past, Chuck exclaimed, "That's just how I feel about acting!" Result: a new art enthusiasm, sculpture. Work under Mr. Schlein on a bust of model Mary Ryan proves he's an extremely gifted artist





HESTON

continued

operator on a B-29 in the Aleutian Islands.

He is six-feet-two-inches tall, and, although he prefers symphonic music, he is a Bing Crosby fan: "Wonderful how he can take an ordinary song and make something special of it."

He eats four pounds of steak daily, plus two pounds of tomatoes.

His opinion of customary Hollywood previews: "Isn't it ridiculous that the movies hire all these high-powered brains to make pictures for them, then turn the final decision over to some teenager at a Glendale sneak preview who writes 'It stinks!' on a preview card?"

He abhors crowds.

He weighs 190 pounds, detests wise-cracking columnists and his wife says "he falls asleep in ten seconds."

He shaves with an old-fashioned straight razor and drinks a great deal of coffee, tea and milk—sometimes all three at the same meal.

He is an assiduous follower of comic strips—twenty-two of them.

His private opinion of some Hollywood leading ladies would not bear airing in public print: "Sometimes women are not very professional in their attitude in this town. They don't know or care very much about what they are doing. They're too enchanted by the movie-star bit and tend to regard it as a social engagement. The industry has created its own monsters and they're all feminine."

He frowns on superstitions.

His friends call him "Chuck."

He spent two years in the preparation and playing of Moses in "The Ten Commandments."

He was born on October fourth in Evanston, Ill.

He is an expert horseman and knows how to judge their fine points.

His wife pins an Oscar on him on each new anniversary.

Charlton Heston is stimulated by a hard day's work and carries his job home with him, where he primes and polishes the next day's schedule: "I don't see how a perfectionist can automatically shut out his work at a given hour, I'm still (Continued on page 74)



Chuck's delighted when Mr. Schlein tells him he's ready to try his own medium, woodcarving. But first, a coffee break for all is in order

*Open House with
Shirley and Jack*

**FOOD
ENTERTAINMENT
DECORATING**



Open House with Shirley and Jack

Shirley and Jack Cassidy had only been in their California home two months, when one night, over supper, Jack suggested, "Let's have an open house! None of our friends have even had a chance to see the place."

Shirley stopped and thought a minute. Jack was right. First it was the moving in; then they'd both been terribly busy on location, and then there had been decorating and furniture-buying to think about—

"It's a wonderful idea," she agreed. Both were proud of their first home—they'd looked so long and hard to find just the right one. "But our furniture has hardly begun to arrive yet! Where would everyone sit?" she said on second thought.

"We'll just use one room," answered Jack, the more practical one of the family, "and put the buffet table in the dining room—"

"—And tell everyone not to dress up!" finished Shirley. "And we'll stagger the guest list."

"We'll *what*?"

"Invite them to come at (Continued on page 60)



Host enjoying himself at his own party, Jack Cassidy acts like a husband by playing golfer in the living room. That's a Christmas cane he's using as a holiday golf club



Do you recognize the pretty blonde who appeared in "Desk Set"? You're right. It's Dina Merrill. Here she helps Shirley, who was welcoming other guests, by serving punch



"How festive everything looks!" exclaimed Dina Merrill, who was visiting from New York and was one of Shirley and Jack's first guests. "At the risk of sounding immodest," Shirley laughed, "I think so, too! And it was simple." Shirley and Jack bought the red and white striped canes at the five and dime and hung them on the wall with ribbon. For the coffee table—the center

of their party activity—they gathered greens from their garden ("but you can use pine or holly, too") and arranged many glittering multi-colored Christmas balls (also from the five and dime) among the sprigs. One touch of elegance—a sumptuous silver punch bowl! "Shirley borrowed it—" Jack said, and gave away the family party secrets to good friend Robert Evans

It's All in the Game

"Sputniks away!" cried Earl Holliman, launching his ping-pong ball across the room in a game of "guiding the missile." Earl, Gia Scala, Claire Kelly, Dean Jones and a group of other young Hollywood players convened recently for a "space" party, Hollywood's latest craze. "Space" games, eons away from old-fashioned earth parties of last year, have the film capital taken by storm. "All you need," says Gia, "are a few simple props and a zany group—big or small—that loves inventing their own fun." See how it's done on this and the following pages.

Our four fearless space folk are "launching missiles." All you have to do (sounds simpler than it is) is use a pencil to bat a balloon across a goal at other end of room, without letting it touch the floor



"At signal, all space men start blowing balloons," ordered Gia. "And the first one to blow his up till it breaks (ouch!) wins." Earl did



Earl's party suggestion: Quickly walking length of room with ping-pong ball balanced in spoon, Gia tries transferring it to Dean's spoon, hoping to beat opposing team. Even more fun (but messier) with fresh eggs!



Dean Jones wins "dodging the sound barrier." Broom handle or rod is supported on chairs or books and contestants squeeze under without any part of body touching. Rod is lowered till all but one player is out



No, it's not Gia's birthday cake, it's "candle bowling." Set up ten candles on a cookie tin, arranged as pins in bowling. Player gets two chances to blow them all out. Scoring is done as in regular bowling. All in one blow, a strike, in two, a spare, otherwise, one point a candle

Group loved Claire's "sputnik race," invented on spur of the moment. Everyone lines up in a row with straws and at signal lies down, starts blowing ping-pong balls toward goal across room. Number balls to cut down on confusion





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It's All in the Game

continued

How come Hollywood games are such fun? Do they have more good sports out there? Nope. The secret's simple: a few props (Earl and his friends used only six: oranges, balloons, straws, candles, ping-pong balls and spoons) and clever prizes, which each of the guests can bring—like autographed baby photos, toys, penny candy and holiday noise-makers. (You can imagine the din!)

DEAN JONES APPEARS IN "MOCK TRIAL,"
CLAIRE KELLY IN "UNDERWATER WARRIOR,"
GIA SCALA AND EARL HOLLIMAN IN "DON'T GO
NEAR THE WATER"—ALL FOR M-G-M



"Chinny Chin Chin" isn't easy to win but it's fun trying! Each team member tries passing an orange to the player on his left. All you can use is your chin!

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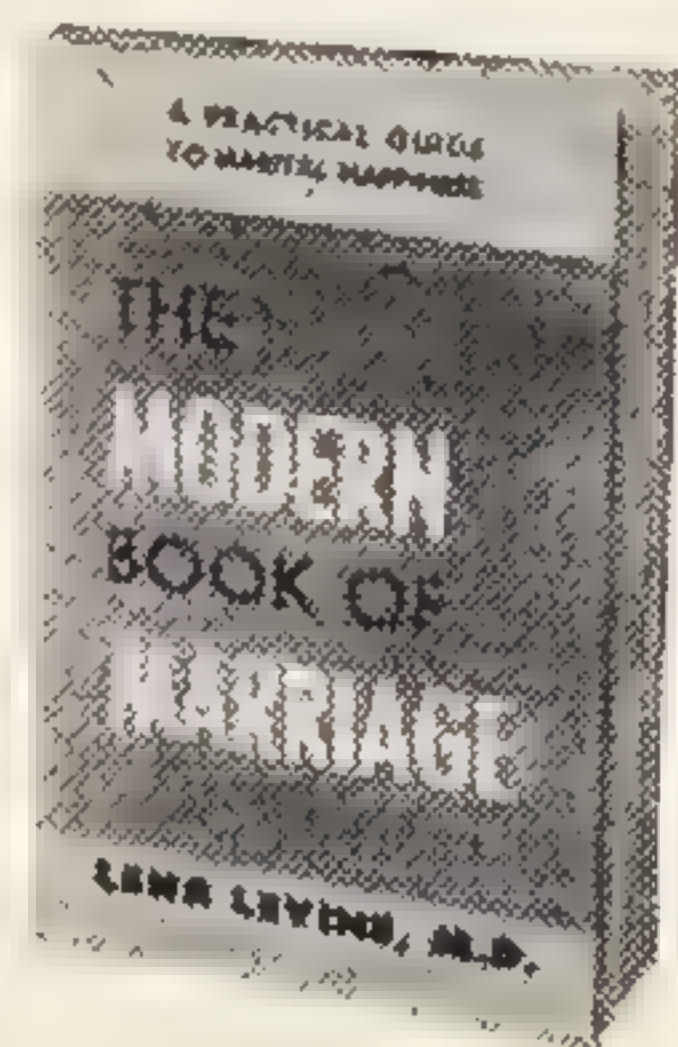
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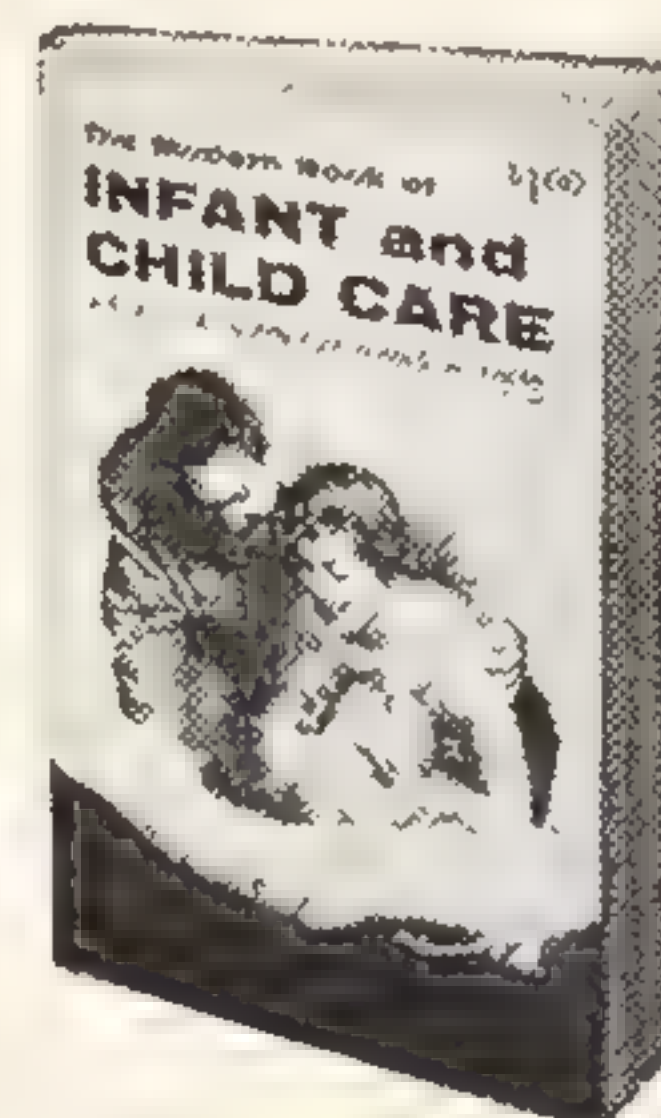
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OPEN HOUSE WITH SHIRLEY AND JACK

Continued from page 54

different times. That way we won't be over-crowded, and we'll get to visit with everyone.

Jack smiled his approval as Shirley grabbed a pad and pencil and started jotting errands and ideas down fast and furiously. "I have a hundred things to do—just look at the house—before Sunday!"



"You'll have more lists than food and decorations at this rate!" Jack teased.

"It's the only way I can avoid panic," countered Shirley. "Besides, I don't just write things down. I do them—*ahead* of time—not like some people I know," she winked.

Together Shirley and Jack made a list of their friends and neighbors for the open house - house warming party, and decided to try limiting the list to twenty-five. ("The place is small.")

The next day Shirley started telephoning, and called her good friend Dina Merrill, who was out on the Coast from New York for a screen test. "We're having a holiday open house next Sunday, Dina. Please come—and don't dress up too much. It's informal."

Shirley decided to telephone the rest of the guests, too, since it was a short-notice affair. And during the week, she and Jack bought food and shopped the five-and-ten for their party decorations. Shirley spotted some multi-colored Christmas balls that she liked, and Jack picked out red and white striped candy canes to brighten the living room and dining room.

By Saturday afternoon, all the shopping was done, Shirley popped her fifteen-pound turkey into the oven ("Allow approximately a half-pound ready-to-cook turkey per serving," said her cookbook, but Shirley allowed for a few extra-hungry guests), and she and Jack decorated for the party. Red and green paper streamers hung from the ceiling in the dining room, where the buffet table was set with a bright green cloth, crisscrossed with gold ric-rac that Shirley had sewn on herself. (She did the same with red napkins to make a colorful matching set.)

Later, while taking a coffee break, Shirley basted her turkey. Jack knew better than to assist, for he understood Shirley's love of cooking—and cooking *alone*. ("Men don't belong in kitchens," she maintains.) In New York, she would dabble for hours in the Cassidy's big apartment kitchen, and loved the solitude she found there.

Giving up that kitchen had been the hardest part of leaving New York, but she and Jack had dreamed of a home of their own for so long, that the thought of moving to California and looking for one at last had been wonderful. With both their work centered primarily on the West Coast, and most of their friends there, it seemed the only place to settle.

By now, Shirley was ready to work on her pineapple table centerpiece. She had bought the largest and best-shaped pineapple the super market had, a set of long, tapered candles in red, white and pink, and some holiday sparkle dust. She set the pineapple into a large, white compote bowl. Then, poking small holes into it, she inserted the candles in various spots.

Jack gathered greens from outdoors ("Evergreens are ideal, if you live in the proper climate," suggests Shirley), and Shirley surrounded the pineapple with them. As a final touch, she sprinkled sparkle dust liberally over candles, pineapple, greens and bowl.

"It's beautiful!" she proclaimed proudly, hugging Jack. "It really is."

Shirley Jones Cassidy was delighted that being "between pictures" gave her time for being at home. All during filming of 20th's "April Love," which she'd made in Kentucky, and then during "Never Steal Anything Small," for Universal, she had looked forward to these days of moving into their new home, entertaining, experimenting with the recipes she's been diligently clipping and collecting for so long—and just being Mrs. Cassidy.

Shirley took her borrowed silver punch bowl carefully off the shelf, polished it until it shone, and set it in the middle of a low, round coffee table in the living room. Then she collapsed happily in a butterfly chair. The rest of the work would have to be done tomorrow. Jack would slice down the turkey, she would prepare her avocado dip and cranberry punch, heat the rolls at the last minute, and that would be it!

Sunday morning was beautifully bright and sunny—their first holiday Sunday away from New York. After church, and lunch, Shirley and Jack finished the last-minute decorating and hung a holly wreath on the front door. Jack carved the turkey while Shirley arranged the slices on a large platter, and garnished it with cranberry sauce which she had cut into Christmas shapes with cookie cutters. Finally, she added stalks of crisp celery, as Jack smacked his lips and evoked a long low whistle at the finished effect.

"My Christmas avocado dip is scrumptious on crisp crackers," says Shirley, and here is how she made it:



SHIRLEY'S AVOCADO DIP

Mix well:

- 1 three-ounce package cream cheese
- 3 tablespoons mayonnaise
- 2 teaspoons lemon juice ("You can also use vinegar," suggests Shirley.)
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper

Next, peel, pit and mash 1 ripe avocado, blend well into cheese mixture, and chill.

After dressing, and shortly before the guests arrived, Shirley mixed the cranberry punch. And you can make it, too. The basic recipe makes about twenty-five servings:

CRANBERRY CHRISTMAS PUNCH

Combine over ice in a punch bowl:

- 2 cups cranberry juice
- 1½ cups lemon juice, bottled or fresh
- 1 cup orange juice
- 1½ cups unsweetened pineapple juice
- 2 cups light corn syrup

When ready to serve, add a 28-ounce bottle of pale dry ginger ale. Shirley garnished the punch with whole, cooked cranberries, but you can also use maraschino cherries, or chunks of pineapple, or both.

Just before the guests arrived, Jack put some of his favorite party records on the



high-fi set—some soft Latin guitar music and some vocals by Gerry Mulligan. When the guests arrived, Jack and Shirley gave each a grand tour of the house—"even the undecorated parts." For Bob Evans' benefit, Shirley played a record of bullfight music, and before long, Bob and Dina were engrossed in a discussion on bullfighting, with Bob explaining how he learned the art for "The Sun Also Rises."

"The nicest thing about an open house is that the guests entertain themselves!" Jack whispered to Shirley, observing that everyone was mixing effortlessly—even the guests who had not known each other before.

"I told you we didn't have to be nervous," Shirley reassured him, as if she threw house-warmings every day. Presiding at the punch bowl, she was dressed in a smart looking black torreador outfit, with contrasting gay crazy-quilt patchwork apron of velvet. ("The outfit's by my favorite designer, Jeanne Campbell of Sportwhirl," Shirley told Dina.)

Some guests came bearing gifts, others didn't. ("It certainly wasn't necessary at an open house," agreed the Cassidys.)

"The nicest thing about the party," commented one star, "is that it's so cozy, and not too crowded to chat with everyone."

"Of course," said Jack Cassidy, winking slyly at Shirley. "That's because Shirl and I staggered our guest list!" THE END

I PRAYED . . .

Continued from page 38

Nothing happened to prevent her going. One twenty-below-zero night in Korea, she discovered why she was there. Mala, Piper Laurie and Johnny Grant found that the chaplain was going to conduct a midnight service for an artillery unit on the front lines, forty miles from where the troupe was staying. So the three talked the chaplain into taking them along in his jeep, for an unscheduled appearance.

They had been meeting GIs behind the lines, but here was an entirely different audience: men living in a vacuum, knowing that death for them was still within range, even while the truce talks went on. When Mala and Piper led the way into the small tent, there was only silence. "Everywhere else we'd been expected," Mala says, "but not here. It was just like shock took over. They just sat and stared. The chaplain gave a little service. It all seemed terribly real and terribly unreal at the same time. But the words he said meant so much more in that place. I remember he talked about love.

"An atmosphere of awful loneliness so filled everything that it crept into you, and you felt you were part of whatever the fellows there were experiencing. And you thought, 'I have a purpose here and a meaning. Human beings belong together. We cannot live without each other.' I had a sense of really belonging to humanity for the first time. Before that, my world had been myself and my career."

But in Korea, Mala became ill with a virus infection. By the time the plane reached Honolulu en route to California, she was burning with fever. As soon as she reached home, she went to her doctor, who gave her some capsules of an antibiotic, a "miracle drug" that was saving the lives of many. As far as it was known then, only a very, very few were allergic to it. Mala Powers was one of them.

For months, no deadly symptoms were apparent; her flu kept recurring, and she kept taking the capsules. Then, while she was making a picture at U-I, her condition rapidly became worse. She had violent headaches; she bruised easily and appallingly. Finally, the significant "blood spots" appeared on Mala's shoulders and neck. When makeup boss Bud Westmore saw them, he promptly summoned a doctor, who ordered her into the hospital, first for a blood test and the next day for transfusions.

"After two or three transfusions," Mala says, "I felt fine, and I wanted out of the hospital. I had one last scene to do in the picture, and I thought this was all nonsense." Meantime, a bone-marrow test had been ordered, but Mala had no inkling of the fears that inspired it. "The doctors all looked pretty mopy. 'When do I get out of here and go back to work?' I'd ask. 'Well . . . pretty soon,' somebody would say."

Suspicion of the truth came to her in a strange way, before long. She was allowed to leave her room and walk around the hospital, and one restless morning she went into the little chapel upstairs. Mala attends Christ Unity Church, but, she says, "Often if I'm passing a church and it's open and I have time—it doesn't matter what denomination it is—I'll go in. I just like the atmosphere. So the chapel was there, and I went in."

Only one other person, a lab technician, was there. Mala sat down in front of her, quietly lost in thought. After a moment, the girl came around beside her and said, "Even though you're not a Catholic, please

come into our chapel and pray whenever you want to, because Our Lady will listen to you." The girl had tears in her eyes. "You're so young—the important thing is just to stay in the ball game."

Mala looked at her in astonishment. "What does she expect me to do?" she thought. "Walk out of here and drop dead?" Mala managed to murmur some polite words, but she was so utterly shaken by the girl's tears and sympathy that she immediately went to a phone and called her mother.

"What's going on around here?" Mala demanded, then explained what had happened.

"I don't know," her mother said.

"I believe you'd better go to the doctors and find out."

Back in her room, Mala overheard doctors out in the hall discussing some patient. "How old is she?" one voice said.

"Twenty."

"What a pity!"

These words were a second shock. From walking around the hospital, Mala knew that most of the patients on her floor were elderly cancer cases. She couldn't think of any other twenty-year-old.

To Mala's mother, the doctors revealed their prognosis. Among the few cases on record, small children had recovered from this condition, but for adults the fatalities were almost 100%. In their opinion, Mala's life expectancy was—perhaps—four days.

The valiant mother began searching for words. How could she tell this girl, whose life was dearer to her than her own, that she was going to die? Yet, she says, "Mala and I had always been so straight and so honest with each other."

"Well, what is it?" Mala asked. "What's wrong with me? . . . This is *my* life, and I have a right to know what the doctors say."

Forcing calm into her voice, in spite of her pounding heart and choked-up throat, Mrs. Powers softened the truth as best she could. "I don't remember Mother's exact words," Mala says. "She didn't tell me they didn't expect me to live over four days, but she made the whole thing very clear. It was a condition they knew very little about, and therefore they didn't hold out a great deal of hope. But, while doctors were wonderful when you were ill, after all there was only one Doctor—and how could we say *anything* was impossible with Him?"

Mala was listening to words that held no meaning for her at first. Finally she said, without expression, "Yes."

She explains, "It doesn't sink in. You don't comprehend it. You just can't feel it. I stayed in this state of shock for a while. It's like it's all around you. You feel it out there somewhere. You know it's there, and you can recognize it with your mind, but you just have to wait until it sinks in."

Day darkened into night. "Then suddenly it penetrated, and I was frightened! Then I dwelt with it longer, into the next day, until I had a conviction: 'Not my will but Thine be done' I got out of bed and I went back to the chapel. It was afternoon—I remember the sun. It was quite warm, and the windows of the chapel were thrown wide open. I remember there was just one shaft of sunlight that came through a window close to the altar. As I was talking, I looked at it."

No one else was there, and Mala Powers was praying aloud. "I said, 'If you want me to live, then tell me what You want me to do. If You want me to die, then tell me what You want me to do . . .'" And the answer came—that I was going to live, that I would get well, but that I would have to help. The answer didn't come in words, as a voice from outside. It was—an experience. Sometimes, when you dream at night, you see a flash of a picture, and in that picture is conveyed a story that might take you fifteen minutes to tell to someone. But in your dream you know what that story is in an instant. It was something like that in the chapel, because it happened in an instant—and yet the whole thing was as clear as if it had been a conversation I had heard spoken word by word. I felt secure and safe and protected, like being cold and then all of a sudden being warm all over."

The key lies in the words "that I would have to help." As Mala says now, "I felt if it was just meant for me to die without doing anything—I would have died. I couldn't have gone through this time just lingering, if I hadn't had to do something myself."

Assurance came to her in a flash, but she was not to be healed so quickly. For Mala, there were endless-seeming months ahead, when her faith would be many times severely tried. But she didn't realize this. After the conversation in the chapel, the doctors marveled at her unshakable belief that she would get well. When they took her blood count each morning, often it was down. Then she would say cheerily, "Don't worry." She was encouraging *them*!

"I just had the feeling that I was already cured," Mala says. "I was only waiting for the laboratory reports to tell

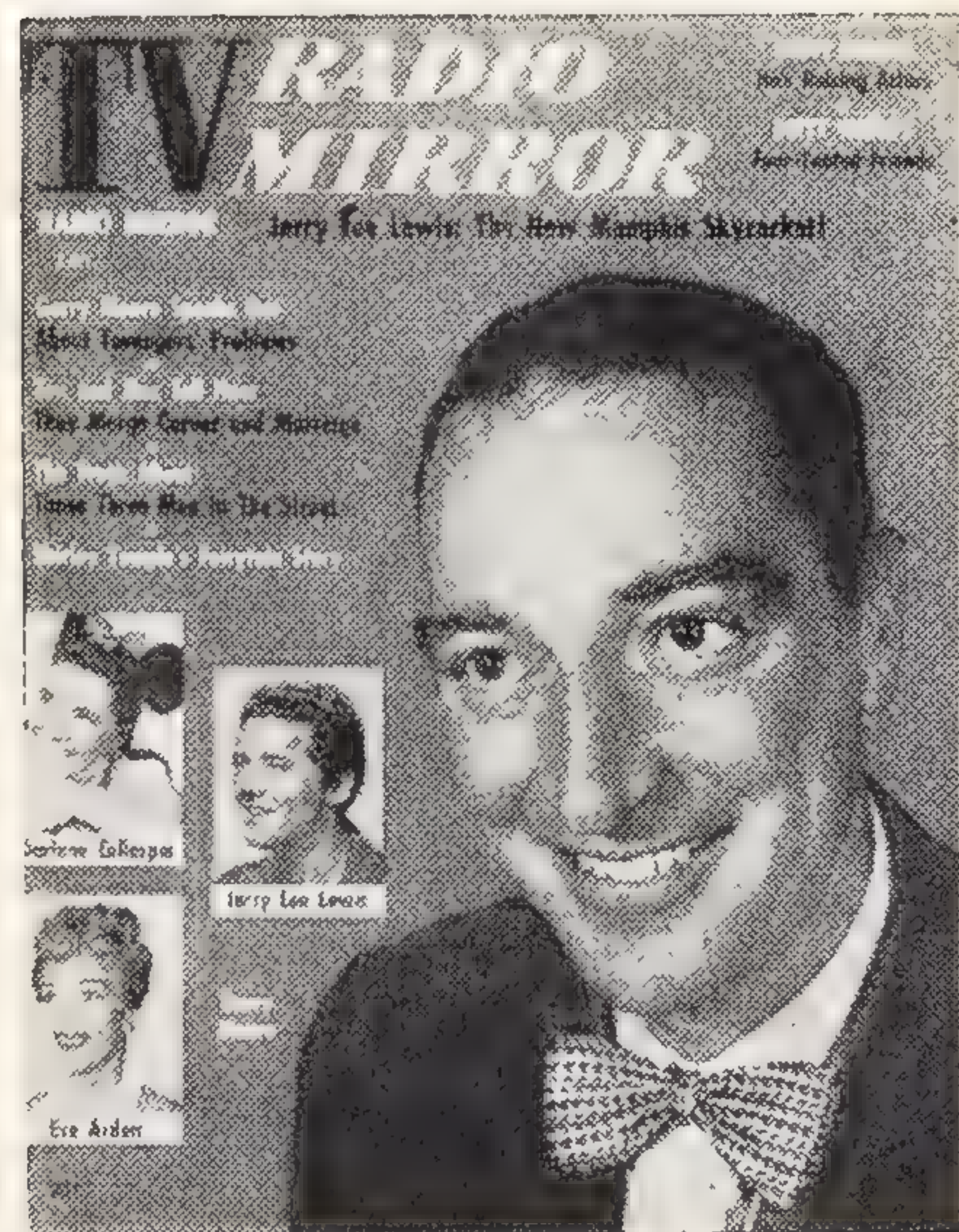
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the doctors that I was. And I got impatient with the lab." But there seemed to be nothing medicine could do to make Mala's body begin producing blood again. ACTH cortisone was tried, and for a while her count varied up and down. "Then, all of a sudden one day," she remembers, "It went voom—right to the bottom. And the ACTH never brought it up again." So this medication was discontinued, and she was given constant blood transfusions, forty in all.

There came blue days. "Even though I knew I was going to get well, nothing in the experience had told me *when*, and I wanted to go back to work, and I would think, 'How long?' And it would seem so slow! I'd always been ridiculously impatient. Now I had to fight it."

Some days, her heart seemed to beat to one rhythm: *when? when? when?* On one of these, she went up to the little chapel again, and again she was given an answer, this time wordless, for Mala herself to interpret. "There was a little clock that had a chime with the most beautiful tone. When I walked in, it was chiming five o'clock, and I thought, 'These are five perfect strokes of time—and I have nothing better to do than just sit here and listen to them.'" Before this, Mala had always been thinking, working, trying to drive herself ahead of time. Now she realized how much of life she had missed this way. "It suddenly occurred to me that if God made twenty-four hours in a day, then there's only twenty-four hours' worth he intends to be done, and there's no sense trying to cram in forty-eight."

During the weeks to come, Mala found a strange sense of peace in hearing little chimes that seemed to say to her: All good things in time—the right time. She learned the beauty of patience, and she felt again the sensation she had known first on the Korean battlefield: "We are all kind of indivisible—unless we shut ourselves off and build a little box around ourselves." Through the long nights in a hospital, there are no boxes, no walls thick enough to shut out the cry of a sick child for its mother, the moan of an old man in the next room. Here pain and death were the common enemies, and each human being was kin to the next one.

So Mala was doubly armed on that terrible midnight when she felt that she was dying. She thought she was seized by an internal hemorrhage, the chief danger in her condition. Fear can hurry hemorrhage, she knew. If you panic, your heart pumps faster, and the blood flows more freely. She wanted to shut out fear—but how? Then the soundless, wordless Voice came to her again: "No, no. Let it go. Let it go ahead. Don't worry. Have no fear."

Her face glowing with the memory, Mala says, "I believe that I could have died that night, if it had not been for the faith that was given me. And I felt, in a sense, reborn, with spiritual beings everywhere around me."

She did not have a hemorrhage, and soon she decided that she wanted to go home. She was no better; actually, she was worse. "My blood count was lower than when I'd gone in, but I was sure the hospital had fulfilled its purpose for me."

Doctors told Mala's mother frankly that it didn't matter; she might stay wherever she'd be happiest; they could offer no hope. "They expected a brain hemorrhage—and she would just go," Mrs. Powers says slowly. Mala was warned that she must go on having transfusions. She must avoid all crowds, since she had no defense against even a common cold. She must avoid falling, for a bruise might start fatal bleeding. She wouldn't be able to

walk even a few yards without being utterly exhausted.

But, one evening unknown to her doctors, Mala was acting again. A friend who produced "The Cisco Kid" on radio had called to ask whether she felt well enough to do a show—and gotten a quick acceptance. Throughout the program, Mrs. Powers sat in the control room praying. "There she was in front of a microphone, with cowboys and Indians all whooping it up and hollering."

She shouldn't walk? "But I was taking walks around the block," Mala says triumphantly, "and going up and down our front steps—we had about fifty of them. I took a lot of minerals with my diet, and I made my own tempo. I did certain things at certain times, as I felt they were right. It was like I was being guided all the time."

Yet, one unforgettable day, she had a sense of loss and loneliness such as she had never known. "The wonderful spiritual presences I felt all the time began gradually to fade—and disappeared. I was alone. I thought, 'I'm not in contact any more. I'm doing something wrong.'"

In despair, she drove over to see her coach, actor and teacher Michael Chekhov, a man rich in human experience. The wise old man listened and watched as the young girl, crying, told him how she had been deserted. "Pixie," Chekhov finally said, using his affectionate nickname for her, "how can you sit there and try to dictate to the spiritual world what is best for your own evolution? They came to you and they gave themselves to you. If they now feel that you're ready to stand on your own, and they wish to depart from you a little bit, and you have to work back up to them—then that's what's best for you."

"That's true," Mala said thoughtfully. "They're still there. I'll try to work up to them."

"Remember this, Pixie—no human being is ever given a test at any time that we're not capable of meeting. Some of us don't meet it—but we are capable."

In a faith like Mala's there was all the strength that she was to need. Disregarding the lab reports, she began to feel better. "I had a little more energy, and my blood count began staying up a little longer between transfusions. At last, in a routine test, my doctors found that my bone marrow was rejuvenating itself. Then they knew I *was* better—but they didn't know why. One of them said later, 'There are just some things that we doctors don't know.'"

In December, Mala was offered a picture, and she told her doctors she wanted to make it. She was going on location in Chicago, and they insisted on giving her three transfusions before she left, to get her blood count up very high.

These were the last transfusions she was ever to have.

By Christmas of 1952—a year since she had been taken ill in Korea—her blood count had doubled, miraculously to everyone but Mala. In a church in Chicago, she prayed to be worthy of the gift of life, and she thanked God for the lifetime of learning contained in that one year.

But there was a gift beyond just living still awaiting her, only two months ahead. She often remembered the sweet chime of the chapel clock: All good things in time—the right time. Now, without any effort on Mala's part, a light-hearted and happy time was coming. She went house-hunting—and found a husband. A certain young man lost a cigarette lighter—and found a wife.

By February, Mala was feeling well enough that she could take a long look

ahead and make plans that had an air of permanence. She and her mother had been living in an apartment; now Mala decided she wanted a house. "One day in February," she recalls, "I ran into an actor friend who'd been having a difficult time in radio work and had decided to try selling real estate. I told him I'd been thinking about buying a house, and he said if he ran into anything suitable he'd let me know. Shortly after that, he called to say he had a place he thought I might like. Could he pick me up to show it to me? His boss was with him."

The boss's name was Monte Vanton. Some people might say this meeting was brought about by mere chance, but Mala has another name for the guiding force.

"Monte told me later," she recalls fondly, "that when he saw me coming down the steps of my apartment house, it was as if he'd been 'struck by a bolt of lightning.' He had admired me as *Roxanne* in 'Cyrano,' but hadn't remembered my name."

The first thing I noticed about Monte was his terrific sense of humor. All of us, including my mother, went over to see the house. It was really an odd old place, not at all suitable, and Monte kept making so many funny cracks about it that we were all in near-hysterics before we left. Our little group went to Brown's then for some hot chocolate, and there Monte offered to find me a home—without charging commission.

"Later, we went to my house, where Monte told us about himself. He had been in the British Merchant Marine during the war, had visited this country and fallen in love with it. After the war, he left England and settled in California. Oh, we talked about lots of other things, and finally he left. Then my mother and I found that he'd forgotten his cigarette lighter. Before this, I'd been telling her I didn't want any more men in my life. But when my mother, who is very wise, saw the lighter, she said, 'Mala, you'd better go out with him.'"

The next day Monte called and told me he had another house to show me. This time just the two of us went. It was a house he hadn't seen before and it was even more unsuitable than the other one, but it was an excuse for us to be together. Monte did something that day that impressed me. The house was on the side of a cliff, and there must have been two hundred steps to the front door. Monte ran up the steps to ask the owner whether we could go through. When she said yes, instead of calling for me to come on up, he ran all the way back down to open the car door for me. I've always liked good manners in men, and this made me feel he must be a very considerate person."

With such a promising start, the romance progressed—but slowly. Five months after their meeting, Monte asked Mala to marry him. "Well," Mala says, "I didn't want to get married just then. I knew that some day I would, but I was in no hurry." True to the philosophy she had learned so painfully, she was willing to wait for the right time, and she knew that the decision would come to her naturally, without worrisome thinking and arguing with herself. And so it did. Monte found her a comfortable, two-story, English-style house off Laurel Canyon in the Valley, just the place for Mala and her mother. Looking back, she analyzes: "I think it was moving into the house and redecorating it that gave me the urge to get married. Every time I looked at wallpaper, my eyes would keep drifting to the nursery paper. It always seemed like the prettiest paper in the store."

In September, Monte asked her to set a date. "Within the next year," Mala prom-

ised. But a short while later, for no special reason, she decided she wanted to get married right away. When Monte dropped in, she asked, "How would you like to get married eight days from now?"

He said he would, and they were, on October 12, 1954, at Christ Unity Church. "We were too late to send out wedding announcements," Mala smiles, "so we just called everybody. It was such a rush, we forgot some people we wanted to invite. I'd always said I didn't want a big wedding, but when it came right down to it, I decided on the wedding gown and all the trimmings. Besides getting ready for this, I was also having wardrobe fittings almost every day on a picture I was to make. But I'm not sorry for my decision. Even though it was hectic, it was a beautiful wedding, and we had a reception at my house for over a hundred people."

Now, for once, timing seemed to be wrong. Four days after her marriage, Mala was shipped off to Sonora on location. But Monte came up to join her. "It turned out to be a perfect honeymoon," Mala says softly. "We had a lovely guest cottage to live in, with a brook that ran right by our front door. And in the morning deer would be jumping over the fence. We were there almost three weeks, and during that time I worked only three days. We went fishing and cave-exploring. If we'd had a chance to plan our honeymoon, it couldn't have been more perfect."

In the same way, their hopes for starting a family immediately fulfilled not according to their own plan—but still at the right time. This past year, Mala had four pictures ready for release: "Tammy and the Bachelor," "Man from Abilene," "Death in Small Doses," and "Unknown Terror." She was finishing a fifth, "Man on the Prowl," when she made the announcement that she was expecting a baby—in three months! "I was so small," Mala explains, "that I was able to keep working in pictures up until my sixth month. Everyone was surprised."

As you might guess, Mala made preparations for a "natural" childbirth, with exercises and—more important—a relaxed frame of mind. "I had no fear whatsoever," she says earnestly. "I really looked forward to it. Although I wasn't able to completely fulfill the 'natural' childbirth ideal, I'm grateful for all the time that I was conscious. I think it was rougher on my doctor than it was on me. I was so happy to be having a baby that I hardly felt the pain. And it didn't matter to me whether it was a girl or a boy. When it turned out to be a boy, we named him Toren Michael. We call him Tory for short. The Michael is for my teacher, Michael Chekhov, who gave me so much encouragement when I was ill. The Toren is just a name that popped into my mind from out of nowhere. I'm not even sure that there is such a name, but we love it. And we hope to have at least two more children."

Here is a girl who not so long ago was delighted to be able to walk around the block, to go up a flight of steps. Now she has given birth to a child; she nurses him; while she was pregnant she did all her own housework for two months; she takes a singing lesson daily, exercise classes three times a week, dancing lessons three or four times a week—and relaxes with horseback-riding!

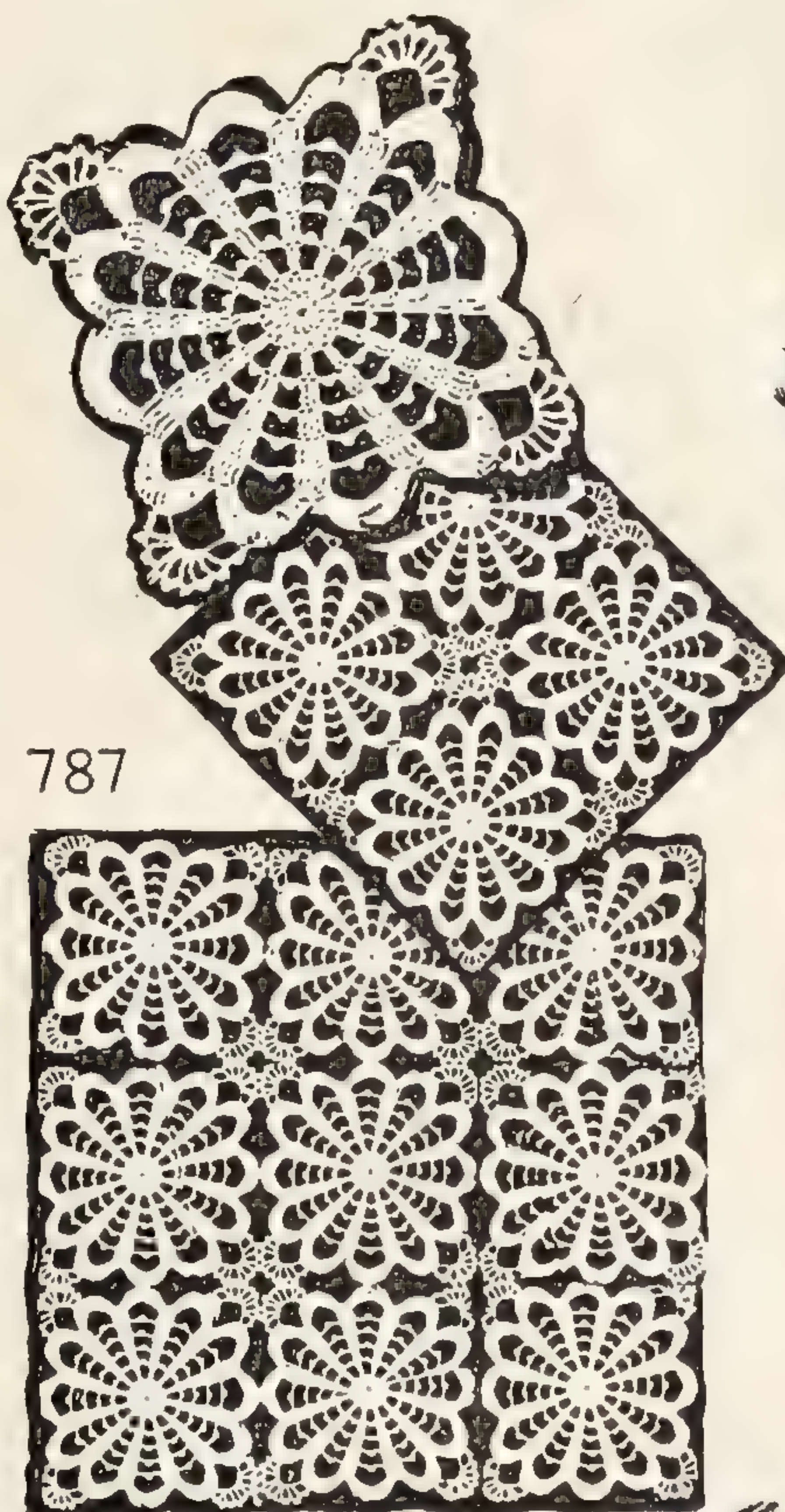
In the home that Monte found for her, the home they share, Mala comes out of her dream by the firelight. She hears the front door open, and she hears her husband's voice. But in her heart she will always hear the chime of the chapel clock at the hospital—now a cherished reminder. All good things in time—the right time.

THE END

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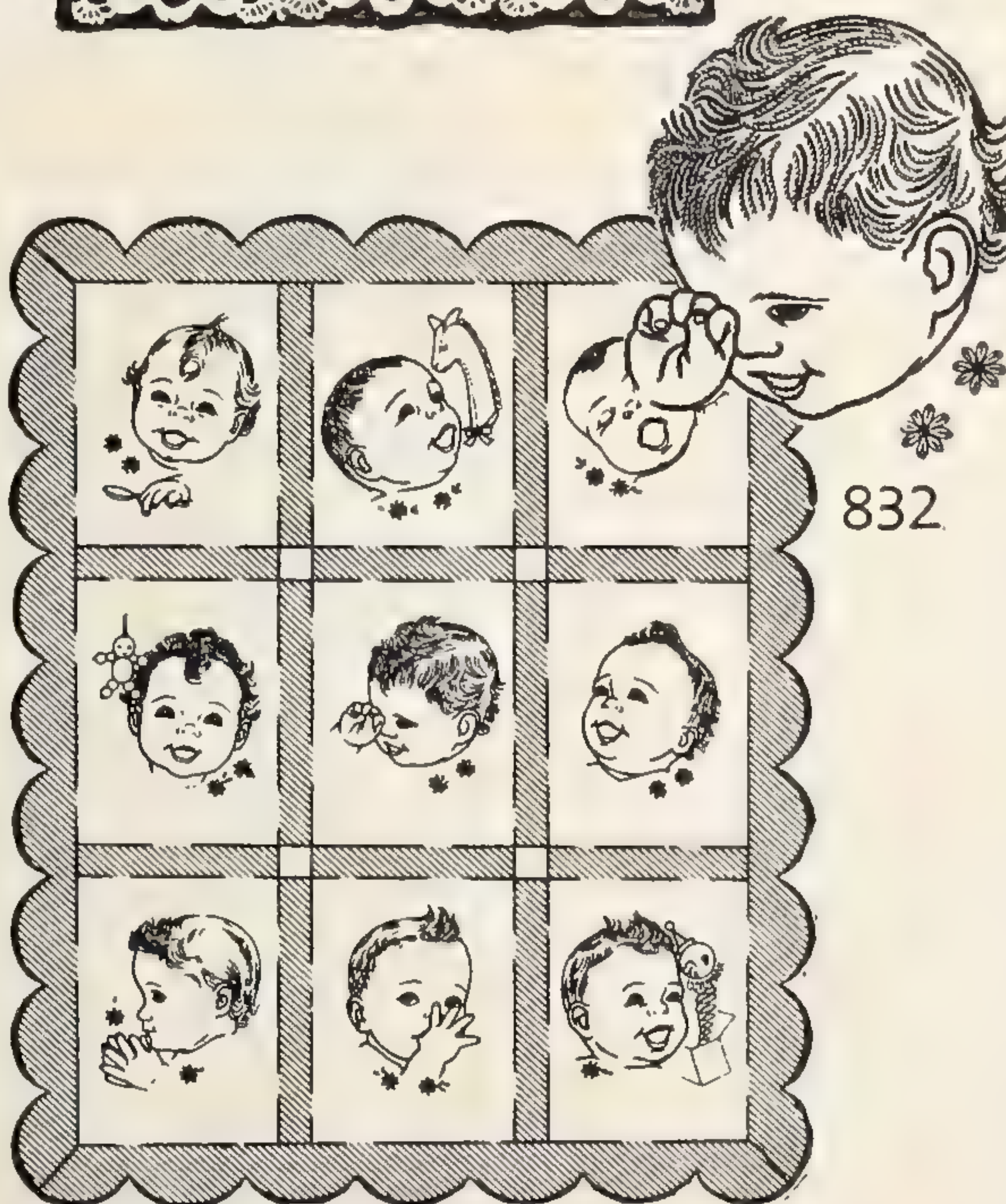


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LOVE CONQUERED

When Kathy Grant, nee Olive Kathryn Grandstaff of West Columbia, Texas, came to Hollywood, she kept the hometown door ajar by writing a column for Texas papers. "Go on, columnists don't come that pretty," said Bing Crosby when she came to interview him. Afterward Kathy confided to a friend, "I love that man. Some day I'm going to marry him." They began to date, but it took four years to make that dream come true. Years of weighing the difference in religion, and difference in age—he's fifty-three, she's twenty-three. Kathy embraced the Catholic faith, and a year ago secret marriage bans were published in Hayden Lake, Idaho. Kathy even bought a wedding gown. But shortly after, they parted. Kathy was heartsick, but said that she felt a public that idolized Bing would disapprove. But Bing was lonely, with three sons in the Army and the other in school. He roamed from one mansion to another, at last called Kathy and confessed, "I'm not happy away from you." So Kathy took a plane to Las Vegas to become Mrs. Crosby. Only his mother and Msgr. John J. Ryan, who performed the ceremony at St. Ann's Catholic Church, were in on the secret. But now, everyone rejoices that love has conquered loneliness for Bing—and for his sweet bride Kathy, too.

LOVE WAS BLIND

When she stood in her pink, gold-embroidered sari beside Marlon Brando and took her marriage vows before the Rev. J. Walter Fiscus in the living room of the home of Marlon's aunt, Mrs. Bette Lindemeyer, at Eagle Rock, the girl who called herself Anna Kashfi was the happiest in the world. Now, she may well be the unhappiest. William Patrick O'Callaghan and his wife, Phoebe, claim Anna is their daughter, Joanna, not "brown" as she stated on her marriage license, nor were her parents Devi Kashfi and Selma Ghose. The only point on which they agree was that she was born in Calcutta on September 30, 1934. A baptismal certificate was produced by a London paper to prove without doubt that the O'Callaghans were indeed her parents. Anna stuck to *her* story. And Marlon? Intimates say he's very upset, and think he did not know there was any doubt about Anna's being Indian. If there were, it might have dimmed her charm for him—he's attracted by all things Indian. Certainly, he would not have permitted her to wear a sari—he's much too honest for that. It appears Marlon was blinded by the beautiful Anna/Joanna, and she by her love of him.

• They'll have to open their eyes to the situation and face it honestly if love is to survive its poor start.





LOVE WALKED OUT

This time, the separation of Jeff Chandler and his wife, Marge, is final. "There is no chance of a reconciliation," says Jeff. "We have been able to discuss our problems and make our decisions on an unemotional basis." Three years ago, the Chandlers made the same decision to divorce. Yet a few weeks before the final year was up, Jeff went back home and closed the door on Hollywood. What happened since to bring them once again to a break-up, even the Chandlers aren't too sure. Irritating conflicts of personality, the steady glow of non-forbearance and a mutual feeling of being unable to weather storms as they blew up from time to time were contributing causes. Strangely, the final break came in the tower of a castle in Italy, where Marge and the children stayed with Jeff while he was making "Raw Wind in Eden" with Esther Williams. Jeff seemed very happy. But as time passed, Mrs. Chandler obviously wasn't. Whatever the reason, it was clear there was trouble. Jeff rushed back to Hollywood, and off again before Marge and the children returned. He's now moved into a swank apartment. And love walked out for good—if it had ever walked back in, during these last two years. It's sad, because for the children's sake, they hoped to stay together.

LOVE WASN'T ENOUGH

A man fleeing from his home and registering at the Beverly Hills Hotel under his real name, Roy Fitzgerald, a woman packing her trunks to leave town—Hollywood was stunned when the marriage of Rock Hudson and his Phyllis took this sudden, tragic turn. They've issued no statement. "The matter is between me and Phyllis," said Rock. "There is no point in talking about it." But excuses were readily found. When he came back from the rugged location trip to Italy for "A Farewell to Arms," Rock was twenty pounds underweight and on the verge of nervous collapse. Phyllis had just recovered from a serious illness. And, instead of taking a needed rest, Rock immediately left to make "Twilight of the Gods" in Hawaii, and Phyllis went with him. It was there they decided that separation was the only answer. But it was the answer to a problem that went much deeper than physical ills, that existed long before Rock went overseas. A problem caused by the very thing that made everyone think they were ideally mated: "They are so much alike." Rock, despite his success, is very shy and insecure. He needs someone to take a stand in between him and the terrific demands of fame. But Phyllis, equally shy, was not the one, it seems. And love just wasn't enough.



MEN YOU LOVE TO HATE

Continued from page 48

and Jimmy ushered into being a new kind of villain called the gangster. Cynical, unethical, a woman-beater at heart, the gangster-villain had even more female appeal than the black-caped menace of earlier days.

In 1936 Humphrey Bogart joined the mob (which already included George Raft, whose sleek, steely bodyguard role in "Scarface" brought fan letters from thousands, including Al Capone himself) and shot his way through "The Petrified Forest." He had learned well from the dean of gangsterdom—Edward G. Robinson—who blazed across the depression-day screen as *Little Caesar* and gave unforgettable power and authority to the villain image. Bogie brought sex appeal to that authority.

Recently something's happened to the villain. The term "juvenile delinquent" has taken hold. It isn't right nowadays to merely sit in the audience and be scared to death by strong-arm boys. Now, you have to understand them. After all, these boys were misunderstood. They had confused childhoods. They weren't responsible. Undoubtedly all true, but it's made the screen villain a whole lot harder to cope with.

Today, there are only a few hold-outs in the old tradition. A small handful of men brave enough to play out-and-out black villains. Even Richard Widmark has gone straight. "Kiss of Death" had him push a little old lady (of course she was sweet) down a flight of steps to her death. The picture made him a guy you love to hate. But in Dick's case you didn't have to feel guilty about hating him. He never dragged in a mixed-up childhood.

"I liked playing villains," said Richard Widmark; looking mild and tweedy. "Good guys are gray types—wishy-washy and easily forgotten if they're not done just right. But a good villain (and he emphasizes the 'good') is all black and can't help but get a response from the audience."

But now he usually plays heroes. How did he account for that?

"For one thing, I don't want to be typecast. For another, a hero can be as interesting as a villain—if what people found intriguing in the menace can be carried over into the good guy—the personality traits.

"But every once in a while I like to go back to being bad. There's always money in it, and besides, it's probably good for both me and the audience.

"I mean petty annoyances build up in everybody's life—a tiff with the boss, missing the five-fifteen train, the fuses blow out at home—you know. So finally you get mad—I get mad. I take out my nastiness by playing a bad guy. And maybe, in a way, you can take it out on me when you see me."

Did this have any effect on his home life or his family? He laughed, "I don't think so. My little girl saw 'Kiss of Death' recently on television and I don't think she was frightened." He paused and looked a little sheepish. "The truth is, I think she thought I was a little bit ridiculous.

"I play a good guy in 'Time Limit' which came out recently. I produced it myself."

(It just goes to show there's a little bit of good in the worst of us.)

Did he ever think when he was growing up in Sunrise, Minnesota, that he'd end up this way?

"In spite of the fact that some people seem to think I've always been a villain

I was once a speech instructor at Lake Forest University in Illinois. Then I decided it might be more fun to act than teach it. I came to New York and went into radio."

The stage finally lured Dick away from radio and he played his first Broadway role as a juvenile in "Kiss and Tell." What followed were five prestige flops (no villains), but in one he caught the attention of director Henry Hathaway, who thought he might have the makings of a killer in spite of the fact—as one appraiser put it—he appeared all together "too well-bred, too intellectual and too upper-class."

Well, Dick went on to prove—there's nothing wrong with a well-bred, intellectual, upper-class villain.

Did there ever breathe a villain more villainous than Jack Palance? We'd like to think not. Jack's been killing pretty steadily ever since his first role as the psychopathic murderer in "Panic in the Streets." Bringing the black villain back into vogue in "Shane," he scared the living daylights out of kids and "caused three women in Chicago to faint," as he went out after Alan Ladd dressed in black from head to toe.

In one unforgettable scene, where he was stalking Alan for the final kill, he created unbearable tension by slowly, carefully drawing on a pair of black kid gloves. The tension mounted and so did female casualties.

"I invented that bit myself," he says, rather pleased. "I wanted to convey the feeling that this killer loves to kill. It is

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a sacred ritual with him and he approaches it with the same delight another man would a love scene."

Panther-like movements, coldly chiseled features, and a soft, low voice, added to an air of sinister cunning, have made Jack, moviewise, the master of visual vileness.

Fascinated by philosophy, art and literature (he almost became a newspaper reporter), he grew up in Lattimer, Pennsylvania, a joyless mining town where he worked as a coal miner summers during college. A college football player and professional boxer ("I lost only two of my twenty fights"), he was almost kayoed for good during World War II when the bomber he was piloting crashed in Hawaii and burst into flames. His skull was crushed in and his face badly burned. "It seemed then like a bad beginning for a career in the theater," a career which really got under way after Jack left Stanford University and understudied Anthony Quinn in Broadway's "A Streetcar Named Desire."

Not through with playing villains by a long shot, Jack says he had the unique opportunity of rubbing himself out in his latest film, M-G-M's "House of Numbers." "I played both roles—an escaped convict and the convict's good brother. I killed my brother, which was really myself—see?"

Ernest Borgnine, along with Dick Widmark and Jack Palance, has probably done more the past couple of years to revive the villain of old in all his black-heartedness and vile charm than any other group.

Ernest was about to apply for a holiday job with the New York City Post Office when his agent called to spread the glad tidings that Hollywood wanted him pronto

for the part of *Fatso* in "From Here to Eternity." He told his wife: "Rhoda, honey, I've got to go out there and be the meanest so-and-so in the world. If I make it, I'll stay in show business. If I don't, I'll get some kind of regular job."

Ernest made it. It'd been years since the public had seen anything so low. After seeing "Eternity," even an uncle in Italy wrote Ernest a stinging note.

"He couldn't understand," Ernie says, "how the little boy he used to dandle on his knee could turn into such a beast as to beat poor, helpless Frank Sinatra to death. It's perfectly simple," I told him. "I'm a completely normal monster."

However, the particular brand of pop-eyed, sneering malevolence that Ernie's uncle disliked so much was just what the fans wanted. They shrieked with satisfied horror when he mauled Spencer Tracy in "Bad Day at Black Rock." They winced with pain when he lunged a pitchfork into the back of a bank robber in "Violent Saturday." And there's more evil to come from Ernie. In U.A.'s "The Vikings," he's called upon to assassinate a British king, ravish the queen and generally make himself thoroughly unpopular.

"It took ten awfully hard years to reach that Academy Award for 'Marty,' (strangely, a sympathetic part), he says today. "And before that I spent the first part of my adult life in the Navy. It never occurred to me to even think of acting as a serious post-service career."

But after he left, he was standing in line one day to get his GI unemployment benefits when he was asked what kind of job he wanted. His mind went blank, so he opened his mouth and said "actor." It was as simple as that—a villain was born.

One of the nastiest menaces to come along was Ben Gazzara in "The Strange One." A sort of small-time Machiavelli in a southern military academy, he very nearly destroyed the teaching staff and student body before he got his well-earned comeuppance in the picture's dramatic climax. Female fans were left breathless.

Ben's particular type of bad boy is plenty different from the mustachio-twirling heavy of the old days. Would he go along with the theory that many of today's villains are sick rather than bad?

"Definitely, I'd say," answered Ben. "At least within my experience. I've been a mixed-up character in the three major roles I've played: the dope addict in Broadway's 'Hatful of Rain,' the neurotic husband in the play 'Cat on a Hot Tin Roof' and, of course, *Jocko* in 'The Strange One.' Or," he laughed, "maybe you could say I played gray villains. If there is such a thing." (One writer called him a "hug-gable heavy!")

Twenty-six-year-old Ben lives in an unmovie-starrish fourth-floor walk-up apartment in the Seventies, right off New York's Central Park. "Only forty blocks from where I grew up." Like any other East Side kid, he played stick-ball, dodged cars and outran trucks; he still bears the scars from street fights and sidewalk accidents. But he loves New York. "I'd never want to live any place else, permanently."

A far cry from the sadistic *Jocko*, Ben is pleased with the way his villainous movie role has aided his career. He loves acting: "I had acted in school plays when I was a kid, but my real incentive later was seeing that remarkable woman Laurette Taylor in 'The Glass Menagerie.' That did it. 'This is where I want to be,' I told myself." Other advantages: He's making a tidy income from movie wickedness and this gives him the opportunity, at last, to make life easier for his mother, who once worked in a garment factory for

three dollars a week to help support him. "My mother's pleased I turned into a rat," he comments.

"I'd like to play a romantic type—once," said villainous Rod Steiger recently. "I know that I'm not the conventional romantic type, but I'd like to give it a try just to see what happens."

"I guess the truth is I just like any part that's exciting. If it turns out to be a villain, that's okay with me." Some of Rod's best parts have been the latter: cruel Judd in "Oklahoma!", the gangster brother of Marlon Brando in "On the Waterfront" (for which he was nominated for an Academy Award), the crooked fight manager in "The Harder They Fall" and the just-no-good dictatorial movie producer in "The Big Knife." Soon you will see him in "Cry Terror."

"I think," he went on, "there's a certain identification the audience has with the villain—right up to the time he commits the crime. And," he added, "I also think moviegoers get a feeling of relief from watching a badman blow off steam." He took a gulp of coffee.

"We used to drink this stuff by the gallon in the Navy," he said reminiscently. He joined up when he was sixteen and for the next five years went down to the sea in ships. "I think I was the worst sailor they ever had. There was nothing I could do right. I even succeeded in getting myself jammed into a torpedo tube once. I'm sure they were relieved when I left and went into Civil Service." He sighed thoughtfully.

Wasn't that when he first got involved in the theater?

"Uh-huh. I started acting because I liked girls. The place I worked had an acting group, mostly girls. It seemed like a fine way to jog up my social life. But I

never realized I'd get interested in acting."

From such small beginnings are great things built. Little parts on Broadway, big ones on television followed, including the original TV *Marty*, then on to a life of crime in the movies. To sum up, what did he think of villains? Had they changed through the years?

"The traditional villain *has* changed, I feel. He isn't consciously evil any more, but more sick and mixed up."

Like his recent part of *Carl Schaffner* in "Across the Bridge"?

"Yes, and in a sense, that particular type is more a character part than a villain's part. Carl is very rich and powerful in the beginning of the story, and he's obsessed by the need to remain the figure he has created—the colossus of capital. But he hasn't any wife, any love in his life. His greed is only an outward sign of his need to be reminded that he is the most important man in the world. And he tries to keep this image alive by making his own world, since he neither likes nor fits into the world around him."

"Is he a villain?"

Rod shrugged his shoulders. "Guess you'd have to say yes. A psychological one."

Only some, not all villains succeed when they go soft. For instance, Dan Duryea, who has been labeled everything from a "heel with sex appeal" to Hollywood's "most no-account guy," recently decided to mend his ways. He wiped off the leering grin, stopped sniveling, combed his hair, smiled prettily at the camera, and stepped out into millions of living rooms as TV's "China Smith," a hard-boiled, but upstanding, adventure figure. He was greeted with generous acclaim from critics and viewers alike, and Dan was secretly pleased that he had been able to cross

over from heel to hero so easily and successfully.

That is, until four weeks later when Dan stopped by the studio mail department to pick up his fan mail.

As was his custom, he had brought along a suitcase. Dan was handed a thin batch of letters that wouldn't have filled a shoe box—most of them from women who wailed, "What have you gone and done? We love you as a heel."

Dan took the hint. He climbed back into his rumpled clothes, brushed up on how to slap a dame or knife a man in the back and was generally credited as being just as nasty as ever. Housewives once again took pen in hand and wrote, "Keep on slugging us, Dan. We love it!"

Dan had no intention of being either an actor or a villain. After college he became a successful advertising executive and might have become a Madison Avenue type hadn't an illness forced him to seek a less nerve-racking career.

He decided to give the theater a try. From that moment on he never had to worry about a job.

Dan, who has been just as mean as he could be (on the screen, of course) ever since, has some interesting ideas on what makes movie heels appealing.

"Women are drawn to heels," he said thoughtfully, "because heels make it very clear that the man dominates the woman. When a girl tries to fight the attraction she feels for the no-good guy who puts her in her place, who keeps her in doubt and suspense, she's fighting her basic femininity. At the beginning of any romance, it's not the gentleman who wins the girl. It's the ruthless conqueror, the man who demonstrates male aggressiveness and dominance."

In that case, we say, Long Live the Villain. THE END

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I HAVE LOVED ONLY ONCE

Continued from page 23

The girl had a magnificent body, Carlo Ponti thought. But he wasn't impressed by that. As a movie producer, he'd seen many beautiful girls with fine figures. In Italian pictures, they were a standard commodity. But this girl was different. Her nose was not too good—a little long, he noted automatically. And the chin line—but that was nothing that could not easily be overcome. The huge, wide amber-colored eyes, and the wide, sensuous mouth more than made up for the shortcomings. And there was something else—something he couldn't define.

"You carry yourself very well," he said—partly out of genuine admiration for her fine, ramrod posture, partly to put her at her ease.

Somehow, all the defensive suspicion she usually felt with men melted before his gentle gaze. She settled comfortably in the chair opposite him, and giggled. "You'll have to thank my mother for that," she confided. "I'm so tall, and when I was a girl, I tried to stoop all the time to hide it. But my mother made me go around with a stick across my back. That straightened me out pretty quick!"

And, before she knew it, the whole story came tumbling out. How her mother, Romilda Villani, had never been married to her father. ("She's honest," thought Carlo Ponti. "I like that.") How he had deserted them before Maria was born, and her mother struggled to support them by giving piano lessons.

"My mother could have become a great actress," said Sofia proudly. "She won a big contest to find a girl like Greta Garbo. She had a chance to go to Hollywood, but her mother wouldn't let her."

Her face clouded, as she told about the bombings, when the Nazis came. "That's how I got this," she said, pointing to a small scar on her chin. She had run, terrified, into an air raid shelter, and had

fallen all the way down a flight of steps. Seeing the pity in his face, she stiffened. "We were not poor," she said hotly. "Everybody had nothing to eat. Everybody had poor clothes. Everybody stood in the breadlines."

Now he knew what it was about her. This was not just another girl with a pretty face and a stunning figure. This was a woman of strength, and fire, and character. Young and crude and untrained as she was, she had the stuff of which great stars are made.

Carlo Ponti felt a thrilling excitement. He knew it well. It was the same excitement that had led him, at the age of twenty-seven, to turn his back on the easy life of a very wealthy son of a distinguished Italian family, and a promising law career, to become a film producer. He had felt it when he discovered Alida Valli, and had been hailed as the Italian Orson Welles as a result of their first film. To make good pictures, to develop great talent—this was his passion. His family did not understand. Sometimes, he wondered if his wife, Giuliana, brought up strictly as the daughter of an Italian general, far from the heady world of show business, could understand . . .

"We'll have to change your name," he said to Sofia.

"You mean . . ." she gasped, "you want me in a picture?"

"That's right," he smiled. "Your test was successful. I have a part for you in a film I'm casting now, 'Tratta delle Bianche'."

"Oooh," she breathed, "thank you."

His face grew grave. "I have a feeling that you can go very far. But it will not be what you may think. It will be very hard work. There will be disappointments, criticism. Can you take that?"

"I am used to working," she said. "I have done nothing but work since I was fifteen."

"Good. Then it's settled," Carlo Ponti said. And Sophia rushed home, to the little apartment to share the good news with Mama and Maria.

They were all so happy. But she soon found out what Carlo meant, about the hard work. In two years, she made thir-

teen pictures. "You must be seen as much as possible," Carlo Ponti said. "The public must know who Sophia Loren is." Sophia Loren—the name was Mr. Ponti's idea. She liked it—especially when she saw it up on the billboards, and on the marquees. Sophia Loren—what a thrill!

But working before the camera—that wasn't the half of it. "You must get rid of that Neapolitan dialect," Mr. Ponti had snapped at her, right off. She just stared at him, bewildered. Dialects and accents weren't a problem to Italian film-makers, she knew. They couldn't waste time and money on speech lessons, so they simply dubbed in the voices. But dutifully, she went off to the tutor Mr. Ponti selected, and practiced Italian as it was spoken in the high Italian social circles, until her throat ached.

The acting lessons—those she loved. But sometimes, she grew so discouraged. There was so much to learn, and so little time.

And Mr. Ponti, so kind and benign, turned into a relentless taskmaster. He told her how to sit, how to eat, what to wear, what to say, what not to say. Some day, he knew, she would thank him for it. But now, he thought wryly, "I'm beginning to feel like Svengali."

Sometimes it got to be too much, and she would burst into a display of fine Neapolitan temperamental fireworks, always ending by running into a room where she could fume by herself, slamming the door behind her.

"I'm sorry," she said shyly and meekly when she came out. "It's just that I get mad at myself. I never get mad at anything else."

That was true, Ponti thought. And his heart softened in sympathy for the girl who had been through so much, and was taking so much now, without a whimper, working day after day from sunup until far into the night.

Carlo Ponti was having troubles of his own. Shortly after he had signed Sophia, he and his wife had separated, and Sophia was one of the reasons. Not because of any romantic interest—that was the furthest thing from Giuliana's mind. How could the polished Carlo ever become interested in a crude girl from Naples? But Giuliana knew that girl Carlo was backing was becoming a real threat to her dear friend, Gina Lollobrigida. Out of loyalty to her friend, she could do nothing else but oppose Sophia.

What could he do? Abandon Sophia? In Italy, she was a well-established star. She could get plenty of work. But he knew she wasn't ready—not for the future that could be hers. No, he couldn't do that. It just wouldn't be right. And when Sophia listened to him, her eyes brimming with faith and trust, he knew that he could not forsake that trust.

He did not see something else in Sophia's eyes . . . something of which she dared not speak. Love. "Or is it?" she wondered, as she tossed fitfully in her bed before falling into the deep sleep of exhaustion. He was the only man she had ever known well, outside her family. She had no time for dates. Mama Romilda, bent on seeing her own dreams fulfilled for her daughter, had always shooed the wolves away in no uncertain terms, even that nice young man who came to the house with a proper proposal of marriage. It could be that her feelings for Carlo were merely gratitude. "But I do know," she thought dreamily, her heart full, "that he is the best, the kindest man in the world . . ."

All her dreams had come true, now . . . Almost. She and Mama and Maria had a big apartment in Rome, and a house in Naples huge enough to welcome all



^P "Age makes no difference to a woman in love," says Sophia of Ponti, twenty years her senior. But church disapproval of their marriage has caused woe

thirty-two of the big family clan. She had a big Cadillac, and a chauffeur. She had more furs and jewels, more beautiful gowns than she could ever wear. Everything. Except what she wanted most. A husband. And babies.

All her life, she had dreamed of being a star in Hollywood. She went to see an American movie every week, and she idolized the stars, especially her favorite since childhood, Barbara Stanwyck. When Carlo told her that she was to make an American picture, "The Pride and the Passion," with Cary Grant and Frank Sinatra, she was thrilled, of course. But strangely sad, too. And as soon as she pulled out for Madrid, she knew why. She missed Carlo terribly.

As always, he had prepared her well. For months, he had her study English, and had her carry a little black book, in which she dutifully recorded all new words and phrases. But although Carlo had sent one of his henchmen with her, she felt strange—lonely, and frightened.

Mr. Sinatra and Mr. Grant were wonderful. They joked about her little black book, and Mr. Sinatra taught her a lot of funny words—"jive talk," he called it. One day, she announced to him in a sudden burst of courage, "We Neapolitans are hot and expensive!" He usually came back with a joke, but this time he looked stunned. Then he laughed hard, and said, "Oh, you mean warm and expansive!"

And Mr. Grant was a real friend. She asked him about Hollywood. Would she like it? Would they like her? Was it a cruel place, like they said? He told her, "Sophia, you will have to become adjusted to it. It took me about six years! But that's because I'm English. I don't think it will take you more than six months, and after that, you'll love it, too."

But the best times were the weekends, when Carlo would fly down to see her, carrying a suitcase filled with spaghetti! Then they would have a feast, and she would tell him all the exciting things that happened.

Picture offers were pouring in now—so many it made her head swim. There was "Boy on a Dolphin," to be made in Greece, "Legend of the Lost," to be made in Africa, and—oh, joy of joys—"Desire Under the Elms," to be made for Paramount in Hollywood!

Back in Rome, she prepared to storm Hollywood like a general preparing for an invasion. Straight to Rome's famous couturier, Schubert, she went, to order enough gowns, dresses, suits and coats to last several years. Weeks were spent at fittings in the salon. Then everything was carefully catalogued on paste-up boards by Jean Shaw, the American secretary who speaks perfect Italian, to Sophia's delight. After that, it was packed into twelve beige-colored ocean trunks, with "Sophia Loren, Hollywood" printed in small type—very dignified and simple.

At the boat, Carlo gaped in amazement. Then he grinned. Sophia would always be the child of Naples, free and unfettered, doing exactly as she pleased regardless of what others thought. If she wanted twelve trunkfuls of clothes, she would have them. He knew, too, that those trunks were a defense—they gave her a feeling of security in facing the new world in Hollywood.

A warm, protective feeling came over him. How much she meant to him! How much she delighted him with her uninhibited joy in life, so different from his own staid upbringing. He knew, now, that he was in love with her. He realized how glad he was that business matters were taking him to Hollywood, too.

Hollywood was something beyond her wildest dreams. How did they say it?

Roll the red carpet. That was what they did for her. They had big parties, and she met everybody—all the big stars, including her idol, Barbara Stanwyck.

Carlo went with her and sister Maria when they picked a house. Sophia looked at the first one they saw, and said, "I'll take it." Carlo suggested looking further. A big, red brick mansion in Brentwood, the rent was \$2000 a month. But when he looked at the grounds, he didn't press the matter. The rolling lawn, with its trees and flowers, he knew reminded Sophia of home.

In no time, Maria was swept up in a whirl of dates with handsome escorts. Not Sophia. At night, she stayed in her bedroom, watching TV. The silence bothered her, so she had it turned on all the time. She needed rest, it was true, for she was off to the studio every morning at 5:30. But the explanation wasn't enough. She had always had amazing vitality and stamina, and could have been none the worse for a little social life.

To reporters who queried her about the men in her life, she answered cryptically, "I have been in love only once. I still am. I can say nothing more."

No, she could say nothing more. Could her dream of happiness with Carlo ever

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come true? For sadly, Carlo's divorce would be recognized in every country but her own—Italy.

Their hopes rose when they went to Switzerland after the picture was finished. There, she had decided to make her home, as a practical move, for tax purposes. There, Carlo could get a divorce. And jubilantly, Sophia proclaimed, "I no longer hide the feelings that bind me to Carlo. I am happy and in love."

Then they learned that ten years' residence would be required. A Mexican divorce, for Carlo, and a proxy marriage, were the only solution. Since Carlo had reached full agreement with Guiliana, the divorce was speedily secured. And, back in Hollywood, at work on "Houseboat" Sophia received the news that she and Carlo were married.

A strange wedding—no gown, no ceremony, not even a bridegroom present. And Sophia did not react as a happy bride. She seemed like a girl who had got what she wanted, but felt apprehensive about the whole thing.

UP correspondent Henry Gris, an old friend of former days, told her that such a quiet wedding was not the usual Hollywood style. Her eyes flashed as she replied, "I don't need Hollywood's permission to get married. I did not consider it necessary to tell anybody. My life is my own."

When he told her that press agents sometimes even accompany stars on their honeymoons, she threw back her head and laughed. "Accompany on a honeymoon?

What will Hollywood think of next!"

And to Henry Gris, in what he declared would be his only interview on the marriage, Carlo Ponti said, "We didn't want a ballyhooed movie marriage, or any other ballyhoo to involve our private lives.

"I hope they won't make me into a Mr. Sophia Loren," he smiled. "After all, I'm a film producer of some note and there are three Ponti pictures going in Italy now."

Of their future plans, he said, "Sophia will be working in 'The Key' with William Holden until the end of the year. Then we'll go to our home in Burgenstock, Switzerland, where she'll rest a while. Then we'll come back to Hollywood for her next picture." Plans are now being made for two future Loren films, produced by Ponti with his partner, Gilosi, to be released by Paramount.

He and Sophia will buy a home in Hollywood. But they cannot have a home in Rome.

"I'm sorry to say," said Carlo, "that our Juarez marriage is recognized everywhere but in Italy. However, I hope that eventually I'll be able to obtain an annulment of my previous marriage. My first wife and I are working on it and are in full accord. We are good friends. As often as possible, I see my two children, a boy and a girl aged eight and nine. We will have to leave the problem of my marriage in Italy to be worked out without pressure, with dignity."

But Carlo's hopes of working out the situation quietly have met with stern disapproval in Rome. The first blast came from the Vatican's L'Osservatore della Domenica, which said such a marriage exposed the participants to excommunication although it did not name names. The second came from the official publication of Italian Men's Catholic Action, urging all Roman Catholics to shun Sophia's films.

Although Sophia stoutly declared, "I hope to have seven children," there is no doubt that these attacks have hurt her deeply.

In Rome, Mama Romilda flew to her daughter's defense. She and Maria had been in on the secret of the proxy wedding, and it had their complete approval. "This is Sophia's dream come true," her mother declared. "I know that she has loved Carlo ever since she met him."

Then she added hotly, "If Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini could do it, I don't see why Sophia and Carlo can't. After all, they were married to other people, and their marriage is valid in Italy."

She might have avoided the storm. She might have married any other man her heart desired—she could not help but know that. Her contract with Ponti had only a year to run, and, from a business standpoint, the handsome profits her films have earned have more than fulfilled her obligation to him.

But Sophia will never see it that way. Others may see Carlo as a balding, middle-aged film producer. But to her, he is "the only man I fully trust." In her present world, filled with false flattery and the selfish aims of those who seek to use her for their own gain, she needs that trust. And she needs the quiet life they share—the hours spent away from the glamour whirl, watching TV or playing canasta, cozily sharing a plate of warmed-up spaghetti. Still the simple girl who washes her hair over the sink every evening, she knows that the sophisticated Carlo has much to teach her, too.

But most of all, she feels that the debt she owes him, she can never repay.

From a heart sorely torn, but filled with love, Sophia can only say, "Everything that I am I owe to Carlo. For me, he is the only man in the world." THE END

PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL AWARDS BALLOT—1957-1958

Your votes are pouring in to Photoplay daily. In case you haven't yet cast your ballot, here's your last chance. Hollywood's waiting for the outcome. So mail your choices now!

STARS

FILMS

Adams, Julie
Alberghetti, Anna Maria
Albert, Eddie
Allyson, June
Angeli, Pier
Astaire, Fred
Bacall, Lauren
Baker, Carroll
Baxter, Anne
Belafonte, Harry
Bergman, Ingrid
Blyth, Ann
Borgnine, Ernest
Brando, Marlon
Brazzi, Rossano
Brynnner, Yul
Burton, Richard
Buttons, Red
Cagney, James
Calhoun, Rory
Chandler, Jeff
Charisse, Cyd
Clift, Montgomery
Collins, Joan
Conte, Richard
Cooper, Gary
Crain, Jeanne
Crawford, Joan
Crosby, Bing
Curtis, Tony
Dailey, Dan
Day, Doris
De Carlo, Yvonne
Derek, John
Dietrich, Marlene
Dors, Diana
Douglas, Kirk
Douglas, Paul
Egan, Richard
Ekberg, Anita
Ewell, Tom
Farr, Felicia
Ferrer, Jose
Ferrer, Mel
Fleming, Rhonda
Fonda, Henry
Fontaine, Joan
Ford, Glenn
Foster, Dianne

Francis, Anne
Gable, Clark
Gardner, Ava
Gaynor, Mitzi
Granger, Stewart
Grant, Cary
Gray, Dolores
Hayward, Susan
Hayworth, Rita
Heflin, Van
Hepburn, Audrey
Hepburn, Katharine
Heston, Charlton
Holden, William
Holliday, Judy
Hope, Bob
Hudson, Rock
Hunter, Jeffrey
Hunter, Kim
Hyer, Martha
Jones, Jennifer
Jones, Shirley
Johnson, Van
Kelly, Gene
Kerr, Deborah
Kerr, John
Ladd, Alan
Lancaster, Burt
Laurie, Piper
Leigh, Janet
Lemmon, Jack
Lewis, Jerry
Lollobrigida, Gina
MacMurray, Fred
Madison, Guy
Magnani, Anna
Malone, Dorothy
Mansfield, Jayne
Martin, Dean
Martin, Dewey
Mason, James
Mathews, Kerwin
Mature, Victor
Mayo, Virginia
Miles, Vera
Milland, Ray
Mitchell, Cameron
Mitchum, Robert
Monroe, Marilyn

Moore, Terry
Murphy, Audie
Murray, Don
Nader, George
Neal, Patricia
Nelson, Lori
Newman, Paul
Niven, David
North, Sheree
Novak, Kim
O'Connor, Donald
O'Hara, Maureen
Olivier, Laurence
Paget, Debra
Palance, Jack
Parker, Eleanor
Pavan, Marisa
Peck, Gregory
Perkins, Anthony
Power, Tyrone
Presley, Elvis
Quinn, Anthony
Ray, Aldo
Reed, Donna
Reynolds, Debbie
Rogers, Ginger
Rooney, Mickey
Rush, Barbara
Russell, Jane
Ryan, Robert
Saint, Eva Marie
Simmons, Jean
Sinatra, Frank
Stack, Robert
Stanwyck, Barbara
Steiger, Rod
Stewart, James
Sullivan, Barry
Tamblyn, Russ
Taylor, Elizabeth
Taylor, Robert
Todd, Richard
Tracy, Spencer
Wagner, Robert
Wayne, John
Widmark, Richard
Wilde, Cornel
Wood, Natalie
Wynter, Dana

Abandon Ship!
Action of the Tiger
Affair to Remember, An
April Love
Baby Doll
Bachelor Party, The
Band of Angels
Barretts of Wimpole Street,
The
Battle Hymn
Beau James
Bernardine
Beyond Mombasa
Big Land, The
Black Patch
Bombers B-52
Boy on a Dolphin
Brave One, The
Brothers Rico, The
Buster Keaton Story, The
Careless Years, The
Curse of Frankenstein, The
D.I., The
Delicate Delinquent, The
Designing Woman
Desk Set
Devil's Hairpin, The
Dino
Don't Go Near the Water
Don't Knock the Rock
Drango
Edge of the City
Escapade in Japan
Face in the Crowd, A
Farewell to Arms, A
Fear Strikes Out
Fire Down Below
Four Girls in Town
Full of Life
Funny Face
Fuzzy Pink Nightgown, The
Garment Jungle
Girl Can't Help It, The
God Is My Partner
Great Man, The
Gun for a Coward
Gun Glory
Gunfight at the O. K. Corral
Guns of Fort Petticoat

Happy Road, The
Hard Man, The
Hatful of Rain, A
Hear Me Good
Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison
Helen Morgan Story, The
Hired Gun, The
Hollywood or Bust
Hot Summer Night
House of Numbers
Hunchback of Notre Dame
Incredible Shrinking Man
Interlude
Island in the Sun
Jailhouse Rock
James Dean Story, The
Jeanne Eagels
Jet Pilot
Joe Butterfly
Johnny Tremain
Johnny Trouble
Joker Is Wild, The
Midnight Story, The
Mister Cory
Kelly and Me
King and Four Queens, The
Kiss Them for Me
Legend of the Lost
Les Girls
Little Hut, The
Living Idol, The
Lizzie
Lonely Man, The
Long Haul, The
Love in the Afternoon
Loving You
Man of a Thousand Faces
Man on Fire
Men in War
Mister Rock and Roll
Monkey on My Back
Monolith Monsters, The
Monte Carlo Story, The
My Man Godfrey
Night Passage
Nightfall
No Down Payment
Oh Men, Oh Women!
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BEST MALE PERFORMER

BEST FEMALE PERFORMER

BEST FILM OF 1957

FIVE BEST MALE NEWCOMERS

FIVE BEST FEMALE NEWCOMERS

Mail your ballot to: PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL AWARDS, Box 1787, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. Ballots must be received no later than December 31, 1957. You may vote for eligible players and films not included in the lists above, and you need not sign your name.

Omar Khayyam
Operation Mad Ball
Pajama Game, The
Pal Joey
Paris Does Strange Things
Pickup Alley
Pride and the Passion, The
Prince and the Showgirl,
The
Public Pigeon No. 1
Pursuit of the Graf Spee
Quantez
Rainmaker, The
Raintree County
Rock, Pretty Baby
Run of the Arrow
Sad Sack, The
Saddle the Wind
Saga of Satchmo, The
Saint Joan
Sayonara
Seawife
Seventh Sin, The
Short Cut to Hell
Silk Stockings
Slander
Slaughter on Tenth Avenue
Slim Carter
Something of Value
Spanish Gardener, The
Spirit of St. Louis, The
Stopover Tokyo
Story of Esther Costello, The
Story of Mankind, The
Strange One, The
Sun Also Rises, The
Sweet Smell of Success
Tammy and the Bachelor
Tarzan and the Lost Safari
Tattered Dress, The
Teahouse of the August
Moon, The
Ten Commandments, The
Ten Thousand Bedrooms
That Night
This Could Be the Night
Three Brave Men
Three Faces of Eve, The
Three Violent People
3:10 to Yuma
Tijuana Story, The
Time Limit
Tin Star, The
Tip on a Dead Jockey
Top Secret Affair
Town Like Alice, A
True Story of Jesse James,
The
Twelve Angry Men
Unholy Wife, The
Untamed Youth
Until They Sail
Vintage, The
Wayward Bus, The
Wild Is the Wind
Will Success Spoil Rock
Hunter?
Wings of Eagles, The
Written on the Wind
Wrong Man, The
Young Don't Cry, The
Young Stranger, The
Zarak
Zero Hour

NEWCOMERS

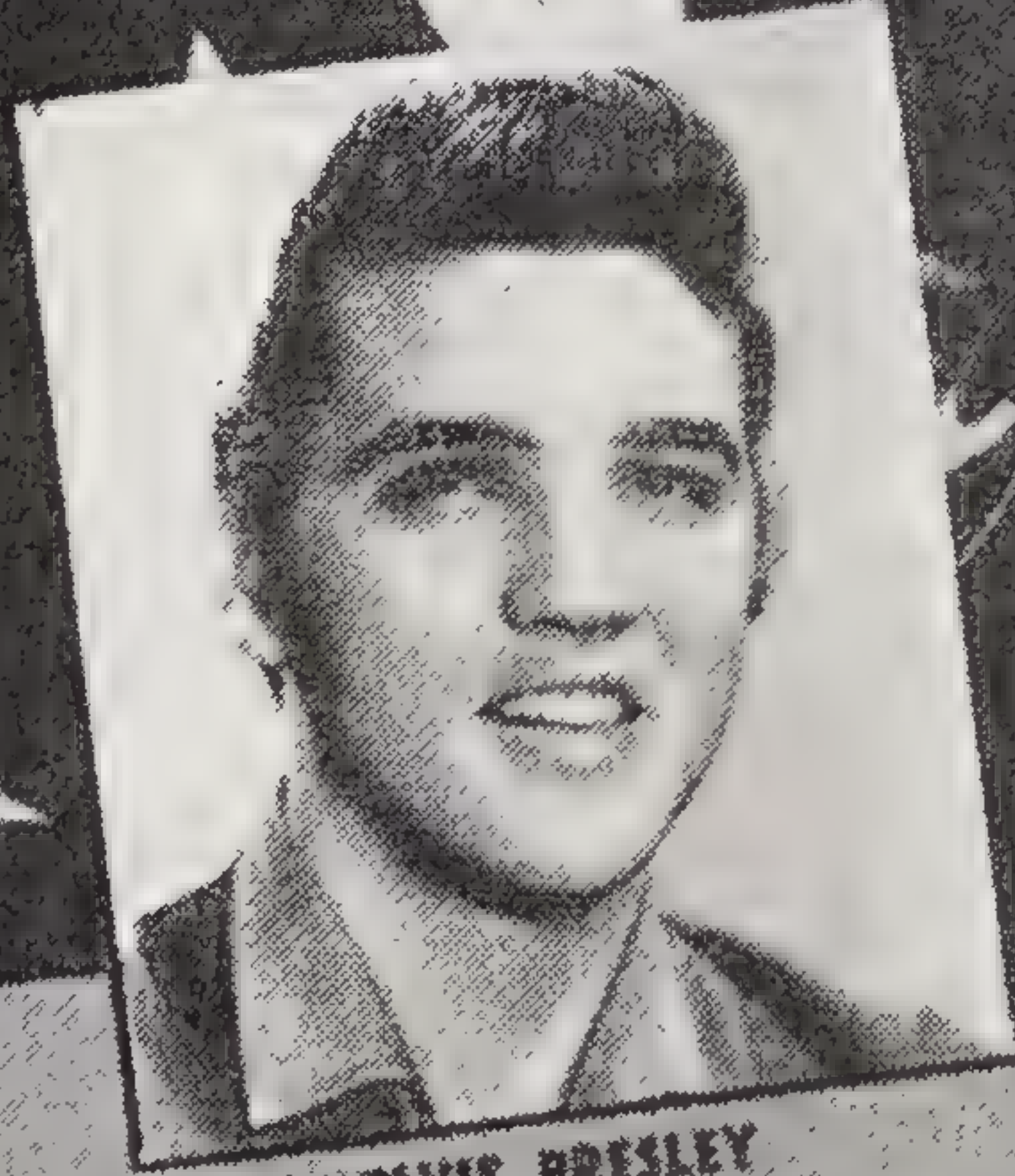
Boone, Pat	MacArthur, James
Cassavetes, John	March, Hal
Darren, James	Mineo, Sal
Elg, Taina	Nichols, Barbara
Evans, Robert	Nielsen, Leslie
Franciosa, Anthony	Owens, Patricia
Gazzara, Ben	Patten, Luana
Grant, Kathryn	Raitt, John
Griffith, Andy	Randall, Tony
Harrison, Susan	Saxon, John
Hart, Dolores	Scala, Gia
Jason, Rick	Sears, Heather
Jones, Carolyn	Seberg, Jean
Keim, Betty Lou	Stevens, Inger
Kendall, Kay	Stockwell, Dean
Kovacs, Ernie	Trundy, Natalie
London, Julie	Wilson, Julie
Loren, Sophia	Woodward, Joanne

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| 2. Betty Grable | 110. Jerry Lewis | 207. Eddie Fisher | 240. Patti Page |
| 3. Ava Gardner | 112. Susan Hayward | 209. Liberace | 241. Lawrence Welk |
| 5. Alan Ladd | 117. Terry Moore | 211. Bob Francis | 242. Alice Lon |
| 6. Tyrone Power | 121. Tony Curtis | 212. Grace Kelly | 243. Larry Dean |
| 7. Gregory Peck | 124. Gail Davis | 213. James Dean | 244. Buddy Merrill |
| 9. Esther Williams | 127. Piper Laurie | 214. Sheree North | 245. Hugh O'Brian |
| 11. Elizabeth Taylor | 128. Debbie Reynolds | 215. Kim Novak | 246. Jim Arness |
| 14. Cornel Wilde | 135. Jeff Chandler | 216. Richard Davalos | 247. Sanford Clark |
| 15. Frank Sinatra | 136. Rock Hudson | 218. Eva Marie Saint | 248. Vera Miles |
| 18. Rory Calhoun | 137. Stewart Granger | 219. Natalie Wood | 249. John Saxon |
| 19. Peter Lawford | 139. Debra Paget | 220. Dewey Martin | 250. Dean Stockwell |
| 21. Bob Mitchum | 140. Dale Robertson | 221. Joan Collins | 251. Diane Jergens |
| 22. Burt Lancaster | 141. Marilyn Monroe | 222. Jayne Mansfield | 252. Warren Berlinger |
| 23. Bing Crosby | 142. Leslie Caron | 223. Sal Mineo | 253. James MacArthur |
| 25. Dale Evans | 143. Pier Angeli | 224. Shirley Jones | 254. Nick Adams |
| 27. June Allyson | 144. Mitzi Gaynor | 225. Elvis Presley | 255. John Kerr |
| 33. Gene Autry | 145. Marlon Brando | 226. Victoria Shaw | 256. Harry Belafonte |
| 34. Roy Rogers | 146. Aldo Ray | 227. Tony Perkins | 257. Jim Lowe |
| 35. Sunset Carson | 147. Tab Hunter | 228. Clint Walker | 258. Luana Patten |
| 50. Diana Lynn | 148. Robert Wagner | 229. Pat Boone | 259. Dennis Hopper |
| 51. Doris Day | 149. Russ Tamblyn | 230. Paul Newman | 260. Tom Tryon |
| 52. Montgomery Clift | 150. Jeff Hunter | 231. Don Murray | 261. Tommy Sands |
| 53. Richard Widmark | 152. Marge and Gower Champion | 232. Don Cherry | 262. Will Hutchins |
| 56. Perry Como | 174. Rita Gam | 233. Pat Wayne | 263. James Darren |
| 57. Bill Holden | 175. Charlton Heston | 234. Carroll Baker | 264. Ricky Nelson |
| 66. Gordon MacRae | 176. Steve Cochran | 235. Anita Ekberg | 265. Faren Young |
| 67. Ann Blyth | 177. Richard Burton | 236. Corey Allen | 266. Jerry Lee Lewis |
| 68. Jeanne Crain | 179. Julius La Rosa | 237. Dana Wynter | 267. Ferlin Huskey |
| 69. Jane Russell | 180. Lucille Ball | | |
| 74. John Wayne | 182. Jack Webb | | |
| 78. Audie Murphy | 185. Richard Egan | | |
| 84. Janet Leigh | 187. Jeff Richards | | |
| 86. Farley Granger | 190. Pat Crowley | | |
| 91. John Derek | 191. Robert Taylor | | |
| 92. Guy Madison | 192. Jean Simmons | | |
| 94. Mario Lanza | 194. Audrey Hepburn | | |
| 103. Scott Brady | 198. Gale Storm | | |
| 105. Vic Damone | 202. George Nader | | |
| 106. Shelley Winters | | | |
| 107. Richard Todd | | | |

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WHAT THE HOME FOLKS THINK OF PAT

Continued from page 26

The trouble was that the nursing school she attended expelled any student who married. But love was stronger than reason, and the couple married secretly. The young Mrs. Boone was graduated and received her nurse's cap before the news of the wedding leaked out.

Although the Boones are descended from old Tennessee and Kentucky stock, Pat was born in Florida, where his parents began their married life. But the family moved to Nashville when Pat was two, and they have lived in their present home ever since he was six.

When the Boones bought the house, it was in the country, but a fashionable residential section is encroaching. Close by, along the Hillsboro Road, wealthy Nashville citizens have built expensive homes. But the winding, black-topped road on which the Boones live is still bordered by wooded lots and small residences. Patches of corn pepper the landscape.

The Boone yard is heavily shaded. A bicycle is flung carelessly on the ground by the high back steps. There's an old-fashioned swing on the concrete front porch, and a table with benches in the backyard is a popular place for picnic suppers.

Mrs. Boone's living room is attractive, but without distinction. Furniture follows no period. Decoration follows no pronounced color scheme. "Nice" and "comfortable" are the adjectives that describe it best.

There's not much tile in the kitchen or the single bath, and the appliances aren't new, but neither is anything shabby. Fresh paint sparkles on the house, and good taste abounds within. You know instantly that the Boones feel no need to "keep up with the Joneses."

Pat Boone's story is not one of rags to riches. His father is quite successful. A. A. Boone, described by his wife as "the best natured man in the world," is a busy contractor, and his name appears on some

of the big construction jobs in downtown Nashville.

Pat inherited his appearance from his mother. Everybody comments on the marked resemblance. But he inherited his disposition from his father, Mrs. Boone thinks.

"Mr. Boone never loses his temper," she says. "I used to have a violent temper, but he laughed at me until I got over my tantrums."

The Boone children are Pat, twenty-three years old; Nick, twenty-two; Margie, nineteen; and Judy, fifteen.

Friends consider Pat and Nick very much alike, both interested in drawing and music, both excellent students. Paintings by Nick adorn the living room walls.

The girls, their parents have noted, aren't such keen students as the boys. Possibly their fresh prettiness and popularity have interfered with studies.

"Judy just isn't interested in studying this year," Mrs. Boone laments.

But Judy, a high school sophomore, is adequately passing a thorough college preparatory course.

Margie, a new bride, embarked on nurse's training after high school. Whether she'll finish her course depends upon her husband's plans.

The Boone family, incidentally, saw "Bernardine" for the first time as guest of their future son-in-law, Airman Kenyon Jenckes. The airbase theater got the picture several weeks ahead of Nashville houses, and Kenyon furthered his courtship of Margie by inviting the family to see it with him.

Pat's parents were thrilled by his performance but felt that the whole evening had a dream-like quality.

"It's just hard to believe that all this has really happened to Pat," they say.

Nick was graduated last June from David Lipscomb College, and is following in his brother's footsteps, taking a graduate course in dramatics at Columbia University, where Pat will receive his B.S. degree in February. Nick is also being launched on a promising singing career by Dot Records, under the name of Nick Todd—to avoid confusion. His first record, "Plaything," was recently released.

Mrs. Boone is proud of all her children, as well she can be. But she modestly be-

littles her own part in their development.

"Of course," she admits, "we've tried to give all the children moral and religious training—supplemented sometimes with a paddle! Yes, we've spanked them, and we've prayed with them."

She laughs when she recalls the last time the paddle was applied to Pat. "He was seventeen," she says, "and Nick was sixteen. The boys were having some kind of scrap about their clothes. They were fighting and fussing, and first thing I knew, I was in the middle of it."

"Big as they were, I decided the thing to do was whip them both. Pat was taller than I was, but I told him to get over my knee, and he did. His elbows, bless his heart, were on the floor and his feet were in the hall, but I paddled him. Then it was Nick's turn. They never fought after that!"

"We believe, too," Mrs. Boone adds, "that children should have regular chores. Pat and Nick washed dishes until the girls were big enough to take that over. Then the boys milked and kept up the yard."

Keeping up the Boone yard is no mean feat. The property originally embraced ten acres, and although some of it has been sold, the lawn is still sizable enough to give two boys quite a workout.

Another thing we feel is important," Mrs. Boone says, "is that children should never hear their parents argue. Mr. Boone and I have never disagreed about the children in their presence."

But Margaret Boone, in the final analysis, gives David Lipscomb, where Pat attended high school and one year of college, and the Bible greatest credit for Pat's character.

"Religion was taught him every single day at school," she says, "through Bible study and through the wonderful example of his teachers."

Lipscomb is described by its dean as "church related." That means the school is related to, but not owned by the Church of Christ, of which the Boones are staunch members. In Nashville, known as "the Athens of the South" because of its many fine private schools, David Lipscomb is not so fashionable as Vanderbilt, neither is it so large. But its adherents consider its scholastic standing second to none.

On the campus, new, pink brick buildings are crowding the weathered, red brick of older structures. Winding walks, sheltered by beautiful trees, welcome strolling couples. And it was here that, for Pat Boone and pretty, dark-haired Shirley, love bloomed.

Mack Craig, Pat's high school adviser, Latin teacher, and witness at his marriage, recalls, "Shirley was crazy about Pat during his junior year, but he was too busy to get involved. It was the next year that he really got serious about his romance."

And what kept Pat so busy?

In the first place, he was taking a stiff high school course including four years of math and four of science. He was cartoonist for the school paper and a five-letter athlete. He was master of ceremonies for a high school talent show broadcast each Saturday by a Nashville radio station, and, finally, he was deeply engrossed in church activities.

"I was preaching at that time," Mr. Craig recalls, "and Pat led the singing at my services. He was always in such a hurry that when I'd stop by to pick him up, he'd run out with his dinner on a plate and eat it in the car. His toothbrush was usually in his pocket."

"It got to be a joke with us. Wherever Pat went, he was carrying a plate full of food and a toothbrush!"

Pat was carrying an almost impossible



MRS. BOONE'S FRIED CORN

There's only one secret to preparing fried corn—choose corn that's young, milky and tender. That's of prime importance. Melt butter, or better yet, bacon grease, in a heavy skillet. Add the corn, scraped from the cob, and cook very, very slowly, stirring often. If the corn is nice and milky, it will cook in its own juice. If not, add a little water—just a little. Taste dictates seasoning,—salt, pepper, and maybe sugar. When it's cooked down low, it's simply delicious!

MRS. BOONE'S CHESS PIE

This is one of Pat's favorite desserts, called "chess cake" in some circles.

- 2 cups sugar
- 3 eggs
- 2 tbs. milk
- 2 tbs. corn meal
- ¼ lb. butter
- 2 tbs. vinegar
- 1 tbs. vanilla

Cream butter and sugar. Add eggs, meal, milk and vinegar and mix well. Add a tablespoon of vanilla. Pour into uncooked pie crust. Start in hot oven. Reduce heat and finish baking.

"You have to be born in the South to master fried corn," the Boones told Photoplay. But we finally got these recipes from Mrs. B., so now you can try them, too!

load of work, but was handling it successfully, Mr. Craig explains, because he has an I.Q. of 160.

"That," his former teacher and good friend says, "is much higher than very superior, and a person with that much intelligence is usually versatile."

"Right here," Craig adds, "I've got to say a word about Rosemary. Rosemary was Pat's cow, and I think she had a high I.Q., too. Certainly she was adaptable."

"While Pat was engaged in all these activities, he was also milking and taking care of Rosemary. And he milked her at the strangest hours. Sometimes he wouldn't have time to milk until after midnight. But poor Rosemary didn't seem to mind. She was the most cooperative cow I've ever known."

Craig, who rose from classroom teacher to principal of David Lipscomb High School and who is now dean of David Lipscomb College, joined Mr. and Mrs. Boone in their concern for Pat and Shirley when the young people's romance became serious.

"I talked with them time after time about it," Craig says. "I knew Pat so well and realized that he was a most level-headed youngster, but I was afraid that he wasn't ready for the responsibility of marriage."

Shirley Foley Boone is the daughter of country western singer "Red" Foley, who was connected with the Grand Ol' Opry in Nashville. She entered David Lipscomb High School as a boarding student when her mother became seriously ill, and caught Pat's eye when she sang with a school quintette.

"Some stories say," Pat's mother observes, "that he never dated anyone but Shirley, but that's not true. Pat dated several girls. But he never went steady with the others."

"The first time I met Shirley, Pat brought her in with a crowd of boys and girls who were going sledding."

Mrs. Boone looks contentedly around her small but attractive home.

"We never lock the door. We always want the children's friends to feel welcome here, and they come and go constantly. So I didn't pay any particular attention to Shirley when she came in with Pat and a crowd."

Later it dawned on the Boone family that Shirley Foley was not just another girl to Pat. She was very special.

"And she is special," her mother-in-law boasts. "She has what you might call a bubbling personality."

When the teenagers began to talk about getting married, the Boones became alarmed and enlisted the aid of Principal Craig.

"Actually," Margaret Boone recounts, "we thought we'd broken up the romance. We understood that Pat and Shirley had quit seeing each other. Of course you can't keep children in love from seeing each other unless you tie them to the bedposts or lock them in their rooms. Both Pat and Shirley gave the impression that their romance was finished."

A good friend of Shirley's recalls the two-month interval of clandestine meetings.

"Shirley told us," she says, "that she and Pat had broken up, so we were dumfounded when they married. During the time they were supposed to be through, Shirley had occasional dates with other boys, but I don't think Pat dated anybody."

Where did they meet so secretly for their Romeo and Juliet style courtship?

"I can't imagine," the friend says. "Neither of them has ever said."

But while most of the world concluded that Pat Boone and Shirley Foley had said "goodbye," a handful shared their ex-

citing secret, the knowledge that they were planning to marry.

One was "Red" Foley, the bride-to-be's father. Shirley's mother had died, and her father had remarried. Mr. Foley felt that Shirley's greatest chance for happiness lay with Pat, and he agreed to their wedding plans. In fact, since Shirley was under age, he signed legal consent to the match.

Another who knew about the impending ceremony, although at the last minute, was Nick, Pat's younger brother. What he thought about it is not on record, but he kept the secret.

Finally, wise, deeply interested Mack Craig knew the truth. He even bought a suitcase for Pat's outfit and flowers—orchids—for the bride. Then, as the most gallant gesture of all, he broke the news to Pat's parents.

"When it was certain that Pat and Shirley were going to marry in spite of everything," Craig says, "I decided to help them. I wanted them to have a ceremony they could remember as beautiful and dignified, no hole-in-the-wall affair."

The wedding day was Saturday, and Pat left home that morning to go to the radio station where he worked part-time. He didn't take so much as a change of clothes with him.

Then Mr. and Mrs. Craig, Pat and Shirley went to Springfield, Tenn., an hour's drive from Nashville, for the exchange of vows.

That evening, Pat's parents, brother, and sisters were getting ready to go to a church service when Craig called and said he was coming over to discuss a serious matter.

Right away," Margaret Boone remembers, "I felt sure what it would be. I told Nick to take the girls and go on to church ahead of us."

And Nick, who also felt pretty sure what it would be, left with considerable haste.

Mr. and Mrs. Craig crossed the front porch with misgivings, fearful of how they and their news would be received.

Did the Boones resent what the Craigs had done in helping Pat to elope? Not for an instant, they say.

"We know that Mack and Dottie love our children as much as we do," Margaret Boone explains, "so we knew they had done what they felt best for Pat."

When the bride and bridegroom came home next day, they moved in with the Boones temporarily. Later, they settled in a housing project back of the David Lipscomb gymnasium, and their subsequent moves to Texas, New York, and Hollywood are show business history.

During the few weeks that the newlyweds lived with Pat's family, Margaret Boone and her daughter-in-law developed a strong bond of understanding and mutual admiration. Margaret was even brave enough to give Shirley some cooking tips.

"I tried," she says, "to teach her to prepare some of Pat's favorite dishes. He loves chess pie, he's crazy about squash cooked with onions and seasoned with bacon drippings, and he can't get enough fried corn. Shirley can cook squash the way he likes it, and she makes a nice chess pie, but she can't get the knack of frying corn."

"I believe," Mrs. Boone confides with a burst of sectional pride, "that you have to be born in the South to master that, and Shirley wasn't."

But fried corn or no, Pat Boone's mother likes his wife better every day.

"Shirley has so much talent of her own," her mother-in-law declares. "Pat loves to hear her sing, and they sing beautifully together. Still, she's completely satisfied to give up any thought of a career and devote herself entirely to his welfare and to

the children. They hope they'll have several more children, and they say they're going to send them to David Lipscomb to school."

Should Pat's children come to David Lipscomb, Dean Craig will feel almost like a grandfather, because he not only supervised Pat's marriage but launched his professional singing career.

"I don't think this story's been told," he says. "The Nashville Civitan Club had an amateur contest and invited each high school to be represented. We entered Pat and felt sure he'd win, but he didn't even place. However, Jim McKinney from a local radio station heard Pat compete and, after the contest, gave him a lot of encouragement."

"Pat told me about it, and I got an idea. I thought it would be feasible to broadcast a weekly radio program featuring high school talent, and I thought, too, that Pat would be an ideal singing master of ceremonies."

"I talked with Mr. McKinney about it. He said he'd had the same idea, and pretty soon the show was on the air. Understand, I don't take credit for the show. It was Pat's talent that sold the station on the program."

Pat, nevertheless, must think his old friend and teacher deserves a lot of credit. He recently presented him with a brand new station wagon—fire-engine red!

In a country where movie stardom is the ambition of millions, it's ironic to realize that Pat Boone's family and friends have reservations about his career. His parents and the Craigs, alike, sometimes ask themselves whether or not Pat's plunge into the entertainment world was wise.

"Oh," his mother says, "we're very proud of him, and we're grateful that the Lord blessed us not only with one fine son but with four fine children."

"We're humble, too, before the wonderful way in which the public has received Pat. But we worry. We realize that he'll be under pressures, and we pray that he won't lose sight of spiritual values. We don't think he will, but sometimes we're frightened."

Craig says, "I talked with Pat about his plans for a career when he was in the ninth grade. I talked with him often and tried to advise him. Then he had no idea that his future would be so surprising. He hadn't thought of theatrical work at all but was strongly attracted by religion."

"He taught Sunday School and worked at a day camp," Mrs. Boone interjects, "and he found teaching appealing because of his fondness for children."

"You know," Craig continues, "he's still going to get his teacher's certificate from Columbia."

"And," the dean beams proudly, "if his grades don't drop, he'll be a Phi Beta Kappa." With a grin, he added, "David Lipscomb specializes in college preparatory work."

A person with Pat's intelligence and versatility, Craig points out, could be a tremendous success in many fields.

"But Pat feels," his mother says, "that the Lord has been responsible for his success as a popular singer and, therefore, the entertainment world must be the right place for him . . . for the present, at least."

And wherever Pat goes in the future, Margaret Boone knows that he will have a Divine Guide at his side.

"None of my children has ever questioned the divine inspiration of the Bible," Mrs. Boone says. "Pat accepted it completely when he was a child. And when Pat, or any other person, has really accepted the Bible's teachings, he won't go too far wrong."

THE END

UNMASKING CHARLTON HESTON

Continued from page 52

at all." He becomes choleric at affectation.

He has never worn glasses and made his first feature film appearance as Antony in a 16mm. film version of "Julius Caesar," which cost \$20,000.

His eyes are gray-blue.

He does not believe in astrology and thinks Mount Sinai at twilight "the most beautiful sight I've ever seen."

He is baffled by rock 'n' roll, but Elvis Presley fascinates him. He is an excellent marksman, gets seven thousand fan letters monthly and hopes some day to essay the role of Cortez in "Conquest of Mexico," by William Hillings Prescott—to be made below the border.

He is bored by baseball, singing waiters and quiz shows.

His Charlton derives from his mother's maiden name. He recently vacationed in Puerto Rico because "I'm always looking for a new place to build an outdoor theater."

He regards cigarettes as "nasty."

He has blondish brown hair, enjoys prizefights—especially heavyweights, and gets a decided kick out of strolling on New York's Forty-fourth Street, where he strived for his first acting jobs.

His son, Fraser, was born on Lincoln's birthday, 1955.

Heston is a skillful fencer and drives a five-year-old convertible, "painted a brash green."

His favorite color is blue and he is a descendant of Black Douglas, historic Scottish chieftain and warrior.

He married Lydia Clarke, a former fellow student at Northwestern University, on Saint Patrick's Day, 1944, at Greensboro, N.C. He is adept at cowboy rope tricks and makes it a policy to do one western a year: "It not only helps to preserve the physique, but adds considerably to popularity."

He is an exceptional correspondent, wrote his wife over 500 letters from the Egyptian location of "Commandments." He is currently cooking up a theater project with the Baylor University (Waco, Tex.) Shakespeare group.

He cannot abide loud talk, gushing interviewers or fat women in treader pants.

His hobby is painting in tempera and water color. He played leads in dramatic productions at New Trier High School, Winnetka, Ill., and shies off stories that are overburdened with plot: "Too much plot in a film simply underscores the fact that a plot belongs most properly in a cemetery."

His acting career began at the age of five in a one-room schoolhouse in St.

Helen, Mich., where he delivered a faultless reading of the part of Santa Claus in a Christmas pageant. It consisted of two words: "Merry Christmas."

He thinks poker "a waste of time."

His favorite drink is a straight shot of Bell's twelve-year-old Scotch.

He is ambidextrous, wants very much to have another child and stands to net half a million dollars from "Bail Out at 43,000," which he made on a participation basis.

Charlton Heston does not believe in the "ivory tower" sort of artist: "All creative people should make themselves part of the world scene. Else how do they know what they're talking about? Look at Picasso and Pablo Casals—true greatness."

He memorizes easily and he found it rugged going after his discharge from the 11th Air Force. A thirty-dollar-a-month cold water, walk-up apartment was all they could afford, with Lydia helping out with an occasional modeling job.

He cannot stomach promoters, know-it-alls and bigots.

He is a frank admirer of Laurence Olivier, Gregory Peck and Burgess Meredith and owns 1,400 acres of timber land at St. Helen, Mich., from which he does a lucrative Christmas tree business.

He is an early riser, occasionally smokes a pipe and had he not succeeded as an actor, he would like to have become a writer.

Marked by a positive domestic streak, he is constantly tinkering and puttering around the house.

His gastronomic taste includes everything except Balinese rice cakes: "Ugh. You can have 'em." He abhors brown suits.

He tends to be claustrophobic.

He disagrees with Adolph Zukor's contention that "the public is never wrong." "The public," Heston avers, "has liked some lousy plays, a lot of terrible movies and scores of atrocious TV shows."

His favorite spectator sport is professional tennis, he thinks most people underestimate their children, and he deplores his own habit of trying to crowd in too many appointments in too little time.

He speaks French, Italian and pidgin Yiddish.

His usual breakfast consists of eggs, Canadian bacon, whole grapefruit, English

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muffins and four cups of coffee. He refuses to play bridge.

He credits Worthington Miner, producer of TV's "Studio One," with giving his career the impetus that brought him to Hollywood's attention. He attended the Northwestern University School of Speech, but before he could really get going, the Army snapped him up.

Charlton Heston has written his baby son a letter to be read on his 18th birthday, in which he quotes Shakespeare's "To thine own self be true . . ."

He prefers seasonal changes to perpetual sunshine and has recorded excerpts from The Bible for Dot Records, highlighting the Book of Exodus, planning additional waxing of albums semi-annually.

He leans towards sport clothes but takes care in dressing suitably for each occasion. His favorite actresses are Ingrid Bergman, Judith Anderson, Katherine Cornell, Susan Hayward and Viveca Lindfors: "All thoroughgoing professionals—and no nonsense."

He thinks betting on horses "childish and for neurotics."

He believes that heredity and environment have an equal impact on the individual. "The environment of a one-room elementary school provided for me a hard, basic learning. As for whatever flair I have for creativity, I credit my forebears."

He is keeping an elaborate motion picture record of his son—125 reels to date, plus 3,500 snapshots, and is drawing plans to build a 300-seat repertory theater on his timberland.

He has received more than 120 awards from civic organizations for his portrayal of Moses: "But this is a drop in the bucket compared to the honors heaped upon Cecil de Mille, to whom I give the credit for everything."

His wife wishes he would exercise less abandon when skiing or tobogganing.

He likes garlic on everything "but ice cream."

He first appeared on Broadway in 1948 in Katherine Cornell's production of "Antony and Cleopatra," and though he is not active in politics, he is meticulous regarding his duties as a citizen—voting and doing his best to keep informed.

He dislikes large parties, prefers entertaining small groups of friends, and has a congenital distrust of flattery.

His Thespian beginnings on Chicago radio included many soap operas and "Terry and the Pirates." He maintains apartments in New York, Chicago and Hollywood, and a timber lodge at St. Helen.

He cannot stand straight dance orchestras: "I'll take real jazz, real symphony, real opera."

He thinks fortunetellers are for frustrated people and thinks Ernest Thompson Seton's books on nature have been the greatest single influence on his life.

He does not go hunting, due to his aversion to killing.

He collects tropical fish and he is fond of telling how his wife won a national poetry reading contest with a rendition of Carl Sandburg's "Chicago" in 1941: "Her ambitions to become a lawyer, however, were sandbagged by Sandburg, who told her that he would rather see her play Portia than be Portia."

He likes to do about four TV shows a year to diversify his activity, and when he signed his first movie contract he refused to sign an exclusive pact which would not permit outside pictures or work in other dramatic media.

He likes big dogs, big cats and big horses—all of which he has on his Michigan timber land.

The Hestons won the Theatre World Awards of 1951 as "the most promising actor and actress of the year."

His son, who portrayed the infant Moses, was set for the role by de Mille two weeks before he was born: "He's America's youngest retired actor."

He worked with Orson Welles in "Badge of Evil" and sings his praises at the drop of a hat: "Welles is one of the few authentic talents in the business—and he gets better every year."

He is the recipient of hundreds of assorted gifts from his fans, including an ancient thirteen-room house full of archaic German furniture, which he turned over to charity.

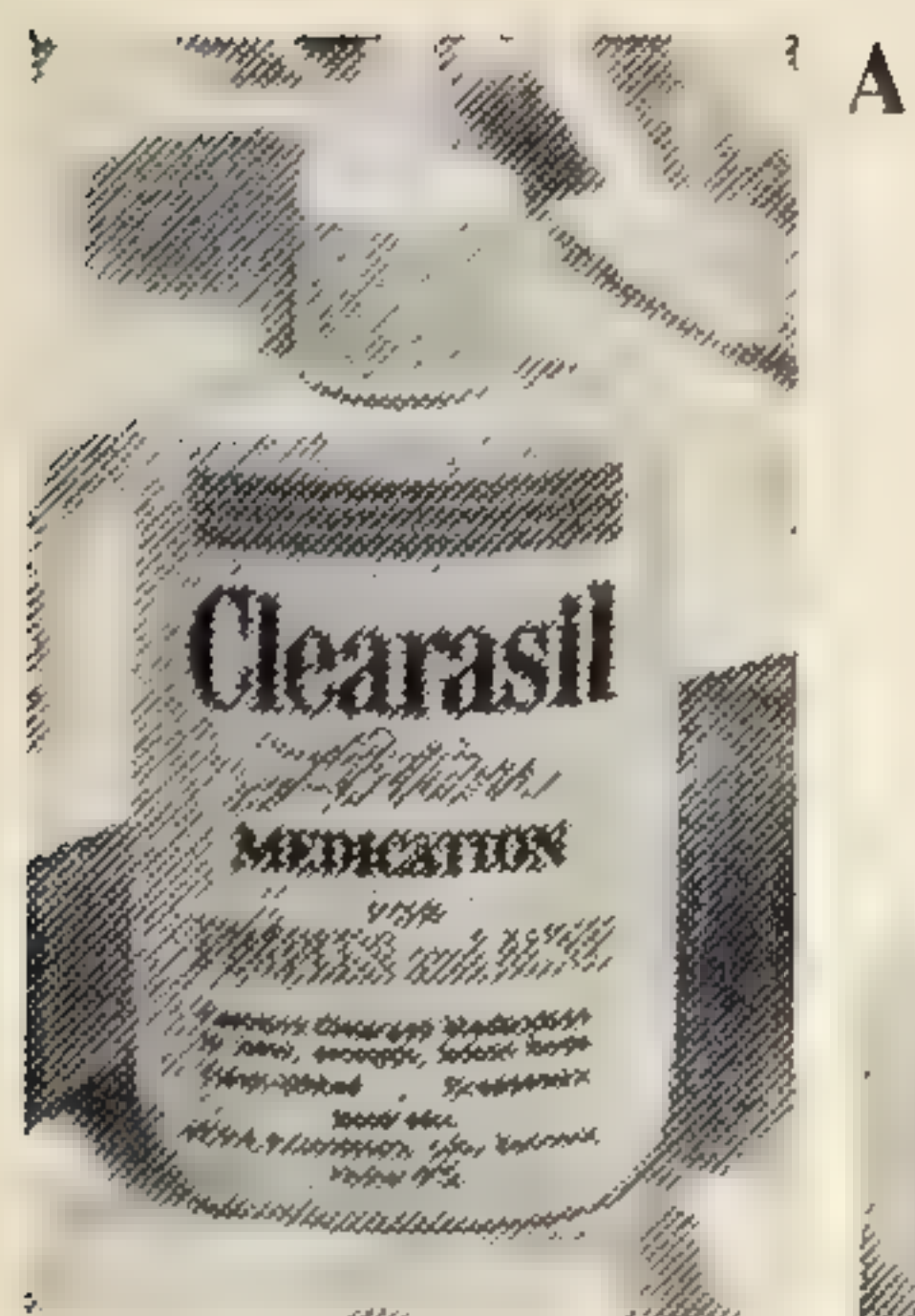
He is currently formulating a concert hall presentation of "The Trial of Captain Wirz," the Andersonville jailer, having already appeared in a TV presentation of it, and has a special yen to someday visit the Scandinavian countries.

About stars who want to keep aloof, he says: "The day when an actor 'vants to be alone' is over. Fans like to feel they know you personally, and I must confess I get a big kick out of making friends with people I'd never have the opportunity to meet if I shut myself up."

"When the day comes that I'm no longer working at my trade, don't be surprised to see me try for the diplomatic service or even politics. I like talking to people."

—Joseph Henry Steele

becoming attractions



A



B



C



D



E

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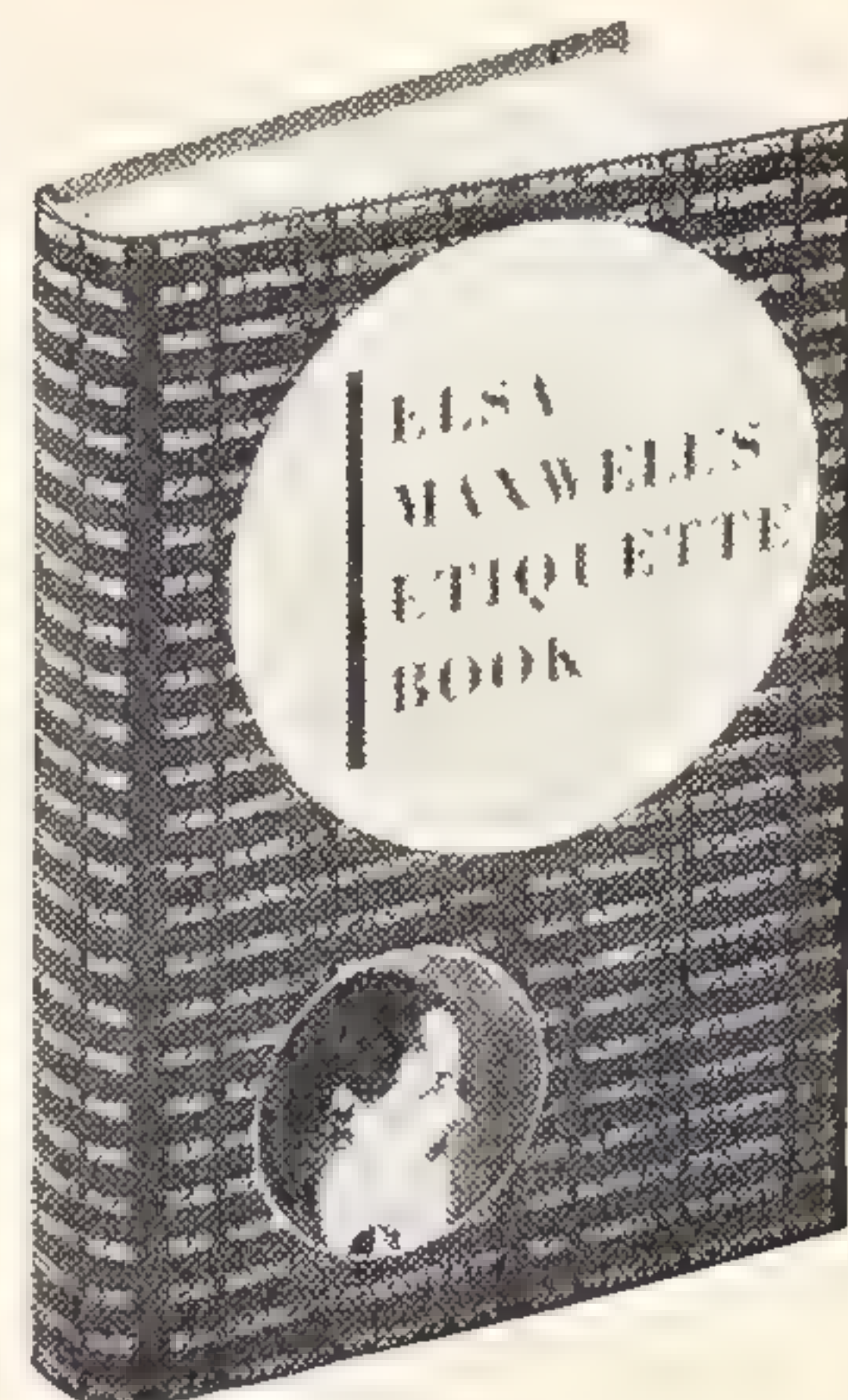
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STRANGE CASE OF DOROTHY MALONE

Continued from page 24

He stopped for a light at Hollywood and Vine, shot the breeze with the cop, one of the regulars on the force, and cruised on.

Nothing doing further north, so he pulled into a drive-in for some coffee. As he ordered it, he stifled a yawn and thought again of Dorothy Malone. What a gal. She'd been his favorite actress long before her Academy Award for "Written on the Wind."

He paid for his coffee, pocketed the change all except a dime, which he flipped into the air, caught it, then headed for a phone booth and dialed information. He knew what he was going to do. Starting right now, he was going to do a story on Dorothy Malone. He'd begin tonight and make a real project of it. Talk to the people who knew her best: the directors, the actors and actresses, her girlfriends; who knows, maybe even her boyfriends.

Suddenly, Steve clicked the receiver back on the hook. Of course, it was too late to still talk to anyone tonight—especially Dorothy Malone. But he decided to drive by Dorothy's house, get the local color, maybe take a few notes on the neighborhood.

The Malone house on Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, was a large, white two-story Spanish job. Steve knew Dorothy lived alone. A few lights were on downstairs, and an Afghan hound was curled up on a front window ledge.

No, he'd wait until morning, call Dorothy, see if he could get to her. Meantime, he'd line up some interviews with some other people in the business.

He phoned Miss Malone the next morning and introduced himself. Dorothy agreed to an interview. "But no personal questions," she warned. This put a bit of a kink in things, but personal or not, Steve was glad to receive a friendly reception. He telephoned a few associates of Dorothy's, made more appointments for the week, and arrived at her house at the appointed hour.

As he drove up a long driveway, Steve was given an enthusiastic welcome by the Afghan hound he'd spied through the window the night before, plus another.

"I see you've met Samson and Delilah,"

Dorothy laughed as she answered the door. Hair in pin curls, white Bermudas, white man's shirt, cable knit knee socks, no shoes, Steve noted mentally, and he liked what he saw. "Please come in," enthused Dorothy, and immediately proceeded to show the reporter around the house, bouncing energetically from one room to another.

"I'm having a wonderful time decorating the house," she explained. Steve was amused to note that although the actress preferred 18th century French decor, she had abandoned its exclusive use and experimented with other schemes as well. Here a room would be modern, there Oriental, another antique.

"Is it time for the interview?" Dorothy asked after the grand tour was over. And the two seated themselves in the hostess' large living room, in luxuriously comfortable chairs. (Cream white, brushed with gold, noted Steve.)

Why is Dorothy Malone known as a woman of mystery?" opened Steve.

He was genuinely interested, as this sincere looking young woman opposite him looked at him earnestly. Seated in her overstuffed chair, intent on Steve's question, he had the impression that her face was an open book. And yet there were the many facets in her life that Dorothy Malone reputedly would not talk about.

"There's a reason for everything," she began, settling more comfortably, "so there must be a reason for people believing I'm some sort of a mystery woman. At least, this seems to be the general impression, but the mystery to me is that I'm still in pictures. For the past eight or ten years I've been on and off the screen. I've quit and come back several times, and each time came back with the feeling I was starting all over again. Some of my parts have been good, some bad—the others we won't even mention. The pattern of my career must have been confusing to the public, I'm sure—for it certainly has been a series of serious readjustments for me.

"There has never been a time when I wasn't torn between playing safe and gambling on my entire future. At the very beginning, I never wanted to be an actress. When you're not a career girl, basically—and I'm still not—you waver in your dedication, which in turn undermines your determination. But I've always believed whatever the job is, one should take what he has to do and do what he can with it.

"I know now that it is my fate to take

what comes along and not make myself miserable as a result. When you understand a situation, I believe, it means you have finally learned how to live with it."

Strong words, thought Steve, as he thought he detected a trace of cynicism in Dorothy's last statement. Was she referring to that period when she had deserted Hollywood and returned to her native Texas—supposedly to get married? The time that suddenly, without warning, she returned to Hollywood, still unmarried and—unengaged, with no hint of what had happened, or not happened? Or, had she indicated the crazy pattern of her career, the years without any recognition or breaks or roles? The years when she was under contract to RKO, but was actually little more than a stock girl? He decided not to interrupt, but let her continue.

"I was so incredibly naive when I came to Hollywood and I'm afraid I still have a hangover of that naiveté. RKO dropped me but my hopes were renewed when I signed at Warners. Living in my little world of altruism, I actually thought they would give me one line—two lines—three and I would go from picture to picture into leads—if I did my best. So I studied hard and never missed a lesson with the studio coach. Because I was so young and looked it, they eventually told me I was too tall to play someone's daughter; too immature for playing opposite leading men!

"Although I had an agent, big agencies are too busy (especially at that stage) to give individual care and concern. With no husband, no one close to lean on here, the complete aloneness has been the hardest part of being in Hollywood. It's really rough for a single girl when she's homesick and has to buck that, too. I'm deeply devoted to my family and went home to Texas every time my conscience would allow me to dip into my small savings. Your morale takes a terrific beating while you sit around waiting to prove something.

During my three years at Warners I played several small parts and got good reviews. After 'One Sunday Afternoon,' production in the studios hit low ebb, but Warners offered to carry me at half salary. There was still no work and this would have been slow death. So we agreed to disagree, but at this point it actually wasn't a catastrophe. The time had come for me to settle down, I thought, and I decided to give up pictures, go back to Texas and marry.

"Coming back to Hollywood after changing my plans, was the toughest decision of all. I had to face going back to work again and there were no acting jobs in Texas. I hated to leave home, but I had more experience in acting than anything else. Besides, I liked this work the most. I've always believed if you believe in yourself, it's possible to leave something and still start over again. My money was low when I returned from Texas, so I took small parts. Then I got a few leads in small pictures, but I always took what I could get. Thank heaven I've never had false pride.

"I have never thought of myself as a star. Perhaps I should. I've been told it makes others respond accordingly. I recall one picture which had four equal top feminine roles. The first day when we walked on the set, there were three stunning portable dressing rooms. The fourth—mine—featured four canvas flaps nailed together to form a cubicle. It had no floor, and there were holes in the canvas.

"I merely tell this story to make a point. It didn't bother me because I've always thought my job was acting and that I was expected to act instead of making an impression. To me, the stars were those people up there on the screen. They were from another planet, or in a category far

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removed. So it never occurred to me to say I was, or would be, a star. I always felt I was working for the audience, which in turn pleases the exhibitors. The exhibitors are the ones who judge your value, I thought—and not the man who assigns the dressing rooms!

"Many actresses start out with one particular goal and never allow themselves to be deterred. In essence, this must be an ideal means to an end, but I had no all-over plan. There was no money to hire a press agent. I just had to earn my way and was in no position to be selective. Because of this I never discussed my age, which enabled me to take all parts. How well I remember one particular experience. The girl who played my daughter in this picture was older than myself!"

This chatty, enthusiastic girl was the same Dorothy Malone who had a reputation for shunning reporters, Hollywood parties and publicity, Steve thought as she discussed her life. It was hard to believe. But he still didn't have the proper opening for a personal query or two.

"Accepting the setbacks brought about the conclusion that everything in its time comes to pass. Maybe next year, I'd say to myself, I'll get a good part that no one else wants, or can't get. So eventually through learning to fight for myself, I got a test for 'Battle Cry.' I was signed the second they saw it and it was great going back to Warners. People seemed so surprised when I didn't crow over my so-called victory. They just didn't understand. Although I knew I had been fighting a losing battle, I never turned bitter along the way.

"After I won my Academy Award, practically everyone advised me to now hold off. They enumerated the reasons why it was so important to go from one award picture to another, but how can you bank on a myth? And how could I forget that every picture looked like my last picture for quite a few years. Naturally, I wish I could do more pictures that are considered tops in Hollywood, but the whole truth is: The smaller ones have given me the breaks! Maybe it's because I came up the hard way, but I can't turn my back on the people who had faith in me and put me in those pictures.

"You can't always judge a part in advance," she continued, "so sometimes you must take on a part as a challenge. A part can look like it's the greatest and the public will turn its back. When they handed me the script of 'Written on the Wind,' I was told that Lauren Bacall had first choice and I had no objection. As it turned out, the role she turned down won me an Award! So who knows? Maybe she was paving the way for something great later on. You can never tell who is winning or losing in life. I think my role in the Cagney picture (Steve noticed she didn't mention its title—"Man of a Thousand Faces"—a modest touch) paved the way for portraying Diana Barrymore in 'Too Much, Too Soon.' Both parts have progression and this appeals to me."

According to the Hollywood grapevine, Dorothy was begged, beseeched and prevailed upon not to depict the tempestuous life of the late and great John Barrymore's ill-fated daughter. The story went that Dorothy's harassed agents had bagged a beautiful costarring role in a Glenn Ford western. Furthermore, director William Wyler was anxious to secure Dorothy for top billing in his current "Big Country," opposite Gregory Peck. But "Too Much, Too Soon" won out.

"I know 'Too Much' is a gamble," said Dorothy, "But I would be a coward if I ran out on it. Someone has to play these girls who get lost along the way and make them understood by others."



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Her eyes showed slight concern and she was more emphatic in this last statement than throughout the interview. Steve wondered if it had any personal overtones. Was it conceivable that Dorothy herself was one of those "misunderstood girls who get lost along the way," he wondered. He had heard she was known for not returning messages when they might have meant a big chance, and for not accepting social invites. Uncommon behavior in filmdom.

Yes, the rumor and the hearsay had it that Dorothy Malone was lonely in Hollywood. The guys who had dated her, Steve knew, all came up with a common answer: "I don't get it." There was supposedly the guy in Texas—a doctor—and there was Syd Chaplin, and there had been Scott Brady, and dates with more Hollywood eligibles than any star. Why was Dorothy who claims not to be a career girl, still single and lonely? She wants to be alone, but she's just not the Garbo type. A devout Catholic, marriage for her would have to be as near perfect as humanly possible. Was Dorothy afraid of not being able to achieve that ideal?

"Dorothy, as an actress, you've mentioned your interest in portraying Diana Barrymore, and other misunderstood, unhappy women. Could a reason be that in several respects, your own life has followed this pattern?"

Dorothy flashed a cool, evasive stare, then lowered her eyes, but continued. "When I play such roles I always try to put reason behind their bad side and try to prove that no one is all bad—or all good. After all, there is good and evil in life and everyone's life is different."

Steve knew then that Dorothy would not even give him an inkling of what really made her tick. It wasn't that she was unpleasant about it, or uncooperative. But her personal life belonged to Dorothy Malone, and no one else. He could see she felt this deeply.

But now Steve was interested in talking to the people who knew Dorothy best:

They, of all people, could possibly help solve the mystery of the strange case of Dorothy Malone.

Roger Corman, a date of Dorothy's and a producer of several pictures in which she appeared, had this to say: "You can make up anything complimentary and say I said it. If it's nice, it fits Dorothy. I think this girl is the best actress in Hollywood. Dorothy had the lead in the second pic-

ture I produced, 'The Fast and Furious,' two years ago, just before she hit big. She played opposite John Ireland. We did our initial shooting at the Pebble Beach Road races. In the first scene, Dorothy was to drive a high-powered Italian sports car around the race track. She'd never driven a sports car before in her life, but she got right in and drove that car on the track behind the camera car, doing eighty miles an hour on the turns and higher than that on the straightaway. At that time, I decided she was the most sporting and willing worker I'd ever seen, since most girls wouldn't have touched a tough job like that. The second picture she did for me was a western, 'Five Guns West,' with John Lund. She played the lead and gave a wonderful performance. As an actress, she's tops and as a girl she's the nicest. I think she's one of the finest people in Hollywood.

"When we date, we frequently go to small parties. We play tennis and we go swimming a lot. Also play a little bridge. We go to a lot of movies, too. I think Dorothy is one of the most consistently happy and cheerful girls I've ever met.

"We used to go to the beach a lot last summer. Visited some married friends of mine, other married couples would come over, bringing their children. The kids just loved this girl. Little guys around four or five years old would follow her around. They wouldn't know she was a movie star. I remember one woman said her little boy was a terror, but he spent the whole day following Dorothy around on the beach. At the end of the day he jumped up and threw his arms around her and kissed her!"

Mildred Baire Rouse, Dorothy's good friend and stand-in for "Written on the Wind," said: "I've known Dorothy since April, 1949, when we met at a picture at Columbia, 'The Nevadan,' with Randy Scott. We kind of liked each other from the very beginning. We've gone riding quite a bit. She's wonderful on a horse. We have our own little game of solitaire which we like very much. The first time I ever played canasta was with Dorothy.

"She's just great. Regular. Popularity may go to some people's heads, but not to Dorothy's. I'm married now and furnishing a home. She's furnishing her house, too. We've had a lot of fun together picking out furniture. She loves to go through antique shops.

"She comes out to the house now that

I'm married and sometimes we take sunbaths in my backyard and sometimes in hers. She's fanatical about having a deep tan. We both like pale lipstick and it looks so sensational with a deep tan, so all summer we're working on our tans. We like to go to the beach, too."

Rock Hudson's capsule comment on Dorothy was "I enjoy working with her because she really works with you in a scene. Besides, she laughs at my jokes."

Speaking of Dorothy's development professionally, this is what Douglas Sirk, director of "Written on the Wind" and "The Tarnished Angels," said: "Dorothy has always been one of my favorites. I wanted her for a picture in 1948, but I had to drop it because of the difficulties of making the picture in Germany.

"Ever since that time, I've had my eyes on her," he went on. "She has earthiness, strength and depth as an actress. She is very different in talent from the average Hollywood beauty. I made a couple of attempts to get Dorothy a part in a picture I was making but most of the producers felt her name meant nothing at the boxoffice because she'd always played second leads. Finally, the part of *Marylee Hadley* came along in 'Written on the Wind.' It was originally slated for another actress, but when negotiations didn't work out for her, I persuaded the front office to let me use Dorothy.

"I knew that Dorothy was giving a performance worthy of an Oscar while we were making 'Wind.' When the picture was over, I told her not to take any more wishy-washy parts. Then I went to Europe to make 'Interlude,' and when I returned I found she'd done two pictures which I didn't feel would advance her career. When I asked her why she'd done them, she said, 'Well, I wanted to keep busy.'

"I put Dorothy in 'Angels,' taken from William Faulkner's 'Pylon,' in which she plays the lead opposite Rock Hudson. It's the first big budget picture in which Dorothy has been the lead.

"I think the reason it's taken Dorothy so long to win recognition is partly because she is so sincere and is not given to a lot of ballyhoo and publicity, all of which helps a girl in a Hollywood career. It's easier to become a star if you adorn a calendar undressed. Sometimes I'm shaking my old head. The crudest sort of publicity helps you. Being a good actress is not always enough. Dorothy never was properly advertised. Dorothy lacks only one talent—the talent to advertise herself.

"She is a perfectionist. She surrounds herself with mirrors on the set so she'll be able to see what others are seeing, and can properly criticize herself. I had to steal the mirrors away from her!

"In many respects, I think Dorothy is like Garbo. She's introverted and shy. She has great reluctance to appear at social functions as Garbo did. When Garbo became famous enough so that she didn't have to, she just said no. She antagonized a lot of people who thought she was being snobbish, but she was just shy. I think Dorothy is very much this way herself. And she is at all times a proper lady."

Edna Benoit, assistant talent executive at Warner Brothers, had this to say: "I sat with Dorothy's mother Academy Award night. Dorothy sat with her brother, Bob. We kept our fingers crossed and said little prayers.

"Regardless of the fact that Dorothy is now what I call one of the top actresses, she is exactly the same girl she was when I first met her. She always has time for the little people. In fact, she goes overboard to be nice to them. I noticed that the night of the Academy Awards, some teenage boys in leather jackets, crowded

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about her. Instead of just scribbling her name on the autograph sheets they offered her, Dorothy asked 'What's your first name?' and wrote their names down, too. Suddenly out of the crowd, a little old lady came up, with a flash bulb camera. Dorothy looked at her with her 'God bless you' expression, and posed for pictures at her request. Half the flash bulbs didn't go off, but Dorothy kept standing there while she dug down in her pocket to fish out another bulb. Someone else would have probably been irritated.

"If someone does something to hurt Dorothy, she'll most likely say, 'Oh, they probably didn't mean it.' And there's a naturalness to her. She never tries to 'put on.'"

"She was voted Catholic Woman of the Year three years ago. When Dorothy gets married she wants to feel married for the rest of her life. According to her religion she cannot marry a divorced man. In Hollywood it's pretty hard to find exactly your ideal who has never been married before. I think she'd make a wonderful wife. She likes an awful lot of people, but when she analyzes marriage, maybe she's a little too idealistic. I tell her it isn't like in the story books. You can't find a prince charming. But I think she's looking for the one she feels she'll always be married to the rest of her life.

"She's one of the few girls I know who has reached the top and stayed clean and wholesome. She doesn't smoke. She will take a glass of wine or a cocktail, but never drinks to excess.

"If she found the right person, her marriage would come before her career. I think her career is more or less something she's working at real hard because it is the only thing she has at present to fill her time with the family away. In the last two years she's definitely decided she is going to concentrate on it for a period and if she hadn't gotten to the top I think she would have given it up. It isn't a case of Dorothy preferring a career to a happy marriage."

Steve's last chat was with a girl who used to live at the Studio Club with Dorothy: "She's strong—knows what she wants. A week or so before a big premiere came up, the M-G-M press agent asked Dorothy who she was taking to the preem. Dorothy said she wasn't going to go. He tried to pressure her into going. Although she was very nice about it, I could see she was determined not to go. But I couldn't determine whether Dorothy didn't have the appropriate date or she just couldn't stand the limelight of a premiere."

Is Dorothy just a shy person who hates the center of attention in a large crowd? One who doesn't have the confidence to just stand up and say 'I don't want to do that'? Steve Matthews wondered as he concluded his last interview and packed up his fat sheaf of notes. Does she feel she must appear cooperative and nice to everyone? He'd once read a statement Dorothy made to the effect that she liked being "old" in the business, knowing the crews and the people she works with. A further indication of her insecurity and feeling ill-at-ease with strangers?

It was early Friday evening. He had the facts. And he'd take a few hours to read over the notes, discard all but the most important, and pound out his story. He stopped for a light at Hollywood and Vine, shot the breeze with the cop on the beat, one of the regulars on the force, and made a left turn. The weekend movie and nightclub crowd jammed the street. It was a wet night and smog enveloped the city. A good night to be home with the slippers and pipe and a good yarn—like The Strange Case of Dorothy Malone. THE END

Sex and your Perspiration

By Valda Sherman



Did you know there are two kinds of perspiration? "Physical," caused by work or exertion; and "nervous," stimulated by emotion or sexual excitement.

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WHO'S TELLING THE TRUTH?

Continued from page 46

to heap upon Kay's pretty head. These run from "a polished, aristocratic beauty with the greatest comic flair since Beatrice Lillie," to a single, but highly descriptive word: "Wow!" And for good measure, Kay has garnered plenty of sweet publicity as the adored lady of that adored idol of "My Fair Lady," none other than smooth, sophisticated Rex Harrison.

Here's a pretty ritzy type, wouldn't you say? If you would, you'd be so wrong! An intimate friend reports, "Kay is anything but the flamboyant person people believe her to be. She's actually shy, and more than a little self-conscious. The truth is that the only person who stopped Kay from scoring a whopping success long ago was Kay herself. She's very self-effacing, and has a real complex about her looks—thinks she's too tall, and not a bit pretty. Why, she could hardly bring herself to come to America for that reason. She'd say, 'Those American girls are all so beautiful. How can I ever compete with them?'"

Taina Elg agrees that Kay is really shy, but like all who get to know her well, found she's warm and friendly. "We'd often have lunch together," Taina says.

Champagne and pheasant under glass, perhaps? The sleek and haughty-looking Miss Kendall conjures up such visions. "Not a bit of it," laughs Taina. "Usually, we'd just bring something from home and eat in Kay's dressing room. We had a feast of fun and laughs—Kay has a terrific sense of humor.

"At the time we made the picture, she wasn't married to Rex Harrison," Taina adds thoughtfully. "But she knew she was going to be, and she looked forward to it. I often had the feeling that she wished at that time she was in our shoes."

Whose shoes? Finnish-born Taina, the toothsome "French" pastry of "Les Girls," is the wife of home-town boy Carl Bjorkenheim (from Helsinki, but now an American citizen). America's Mitzi Gaynor is married to agent Jack Bean. And Kay, hailed as anything but the homey type, in reality was looking with wistful longing on the settled home-and-fireside domesticity of her feminine co-stars!

Lunch-times, there'd be four people having a ball in Kay's dressing room; the witty "hostess," M-G-M publicity man Morgan Hudgins, Jacques Bergerac (Taina's handsome leading man in the movie, Ginger Rogers' latest ex offscreen) and Taina.

Where was Mitzi? You'd expect that bubbling pixie to be the most sociable member of the group. But no. During the lunch hour, she was holed up in her own dressing room, determinedly munching a health salad to preserve her slender figure. This Spartan routine was hard-won; Mitzi used to be a pretty little butter-ball. So she turned her back on temptation and faithfully ate her health salad, studying her lines and occasionally giving interviews between bites while the laughs rang out from Kendall's at-home-at-the-studio sessions. She had another reason for her cloistered dedication, too. Her next job was the coveted role of Nellie Forbush in "South Pacific."

Let's not forget; there was a man in the house, top man in the movie, the knowing and coolly whimsical Gene Kelly. With his experience at dancing, directing and acting, Gene got mostly respect from his three movie ladies. Even if there had

been time during the production of an important musical for the comparing of marital notes, he would hardly have been in tune with his romantic-minded co-stars. His marriage to Betsy Blair ended in divorce, but not—from Gene's point of view—in bitterness. As a precious souvenir of a love match that went wrong, there's daughter Kerry, fourteen—"a good kid, thank heavens!" says Gene.

Of Gene, Taina says gratefully: "It was pleasant to work with Mr. Kelly. He's very professional, and I think I got some hints on acting that I needed."

Says Kay: "Mr. Kelly was most helpful. Mitzi, too, helped me with the dancing. I am not a dancer, but all of them—Mr. Kelly, Mitzi and Taina—are fine dancers and took me into the fold and helped me enormously."

Says Mitzi: Nothing.

Search as you will, you could hardly find three actresses more different than these—or more different from the roles they play: Kay, the self-deprecating about-to-be bride; Taina, the gentle young wife and mother; Mitzi, the contented wife and determined career woman. (Yes, there is such a combination; don't believe what the movies say. After all, when you've seen "Les Girls," what can you believe?)

But our three "Girls" do have some things in common: Each one has had a delayed-action career, now sparked into brilliant life by this picture; and each one is equipped by heritage for the future she faces. Fans reacted promptly to Mitzi's likable screen presence when she played the hearty Texan in "Take Care of My Little Girl." Nothing terribly impressive happened to Mitzi after that. Still, she wasn't concerned. This Chicago-born girl, raised in Detroit and Hollywood, has a dancer mother and a dance-director father, and the vagaries of show business don't surprise her. Mitzi could wait—and watch her weight, to be ready for the chance she was sure was coming.

Kay Kendall was born to show business, the daughter of dancer parents. But she got off to a slow start in British movies. While such as the flashy—and much more aggressive—Diana Dors basked in the limelight, Kay was barely noticed.

Taina had a big build-up when she played Lana Turner's hand-maiden in "The Prodigal." Nothing much happened to her, either. Born of pianist parents, she was wise to show biz, too. ("But I'm the family black sheep," she laughs. "Can't play a note!") During the cozy lunch-times in Kay's dressing room, they'd kick the shop talk around, and the English girl's experiences turned out to be similar: drafty backstage rooms in plays that were doomed to close fast; old, tired sandwiches for supper.

Now here they all were in the big time: the guy from Pittsburgh, the girl from Helsinki, the girl from London, the girl from Chicago. Gay as the result is, for the people who brought you this delightful movie there was only one way to achieve it—hard work!

"As the poem says," Kay remarks dryly, "morning was certainly at seven. So was the evening. By that time, if I was lucky, I was back at the Beverly Hills Hotel."

"I had to be at the studio at seven," Taina chimes in. "At nine o'clock exactly, we started shooting. We worked until lunch, then after lunch until six, sometimes seven. In the morning, I'd just have a peek at my baby, Raoul. In the evening, I'd play with him. I have a nurse for him, but at that time I didn't have a cook. On my way home from the studio, I'd stop at the grocery and pick up the food for dinner, and then cook it—unless I was too tired. On those nights, Carl would go out to our favorite ham-

burger place and bring home hamburgers. He's mad about hamburgers!"

Says Mitzi: Nothing.

From the beginning of shooting, it was Kay who set the happy mood. At least, so says Taina. "Kay's so spontaneous and beautiful and glamorous and talented—and everything! She spoiled everyone by splurging on gifts. On the starting day, Mr. Kelly wasn't there, and he forgot to send his leading ladies flowers. So when he came in the next day, Kay (who had met him in London) deluged him with flowers and wires saying, 'Good luck on your picture.'

Still, approaching the high point in her career, looking forward to her wedding, Kay retained an endearing sense of humility. Taina tells another revealing story about her: "Once she mentioned to Bing Crosby that she loved a specific song of his, but couldn't buy it. Why? 'Probably,' Bing said, 'because it's so old.' Then he went to a recording studio and recorded it especially for her. For Kay, this was the most marvelous thing that could happen. She couldn't get over it—that anyone could do such a nice thing for her. She was in heaven!"

Although Taina speaks glowingly of Kay, her baby Raoul and husband Carl, she speaks little about herself. Partly out of natural modesty, but mainly because she does not like to be questioned about her past—it is a story still painful for her to tell. Where her home in Finland lay, the Russians fought. When the Finns drove them out, her family found another home—only to have it fall into Russian hands again when Finland was partitioned. It was very hard on her mother, who is Russian, and who, after they had fled to safety, learned that thirteen members of her family who were forced to stay behind had lost their lives. Now, the simple life and peace with her little family in California is all that Taina ever wants.

And what does Mitzi want? Nothing less than to become the great star that she now has a chance to be. Mitzi knows by bitter experience how rare such opportunities are—she has cooled her talented tootsies long enough waiting. And for this end, she will work like a demon, and make every sacrifice. "This girl is a glutton for punishment," remarks an admiring technician. "She'll dance until she drops, and sing until you think she can't get out another note. She's never satisfied with anything but perfection."

Quite a contrast, with the roles they play on the screen, isn't it? No haughty lady is Kay; no sly, sexy minx is Taina; no pixie hoyden is Mitzi.

But about that picture—which of the stories in "Les Girls" is true?

"My own story, of course," says Taina.

"The one I told, of course," say Kay.

From Mitzi: "No comment." But the lady's only being consistent. The girl in the picture never gives her own side of the story, either.

So-o, Mr. Kelly, which story do you think is true? "None of them," says Gene, blandly, getting off the hook. "They were all covering up. But in real life I think men are naturally more truthful than women. I don't mean this derogatorily. A woman is a coquette from the time she can toddle, and this lasts all her life. Let's not say she abuses truth more than man, but let's admit she bends it a bit more often. When it comes to a big lie, men are worse. But we'd sooner be lied to by a woman than a man."

Now that Gene's thrown that bomb, who gets the last word? You do. Says Mr. Kelly: "We wanted the audience to think and decide for themselves." Go ahead, girls—and have fun! THE END

CONFESS, OR TAKE THE CONSEQUENCES

Continued from page 45

French horn at a concert, and I had a solo. But just before I was supposed to start my solo, my gum went down the horn. Embarrassed? I just wished the floor would open right up and swallow me!

Q. Which pictures have you seen most often? How many times?

A. "The Pirate," six times; "Camille," four times; "Waterloo Bridge," four times. I thought "The Pirate" was a wonderful musical—Judy Garland and Gene Kelly were great. And you can see from the others that I go for a good sentimental movie—the kind where you have to bring a dozen hankies!

Q. Who are your two favorite living stars—male and female?

A. I'm afraid I just have too many favorites to mention.

("Sorry, Debbie, but we suspect you're hedging. We know you're so soft-hearted that you just don't want to hurt anybody's feelings. But you didn't answer, so you'll have to take the consequences," we said. "For this, you've got to take that rose, and make like a fiery, lovelorn señorita in one of those old silent movies.")

"Okay, okay," said Debbie, laughing. She could hardly keep a straight face, but with our photographer snapping away, she did it!

Q. Here's an easy one—what were baby Carrie's first words.

A. Da-da!

Q. Which is the item in your scrapbook that you prize the most?

A. There are two. My marriage certificate, and my baby's birth certificate.

Q. What types of newspaper items and columns interest you the most?

A. Current events. With so many important things happening in the world today, I try to keep up with them as much as I can.

Q. What do you feel when reading articles about yourself?

A. I'm only human. If the articles about me are good, it makes me very happy. If they're bad, I'll admit I can't laugh it off. I feel pretty sad.

Q. What is an extravagance you can't resist?

A. Shoes! I have loads of 'em—more, I'm sure, than I'll ever wear out. But pretty shoes will get me every time—especially if they're on sale. Sales are something else I can't resist.

Q. What's your favorite slang expression?

A. "Jeepers!"

Q. Do you put your hair up at night?

A. To be honest, that's a chore I hate! And I only do it when I have to.

Q. What conduct marks did you usually receive in school?

A. All right, I'll confess—a minus average. Guess I was born the cut-up type.

Q. Has there been any personal mannerism you've had to fight to overcome?

A. And how! Temper, temper, temper!

Q. What mannerism or style of grooming have you changed to please Eddie?

A. I used to love bright colors in my clothes—reds, blues, everything. But Eddie didn't like to see me in them. He likes me to wear soft, subdued shades and pastels. And you know what? Now that I've switched, I like it better, too!

Q. What things do you think that you do better than Eddie?

A. I don't like to say who can do better at what, as long as we both try. I think that's the important thing.

(Smart girl Debbie wasn't about to be inveigled into any discussion of their comparative singing status, a subject she's been kidded about enough since she gave Eddie some family competition by turning out a hit record in "Tammy." And her attitude is an admirable one, from the marriage standpoint. "But Debbie," we pointed out, "you didn't answer the question. So here goes another forfeit. Let's see how you look wearing these glasses.")

"Oh, no," she wailed, at the sight of the horn-rimmed horrors. But she went through with it.)

Q. Now, here's a nice question. If you were given the opportunity to meet any one person in the world, whom would you choose?

A. Dr. Albert Schweitzer.

Q. What subject as a topic of conversation usually holds the center of attention in your home?

A. Are you kidding? *Carrie Frances!*

Q. How well do you keep a secret?

A. Very well—if it's a real secret.

Q. How old were you when you had your first date, and what was it?

A. Ten years old, and I went to a matinee movie. Gosh, I felt grown up!

Q. What is your opinion of your disposition?

A. I try to be agreeable—I really do. But I leave the opinion up to my friends.

Q. If you had the choice of selecting the face and figure of two stars as your own, whose would you pick?

A. There are so many wonderful faces and figures, I wouldn't know whose to choose.

(We shook our fingers at her. "Hedging again, Debbie! That won't do. Just for that, you'll have to make yourself look like one of those dewy-eyed, impressionable ingenues. Go to it!" And with a mock groan, she obeyed.)

Q. All right. Now here's another dilly. What was your most embarrassing faux pas?

A. That's a cinch—I forget my best friends' names when I introduce them! Isn't that awful? My mind just sort of goes blank, and there I stand with my face red as a beet.

Q. What's your next picture?

A. I'm making "For Love or Money" for Universal, but that'll be the last one until after the baby arrives.

Q. What would you like to have, a boy or a girl?

A. It really doesn't make any difference to me. I'm just thrilled to have a little brother or sister for Carrie.

Q. As the final question, Debbie, what one thing that you don't have do you wish you had more than anything in the world?

A. I can truthfully say that there isn't one thing I wish for. I have more now than I ever dreamed of having.

THE END



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I BELIEVED . . .

Continued from page 34

To see America with its heart showing—even a little more.

Their days together will go very fast—too fast perhaps for Kim to show him all the things she wants him to see. All those things, each for its own reason, so important to her.

"I think New York has the flavor of America—and I don't mean any particular flavor. There's just such a wonderful feeling about New York before Christmas. The cold, and everybody shopping. The ice skaters and the tall tree in the square. I'd like for Mario to see Central Park, and I want to take him over to Walgreen's Drug Store at noon and have a soda and let him see the crowd there. The intangible things you can't understand or know or feel without really seeing.

"I want to make Mario part of my life—as he has made me part of his—

"He showed me where he was born and where he'd lived. I met his family and his friends. I saw the places where he went to school, where he grew up as a child—the little family chapel where he'd always worshipped in their country home.

"I was able to share all this with him, and to know his life. And I want to be able to show him the people and places and things—the little things—that mean my life, too.

"I'd love for him to meet my mother and father and sister and her family, and we plan to spend Christmas with them. I want him to see how we live here. I'd like for him to meet a few of the neighbors I've grown up with, show him where I used to take walks when I was a little girl, and go and sit at the train station.

"Mario's seen pictures of our wish-bone tree, and now I'll show him the backyard where all my little animals were buried at the old house. I want to take him to the grammar school where I went, and show him where I carved my name on a bench and on the trees. Of course it's carved with other 'men's' names—" Kim smiles, "but they're a part of me.

"They're part of my life—all these things—and it's important to share them with Mario, so he will understand my life, too."

At home, in Chicago, Kim's Mario will meet a girl named Marilyn, a sensitive little girl who lived in the safe world of her own imagination, peopled with animals and flowers and clowns. He'll see the wish-bone tree where the child who felt herself a misfit wished and longed to be liked—longed to belong to a crowd.

And there—in the Novak home—Mario will meet a little family of clowns still in Kim's room. The commander is gone, the beloved musical clown who tinkled "Brahms' Lullabye." But the others still wait—a little polka dot colony of clowns who listened when she wrote a song of prayer:

"If faith and love be your guide
The Lord will walk by your side . . ."

—and smiled and cried when she sang her prayer over and over and over—to them. . . .

Little clowns who were a sympathetic audience for a shy and lonely little girl, tortured with her own fears of being a misfit, of not being wanted by other children, of being giggled at, because she was "different" from them.

Mario will go back to the old neighborhood where these fears were born in an over-sensitive little girl. Where there were only five of her own religion in the whole school, and none of her nationality. Where a little girl in braids and wearing

old-fashioned clothes made by her Czechoslovakian Grandmother Kral felt the resentment of other children and their cruel laughter.

"I was probably dressed better than many of the others, because my grandmother was a fantastic dressmaker, but she dressed us very plainly. At that age all the girls wanted to be girly and feminine, and they would be in curls and frilly things. I'd always be wearing suspenders and my hair in braids. There was nothing wrong with it except—"

Except that an acutely sensitive little girl longed with all her heart to be like the others. And came home from school to pour her heart out to a dog or a clown or a wish-bone tree—

"Nobody in my own home even knew what was wrong with me. I've read that I had a complex because my sister, Arlene, was so much more assured and prettier than I. But this wasn't it at all. Nobody really knew—they had no way of knowing. I was always very introverted, and I never spoke of anything that bothered me. I would just go in and close my bedroom door and be by myself. So that everyone just sort of guessed at what was wrong," Kim was saying now.

"Arlene went through this neighborhood thing too. But she wasn't as sensitive as I was. The same thing can happen to two different people and it can affect them in different ways. Everything always affected me so much more. Something somebody else would think was nothing was a tragedy to me."

Around other children, she felt all thumbs and heavy feet. "It seemed everything I said, everything I did then was wrong. I seemed to be weighed down with this great responsibility that I felt toward myself—even at nine years old—of trying so very hard to be a better person. I wanted so very much to have a gay, carefree fun-time like the others. I'd plan exactly in my mind and in my dreams how I hoped things would turn out. But it never worked out that way. I didn't know what to do about me or where to turn."

Kim's concerned and loving mother, who'd always made religion part of their

everyday lives, told her to put her faith in God and He would guide her no matter what was troubling her.

"No one in the world who believes in God, who loves and trusts Him, needs to worry. Have faith, Marilyn, that God will help you and take care of you," she said.

And so, one night alone in her room, a nine-year-old girl wrote a song of prayer and sang it to a clown's lullabye. . . .

"I remember I kept thinking about what Mother had said, wanting so very much to let myself be guided. As I thought about her words, I was listening to my lucky clown music box playing 'Brahms' Lullabye,' and it seemed to be singing my poem to me. I remember almost listening—I guess to my own thoughts—and writing down the words:

Faith and love be your guide
And the angels will bless you.
Always love God,
Always trust God,
Faith and love will be your guide.
Faith and love be your guide—
The Lord will walk at your side.

"And from then on, when something would happen that I didn't understand, I'd sing them over and over—sometimes silently—"

At Christmas, Marilyn's was always a happier world, with all of a child's joy in anticipating what the gaily wrapped packages held in store. "I didn't like to hurry Christmas and I still don't," Kim says now. "Dressing the tree the night before—all the anticipation and the big build-up for the next day—was so important to me."

And in Chicago this year Mario Bandini will be sharing the same kind of family Christmas, one by tradition and surroundings far different from those in Italy or any he would remember from his boyhood on his grandparents' immense estate in Naples or at the Bandinis' country home outside Rome.

With Kim, Mario will experience an American Christmas with all the festive trimmings. He will spend Christmas in a modest but sturdy brick house on Sayre Street, a house perfumed by the aroma of sage and turkey and the clean woody smell of the tree in the corner of the living room. A simple living room with a large painted portrait of Kim on the wall that her family loves to look at. It makes them a little less lonely for her.

On Christmas Eve he will assist a glowing Kim in hanging ornaments on the tree, to the musical background of constant carols like "Adeste Fidelis" and "Silent Night." On Christmas morning he'll join an excited Kim watching Arlene's children unwrapping the gifts Santa has brought. He'll go to the parish church, St. William, for mass, and he will meet Father Frank, a young priest who's a friend of Kim and her family.

And Mario will get to know—as well as one can in a short while—the people dearest to Kim, those whose first concern is still their daughter's happiness.

He will meet warm and motherly Blanche Novak, whose father was a Democratic precinct captain fiercely interested in affairs of government, and whose mother immigrated from Czechoslovakia. He'll meet Joe Novak, claim clerk for a railroad, whose parents were immigrants from Bohemia and who helped homestead the prairies of South Dakota.

And one wintry day he will ride a bus their daughter used to take downtown.

"I want Mario to ride the same bus I used to ride," Kim says dreamily. "I want him to see the department store where I first modeled for Norma and where I helped her with the shows. It



Faith made Kim's dreams in "wishing tree" back home in Chicago come true

means so much to me. He will understand.”

In an American department store, Kim’s Mario will see the auditorium where on another Christmas season years ago a shy little twelve-year-old attended a holiday party for the “Fairteen Club” and felt herself a welcome part of a crowd for the first time. Where she met Norma Kasell, director of teenage promotion, whose interest opened up a whole new magic world for Marilyn Novak, and whose faith first gave her a chance there.

Marilyn was first persuaded to help with the teenage fashion shows. “All the fun of helping Norma and modeling the fashions gave me a security of belonging. Of being useful somewhere. I was so grateful. And I remember one night when we were working late in the store, when everyone else was gone, I wanted Norma to know what all this meant to me, and I didn’t know how to tell her. So I shared something that was special and personal to me. . . .”

In a deserted department store that night twelve-year-old Marilyn told about her “lucky clown” and sang the poem of prayer that was “guiding” her.

Her power of pretending, the fount of emotion long pent-up inside the heart of a lonely little girl, were to find a medium in motion pictures. And it seemed almost as though she had been guided there too. . . .

“There are people Mario *must* meet and there’s so *much* I want him to see,” Kim says eagerly now. So much—in a country where a miracle like her own stardom could happen for an unknown Bohemian girl, a misfit of a girl named Marilyn Novak. “In a way, this is what America stands for, what’s happened to me.”

“I want him to see where I work, to meet the people I work with and know those who’ve helped me so much to get—well—wherever I am. Like Max Arnow, who gave me my start. And Richard Quine, who directed my test and my first movie. Benno Schneider, the drama coach at Columbia, who helped me tremendously. They’ve been guiding friends, all of them.”

Kim wants to take Mario by the YWCA-sponsored “Hollywood Studio Club” where a nineteen-year-old girl, plunged into a fabulous and overpowering new world, kept her musical clown going and tried hard to believe she had a future in motion pictures.

Showing Mario Bandini around the Columbia Studio lot, Kim will take him to the test stage where it all began. A stage inhabited by arc lights and sound booms and other now silent allies, where

cameras turned while a girl sat looking into a prop fireplace and told what she wanted out of life. To love and to be loved. And in words that could have been written in her own heart then—and now.

“I want love. But I want the kind that probably doesn’t exist. I want to lose myself completely and recklessly in some unfortunate man, and he to lose himself completely and recklessly in me. I want everything else and everyone else to become mere shadows. I even want it to be wise and right for us to be like that, instead of foolish. I want circumstances to mold themselves easily to our love, and not our love to be modified and straight-jacketed by circumstances. In other words, I want the moon and the stars. . . .”

The moon and the stars have been hers—professionally. Sparked and sustained by a chain of faith. Faith in a song of prayer. In a few people who proved they believed in her. In the millions of fans who’ve helped give Kim faith in herself. . . .

“I think my self-confidence is gained almost completely through fans,” Kim says warmly now. “And it’s something I’ve grown to need, really. If I get a little blue or depressed—when things happen or don’t happen—I can read letters from them and it’s all worthwhile. If an article is written about me that’s upsetting, I’ll worry and think, ‘What will people believe?’ And then all of a sudden I’ll read the fan letters and they’ll say, ‘We know better, Kim. We know you’re not like that.’ And then it doesn’t hurt me—

“Mario has given me a great deal of confidence as a person,” Kim goes on. “Just knowing that someone who has so much culture and learning could find me interesting. To find that I could offer him as much, in a way, as he could offer me.

“When we first met—I felt inadequate, as you often do in a new relationship, being in a strange country and going out with Mario’s friends and all. But Mario made me feel so much a part of him—and so much a part of his way of life that I felt at home.”

What does she find his most endearing trait?

“I think his scope of understanding,” Kim says thoughtfully.

Becoming a part of her life in Hollywood, Mario Bandini will see a Kim he’s never seen before.

Kim will have just finished a very demanding double role at Paramount in

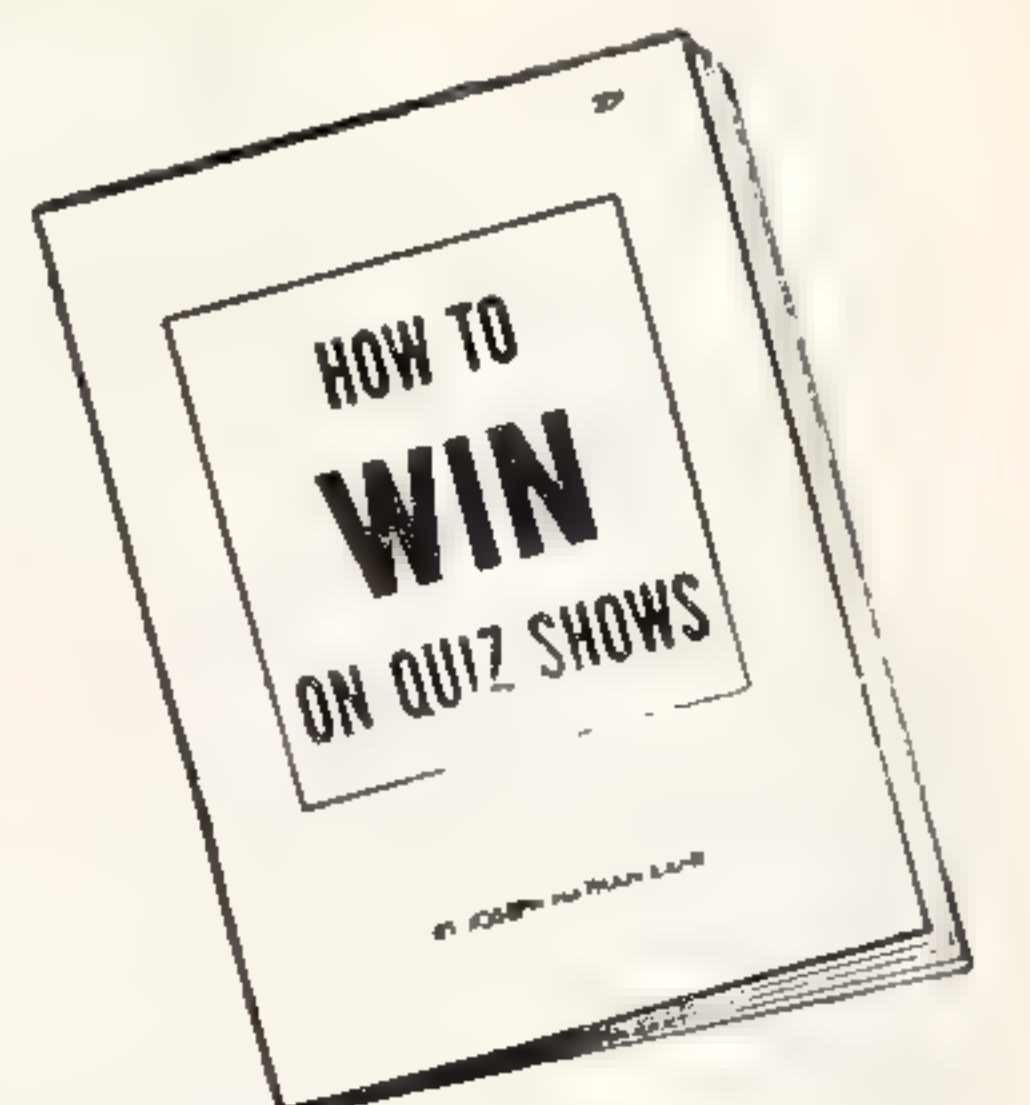
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Alfred Hitchcock's "From Among The Dead" when Mario arrives. When they get to Hollywood after spending the Christmas holidays with Kim's family in Chicago, as she says, "I'll be starting 'Bell, Book and Candle' at Columbia, and it's very important for me to be prepared to the best of my ability for that part."

"But I think it's very important for Mario to see me when I'm working—to see me under those conditions," Kim says seriously. "And Mario's involved in motion picture production in Italy. I'm sure he'll understand."

Their five months' separation, since Kim and Mario Bandini said their goodbyes in the Church Of The Sacred Heart high on a hill overlooking Paris, doesn't seem to have dimmed any of the glow. Mario's called Kim regularly, no small feat—with Kim moving around all over northern California on locations for "From Among The Dead."

One night, after calling all over California, Mario finally located Kim in a hotel in the small town of Watsonville.

"He'd been trying to reach me in Beverly Hills, and in San Francisco, and he was so worried. When he finally found me in Watsonville we talked for an hour! Then after we got through talking and hung up, all of a sudden I felt so lonely

for him and I called him right back," Kim laughs. "The telephone operator in Watsonville must have thought I was crazy. But—well—I just felt I wanted to talk to him again."

Whether Mario Bandini will feel at home in Kim's country or with the American way of life, she says quietly, "I don't know. There are people, you know, who really don't belong anywhere and they can be at home anywhere. But Mario's so much a part of his own country—I don't know. There's one thing though—there won't be the language barrier with him like there was with me. It was a little hard for me to feel comfortable on occasion over there. But Mario speaks and understands English well."

Whatever the difficulties in their respective ways of life, Kim Novak and Mario Bandini have the power of faith to bridge those ways. The strongest of bonds—the same faith.

"I think religion is a wonderful thing in binding a relationship and reaching understanding," says Kim. "When all else fails—when reason and logic and everything else fails—religion is still a holding thing."

Faith has been a holding thing—in hold-

ing the world of Kim Novak together—since a nine-year-old girl, feeling herself a misfit in life and wanting so desperately to be a warm vital part of it, wrote a prayer to sing to a clown—

"If Faith and Love be your guide

The Lord will walk at your side . . ."

The affection and faith of millions of fans have made Kim's the shiniest star at the top of the tree. Faith has helped give her confidence for her career.

"I don't think I could take a step without it," Kim says quietly. "Just the fact of knowing that God is with me, you know. Just asking Him to be with me—gives me the strength."

Kim believes with all her heart that she's been guided to her place today. "I think if it weren't meant to be, He wouldn't have allowed it."

Her future? "I never plan what I want to do from here on in my life. That's my way of life. I believe things are meant to happen, and either they happen or they don't. I don't make plans, because perhaps something else is meant to be."

She smiled that lovely mysterious smile, and clearly her thoughts were of the coming Christmas—and Mario Bandini. But of this, too, Kim will only say, "I always leave the next day to God."

THE END

WHAT IS A WOMAN?

Continued from page 28

Old Professor has relented. Frankie has decided to tell us all about "broad." And if there's anyone who can claim broad experience in the broad field, it's Mr. Sinatra. So pull up a sense of humor, class, and we'll get on with the lesson.

To begin with, Our Boy Frankie differs somewhat with a fellow named Webster. The dictionary tells us the word broad means: "Wide from side to side, vast as the ocean. Liberal, not limited. Open, clear, coarse, gross, indelicate. Obvious, evident, plain. Ample, extensive." Or, it could also mean "a hunk of gold in the time of James II."

Sinatra's definition is much simpler. "A broad," he says, "is a dame with sex appeal."

Frank modestly claims he became a real expert on this subject as a result of his role in "Pal Joey." There are plenty of beauties, including a girl named Ava, who could probably challenge that statement. No doubt they'd tell you that Our Pal Frankie became an authority long before that. But at any rate, "Joey" was responsible for some amusing post-graduate work.

"The character *Joey Evans* is probably the best-known lady-killer in show business history," Frank explains. "He's a heel—a real likeable heel."

"Naturally, he's an expert on broads. They all go for him and he knows all about them. He even has his own special language for them."

"This gave me an idea. When we started the picture, I decided to work up a list of the various types of broads. In other words, compile sort of a dictionary of *Joey's* jargon."

"The way I figure it, broads can be divided into eight different classifications: There's the 'Mouse,' the 'Tomato,' the 'Beetle,' the 'Quim,' the 'Twist and a Twirl,' the 'Gasser,' the 'Barn Burner,' and the 'Mish Mash.'"

And Frankie goes on to explain this jargon. "It's really very simple. A 'Mouse' is a cuddly broad. A 'Beetle' is a flashy

broad. One who makes with sharp clothes.

"A 'Quim' is a loose broad, one who's easy to pick up. A 'Twist and a Twirl' is a broad who likes to dance."

"Of course, I suppose, everybody's heard of the word 'Gasser.' Well, in broadsville talk that means a dame who's a real looker, a knockout."

"Now take the 'Barn Burner'—that's a broad with real polish and class. Who wouldn't dig her the most?"

"As for the 'Mish Mash,' she's a broad who's all mixed up. Of course, the one to really watch out for is the 'Tomato.' She's a broad who's ripe for marriage."

In the past few years, Our Pal Frankie has proved pretty adept at dodging the luscious Tomatoes, but he's sure dated his share of Gassers, Barn Burners and Beetles. Not to mention a Mouse or two.

As for those rumors classifying Frank's frequent companion, Lauren Bacall, as a top Tomato, the Old Professor just isn't talking. But there's little doubt that he considers Miss Bacall a fine example of a Barn Burner.

Sinatra isn't so reticent when it comes to labeling the two beauties (or should we say broads) who co-star with him in "Pal Joey." "Kim Novak is an out-and-out Gasser," Frank says. "And Rita Hayworth is a real gone Barn Burner."

Besides compiling *Joey's* Broad Dictionary during the filming of the picture, Frankie also came up with a list of *Do's* and *Don'ts* for the broad who's out to get her man.

Listen to what the wise man has to say, girls and/or broads. After all, Professor Sinatra is one who should know. Frankie leads off with one big *Don't*:

"*Don't* stalk a man," he warns. Sinatra has a fine time getting chased by both Kim and Rita in the picture, but he points out that in real life "the male animal doesn't like to be trapped."

"Men soon tire of the chase if they feel they're being hemmed in," says Pal Frankie. "There's an old cliché about a man chasing a woman until she catches him, but a smart girl stays away from that format."

"Be the hunted and let the man be the hunter. Just like in a poker game, let him lead, and don't show your hand be-

fore he shows his." An important point.

Once a woman has selected her future mate, she should plan her campaign very carefully, according to Frank. "Never run after him. If he doesn't keep following you, it isn't worth it."

"Keep him at bay, but do it in a sensible way," Frankie advises. "Don't give him a loaf of bread, but on the other hand, don't throw him only a few crumbs."

"A girl should be careful that a man doesn't take her for granted," says our expert. "Go out with other men. Jealousy in small doses is insurance against boredom and familiarity."

As to whether or not this technique has worked on Frank, he isn't saying. But you'll recall that his courtship and marriage to Miss Gardner appeared to be heavily insured against boredom.

But to get on with the Professor's advice. As Sinatra sees it, a broad shouldn't let a man get too amorous when he first enters the spider den of courtship. "Space your kisses just enough to make him want to come back for more," he says.

"Keep him at arm's end more than within your arms. Aim some of your ammunition at his vanity and hobbies. If he likes sports, pretend you're crazy about them, even if you don't know first base from a head-shrinker's formula."

Right here we should point out that both Lauren Bacall and Peggy Connolly talk a good game of football, baseball and what have you.

When it comes to finally cinching the deal, Frank has this to say: "After you've softened him up enough for the kill, let him have it with both barrels. Casually, just casually, mind you, start talking about marriage. If he looks scared, drop it for the time being. But don't wait too long to bring it up again."

"If a broad plays her cards right, at this point she'll find herself marching up the aisle. At least," sums up Frankie with a grin, "that's the way it works in the movies."

Now, before we dismiss the class, our Professor has one final remark about broads:

"When a man really understands them, he'll know what two flies say to each other on the window-sill."

THE END

WONDERFUL MIXED-UP YEAR

Continued from page 20

ways than romance. She snagged the prize role of "Marjorie Morningstar," was signed to co-star with Frank Sinatra in "Kings Go Forth," won a salary increase amounting to \$50 a minute, and showed every sign of becoming one of the top stars in the business. Not bad for a nineteen-year-old.

Nick Adams managed to show up at every party—at least every party where photographers were present. This record was equaled only by Jayne Mansfield, who not only showed up, but nearly showed everything.

'Fifty-seven was the year that Frank Sinatra didn't visit Australia, didn't care for the midnight visit of a process server, insisted he didn't help break down that "wrong door," and didn't comment on his love life, Lauren Bacall, Ava Gardner or pert Peggy Connolly. Yes, The Thin Man made the papers almost as regularly as the weather report. Every time he hit the ceiling, he hit the headlines.

And it was one of Frankie's happiest years, personally and professionally. He patched up most of the feuds he'd been carrying on with members of the press, had three successful pictures released—"The Pride and the Passion," "The Joker is Wild," and "Pal Joey"—and in case he still had time on his hands, recorded a few albums, flew to Europe, tackled a series of TV shows and played the Copa and the Mocambo. The latter he played for free, to help out after the death of its owner, Charlie Morrison.

Personally, Frankie and Betty Bacall were seeing a lot of each other in late '57, but insiders were betting they'd never see the preacher—at least together.

Nineteen fifty-seven was the year Mrs. Eddie Fisher had a hit record and Mr. Fisher didn't—which led one wag to wonder if Debbie and Eddie would have a long-playing marriage.

Betsy Drake quit playing the hermit and made two pictures, displaying a nice pair of gams in one. Cary Grant quit smoking and gave Betsy and hypnotism all the credit. He told their pals that his wife had hypnotized him out of the cigarette habit, and meant it.

It was the year that the Actors Studio types weren't quite so intense. Some of them even gave up mumbling. Others stopped looking down their noses at Hollywood and started looking up to its successful veterans.

Brooks Brothers sent the sweatshirts back to the locker room. Young actors took up the "Tea and Sympathy uniform"—neatly pressed polished cotton trousers, clean white shirts, worn without tie and open at the neck and white sneakers, unsmudged. Cashmere pullovers or alpaca cardigans were the order of the day. By year's end nobody who was anybody owned a beat-up leather jacket or enthused about bongo drums.

The big fad with Hollywood's younger set was the midnight coffee klatch—practiced with dramatic overtones, of course. Their favorite hangout was a unique little coffee house called "The Unicorn," down the road apiece from Schwabs' and Googies' on the famed Sunset Strip.

By unique we mean the place was painted solid black, inside and out, and was lighted entirely by candles. Kids like Dennis Hopper, Nick Adams, Tony Perk-

ins, Sal Mineo, Dolores Michaels and Rita Moreno spent many hours at The Unicorn, sipping java in the flickering light and talking, talking, talking. What did they talk about? Mostly themselves.

'Fifty-seven was also the year for the "alone-in-a-crowd" look. Many of the young actors and actresses adopted it. As one of them explained, once you got the knack of it, it was a breeze. To look alone in a crowd one simply feigned indifference to everyone and everything. You were, of course, a poor listener. Girls heightened the effect by wearing pale pink lipstick and lots of dark eye makeup. This was supposed to make them appear attractively forlorn.

It was a crazy year, all right. There was Elvis, his fantastic paychecks and his equally fantastic manager, Tom Parker. That's Colonel Tom Parker, suh! Between the two of them, they managed to startle startle-proof Hollywood.

The Colonel drove a hard bargain and Presley drove a fast Caddy. The Colonel barked orders to studio bosses and Elvis politely addressed everyone on the set as Sir and Ma'am. A member in fine standing of the Cad-a-month Club, he fetched Ma and Pa from Memphis to see Hollywood and fetched half of the females in Hollywood down to Memphis to see Ma and Pa. It was a dull week when Elvis wasn't making the headlines with a brand-new girl. Natalie Wood started the parade in '56. Others who went along for the publicity ride in '57 included Yvonne Lime, Anne Neyland, and Venetia Stevenson.

It was, in fact, the year Venetia Stevenson dated more young bachelors, got her picture in more magazines, her name in more columns—but didn't make any movies.

It was the year that oil was discovered in Hollywood and the derricks pumping away on the 20th Century-Fox lot were for real. Paramount, Columbia and RKO studios also were said to be on rich ground.

Jack Palance and Tony Franciosa made news by punching newsmen. Tony proved that his temper was as hot as his talent with the smashing performance he gave at a Los Angeles courthouse.

But on the more cheerful side, everyone in Hollywood praised Tony's work in "Hatful of Rain." There was no doubt that he was one of the year's most exciting new stars.

Recording studios were the places to be. In 'Fifty-seven the young actors were spending as much time in them as they were on the sound stages. While singers like Crosby, Nat King Cole, Dean Martin, Julie London, Pat Boone, Keely Smith and Dorothy Collins were going dramatic, actors like Tony Perkins, Tab Hunter, Jeff Chandler, Bob Wagner and Sal Mineo were making platters. And hits at that.

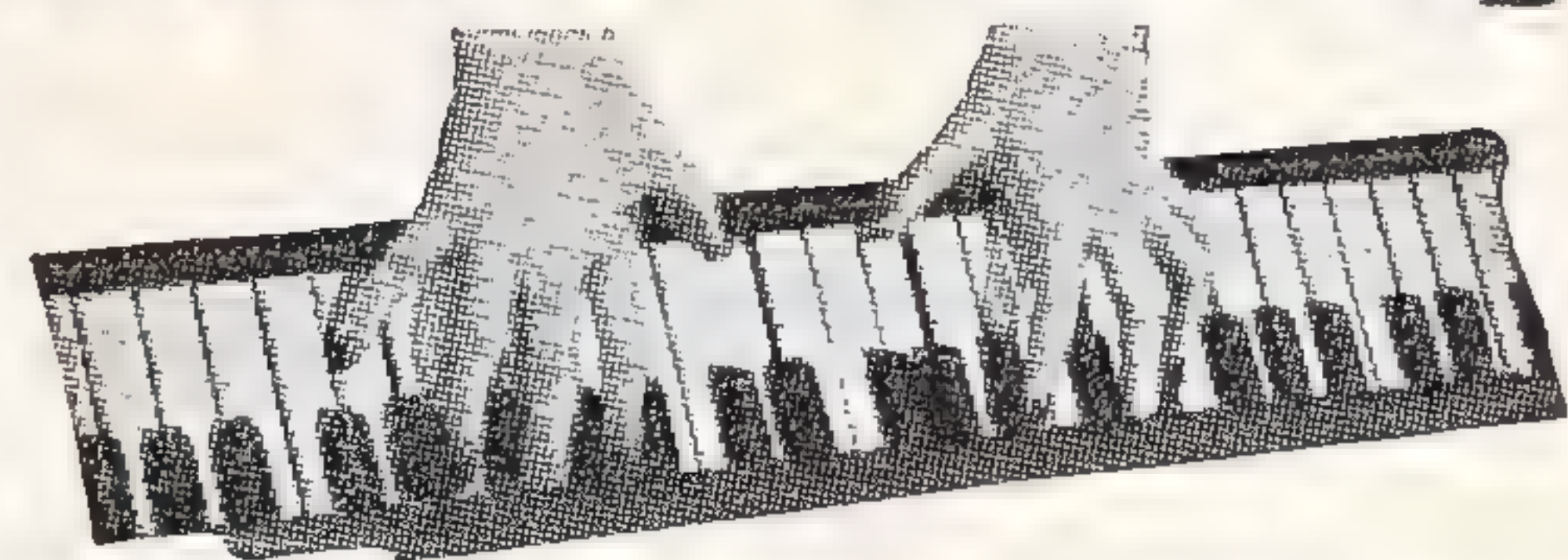
Tab started the trend with his smash record, "Young Love." DJs across the country just couldn't spin it enough. Tony Perkins hit the turn-tables with his rendition of "On a Moonlight Swim." One of the music critics observed that on wax young Mr. Perkins sounded more like Ma Perkins.

But Tony's fans didn't agree. In but a few short weeks the Perkins platter was out-selling the Presley platters, and the boys over at RCA were tickled pink.

Bob Wagner got into the act with "Hon-ey-suckle Rose." Sal Mineo recorded the title song from "Dino." Speaking of title songs, '57 was a big year for them. There was Pat Boone's "Bernardine," and Nat Cole's "Raintree County," of course, and Debbie's "Tammy."

Besides making records, Tony Perkins

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made three big pictures, moved to a bigger apartment, dated Maria Cooper and Venetia Stevenson and headed back to Broadway to open in "Look Homeward Angel." He also bought a car, put his shoes on and quit hitch-hiking around Hollywood. No doubt about it, Perkins packed a lot into twelve months—including that exciting ingredient called success.

It was the year that Columbus' descendants discovered Hollywood, and vice-versa. One of them a luscious lass named Loren, landed and proved that like the world, she was definitely round. In all the right places. And anyone who didn't appreciate Sophia was definitely a square.

It was a great year for shapely Sophia. She handled herself well, made a big hit with everyone in Hollywood, wrapped up two pictures, "Desire Under the Elms," and "House Boat" with Cary Grant and marriage by long distance.

Anna Magnani, another Italian actress, who didn't give a hoot if she was a bit too round in the wrong places, also made things interesting for Hollywood in '57. Anna's talent, matched only by her temperament, proved that she hadn't changed since her last visit here. She still didn't bother with girdles, combs or gossip columnists—especially those who sought her opinion on the latest activities of her one-time love, Roberto Rossellini.

The magnetic Magnani promptly closed the set of "Wild is The Wind." She ignored the press, got along fine with costars Tony Quinn and Tony Franciosa, but battled continually with producer Hal Wallis over the script.

When the final round was over, ringsiders agreed on one point—Magnani had turned in another championship performance on the screen. And everybody, including Anna had a laugh out of the quip that was making the rounds: "Did you hear about Magnani arriving on the set in disguise—her hair was combed!"

There were a lot of laughs in '57, And quite a few gasps. It'll be remembered as the year Jayne Mansfield almost busted up Sophia Loren's first Hollywood cocktail party. And we do mean busted. The photogs who recorded the historic meeting of these well-endowed young ladies are still shaking their lenses over the incident.

However, when Jaynie took off for Europe at the end of '57 she announced she intended to change her style in '58. Miss Mansfield threatened to be more dignified. She said she'll raise her necklines and concentrate on her dramatic lines. Like another blonde named Marilyn, Jayne has now reached the I'm-going-to-be-a-great-actress stage.

Speaking of Miss Monroe, she managed to grab her share of news space in '57. Marilyn lost the baby she and Arthur Miller wanted so badly. She also told her one-time chum, Milton Greene, to get lost. Milton didn't care for the instructions and insisted that he still was a stockholder in Marilyn Monroe Productions.

In the hassle department, M-G-M got into a stockholders' brawl that all but paralyzed the world's biggest studio for months. David O. Selznick went to Italy to film "A Farewell to Arms" and lived up to his legend. He sacked so many people during the production that the gagsters retitled it "Farewell to David." Director John Huston got the gate, and an umpteen-paged memo, because he allegedly didn't see eye-to-eye with Selznick on the handling of Mrs. Selznick's (Jennifer Jones) role in the film. Jennifer and Rock Hudson finished out their love scenes with another director.

Fifty-seven was the year that Crosby married Kathy Grant, surprising almost

everyone except the principals. Mrs. Jack Lemmon became Mrs. Cliff Robertson. Susan Hayward went to Georgia to find love and, to quote her, "the world's best vegetable soup." Attorney Eaton Chalkley was the man who won Susie's hand.

It was a year of surprises. Bob Mitcum broke his ankle and said "Goodness gracious," expectant Yvonne De Carlo put her leg through a glass door, Bette Davis fell down the stairs, Inger Stevens and Rod Steiger got stuck in a New York subway together, and Kim Novak's Italian Count turned out not to be a real Count—just Italy's Canned Tomato King. It was the year Liberace didn't smile quite so much, or make quite so many trips to the bank.

Ingrid Bergman gave Rossellini back to the Indians—or rather, one of them almost captured him—and then took him back again. Cary Grant signed an autograph.

It was the year that Kim Novak fell out of love with Mac Krim, took up John Ireland, then dropped him and kept her Italian romeo on the string. It was a golden year for Kim, beginning with the Photoplay Gold Medal Award dinner. Her career soared with "Jeanne Eagels" and "Pal Joey." She went on strike for more money and got it.

It was a big year for the big "biopic"—Hollywood's short-cut word for the biographical picture. Real life stories filled reels of celluloid. And for a change they featured facts instead of white-washing with fiction.

If you didn't catch at least one biopic in which the heroine loved the bottle or the hero was addicted to dope, couldn't stop gambling or couldn't find happiness, you just weren't trying.

Type-casting went out the window in most of these films. Donald O'Connor wiped the bright grin off his face, donned a pork-pie hat and deadpanned his way through the not-so-comic life of deadpan comedian Buster Keaton.

Filmland eyebrows went way up at the announcement that teetotaler Ann Blyth, Hollywood's original sweetness-and-light girl, had pulled an even bigger switch and snagged the lead in "The Helen Morgan Story," as the colorful girl who sang the blues, loved the booze and was destined to lose. Ditto at the announcement that sweet Dorothy Malone would play not-so-sweet Diana Barrymore in "Too Much, Too Soon."

Actress Blyth managed to guzzle her way through her script like a veteran. However, she didn't have the drink and self-destruction department all to herself. Kim Novak, another real life teetotaler, tilted the gin bottle all the way through "Jeanne Eagels." As Actress Eagels, Actress Novak was also shown dabbling with dope, damaging her career, suffering self-torment and finally dying backstage in a third-rate theater. Lots of laughs.

The huge '57 crop of biopics also included the shocker, "Monkey on my Back," the story of Barney Ross' fight against dope. Frank Sinatra rolled the dice, bet the ponies, downed the Scotch and got cut up by mobsters as Joe E. Lewis in "The Joker is Wild." Jimmy Cagney played Lon Chaney in "Man of a Thousand Faces," and Bob Hope had some bad moments as Jimmy Walker in "Beau James."

Warner Brothers spent \$6,000,000 winging Jimmy Stewart across the Atlantic in what was not only the most expensive, but the most unusual biopic of '57. The only thing wet in "The Spirit of St. Louis" was the ocean, and it had a truly happy ending.

Fifty-seven was the year Hollywood circled the globe. Authentic backgrounds and fresh scenery were considered almost as necessary to a picture as the stars. Nev-

er have so many traveled so far to film so much.

Hollywood movie companies were scattered from the Libyan desert to South Pacific lagoons. Cameras were grinding in Germany, the Italian Alps, the Italian seashore, the French countryside, the French Riviera, and the Norwegian Fjords.

The Near and Far East really got a workout, too. Of course, not every producer made a picture in Japan. It just seemed that way.

In an attempt to beat the big tax bite, more and more of the high-priced stars went into business for themselves. Following the pattern first set by stars like John Wayne, Marilyn Monroe, and Alan Ladd, they formed their own companies and produced their own pictures. At parties, frivolous chatter gave way to earnest conversation about production values and capital gains.

Marlon Brando, Lana Turner, and Kirk Douglas were among the new "producers."

Marathon movies left their mark on 1957. The two-hour film became as common as the two-car garage. More important, the big, big pictures proved they had nothing to fear from the late, late shows. Fans left those little screens in their living rooms and eagerly flocked to the theaters to catch such great wide-screen productions as "The Pride and The Passion" (two hours, twelve minutes), and "Raintree County" (three hours, seven minutes). "Sayonara," with Marlon Brando, ran a mere two hours and seven minutes.

It was a good year for the popcorn business too. Longer movies meant more nibbling.

Possibly the biggest "big" movie to go before the cameras in '57 was "South Pacific." Twentieth Century-Fox spent over \$5,000,000 to make sure that its picturization of the Rodgers and Hammerstein stage success would indeed add up to "Some Enchanted Evening."

The picture's expensive Hawaii location impressed even Hollywood. It called for the largest unit ever sent overseas by Fox. Acres of people, 120 to be exact, headed by Director Josh Logan and costars Rossano Brazzi and Mitzi Gaynor, worked two months on the island of Kauai.

"South Pacific" was certainly the biggest thing to happen to Mitzi Gaynor in '57, or any other year for that matter. And she was the first to admit it. Hard-working, ambitious and considerably more mature than when she first bounced across the screen a few years back, Mitzi was determined to turn in a great performance.

Hollywood knew surprise and happiness in '57, when suddenly, out of the blue, Marlon Brando upped and married actress Anna Kashfi—rather Joanne O'Callaghan, filmdom wasn't sure which. She looked Indian, claimed to be Indian, but headlines were screaming the exotic looking bride was actually studio-registered as Joanne O'Callaghan, daughter of a Welsh factory worker!

But Hollywood knew sadness this past year, too. Humphrey Bogart, the greatest and nicest tough guy of them all, died of cancer. In the months that preceded his death, Bogie proved what his close friends had always known—that he was also one of the bravest. And filmdom grieved the death of movie pioneer Louis B. Mayer, who contributed so much to the industry.

Fifty-seven was the year that Hollywood (and California's Attorney General) fought back at the scandal. George Murphy, one the most respected men in the industry, took charge of plans to help protect Hollywood from the scandal mongers.

And '57 was the year that Marie "The Body" McDonald starred in a real-life mystery that still has Los Angeles police

detectives wondering. The blonde beauty not only got kidnapped, she misplaced her big diamond ring. The sparkler was uncovered, but just who put the snatch on Marie and why, has yet to be figured out.

But one thing is certain, the resulting publicity didn't hurt Marie's "comeback" any. Her new nightclub act was a big hit. Marie also wound up the year by reconciling with rich shoemaker Harry Karl for the umpteenth time. Harry was so happy about this he added another mink coat to Marie's collection and tossed in a few more diamonds to boot.

The year saw the Motion Picture Producers Association revise its production code to allow more freedom in the treatment of certain subjects.

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts & Sciences made a much-welcomed announcement: In '58 the industry is going to resume sponsorship of its big annual bank night, the Academy Awards presentations.

I WORKED . . .

Continued from page 37

answered a call of the Congregational Church to come here to do relief work among these people, particularly the most hopeless of all, 1200 refugees in a displaced persons' camp near Capua, this came as a revelation—and a shock.

He had thought that his trials were over. And indeed, his faith had been sorely tried, since the day in 1948 when, called to register for the draft, his conscience would let him do nothing else but list himself as a conscientious objector. For Don, this was not easy. His career, his reputation, his whole future was in jeopardy. At that time, he was not a member of any of the three great historic peace churches—the Society of Friends (commonly called Quakers), the Mennonites, and the Church of the Brethren. He went to the Congregational Church, of which his mother was a devout member—and from childhood, he had also attended Catholic services with his father, noted stage manager Denny Murray. He had an older brother, Bill, who was a Marine. And he was an actor.

So for Don there followed two years of grilling, investigation by the FBI, and nerve-wracking waiting. When at last he was called for the final trial, his mother came, and in a firm, clear voice declared, "I have one son who is a Marine, and another who is a conscientious objector. I am proud of both." Then, he could scarcely believe his ears. The authorities told him that they had found him to be a person of unquestioned character and sincerity, and would classify him as a conscientious objector. ("I know now," says Don, "that for a long time they just couldn't believe that an actor could be sincere. But I learned one big thing from that experience—if you don't desert the truth, it won't desert you.")

Don was not afraid of danger. The Korean War was on, and he was eager to go over there for the term that conscientious objectors serve in lieu of a military stretch. He applied to the American Red Cross and other field organizations, and was bitterly disappointed when none of them could find a place to use him.

At last, he found acceptance with the Church of the Brethren. Although numbering only 180,000 members in this country, this church, like the other peace churches, conducts a vast foreign relief

'Fifty-seven was a year for break-ups, make-ups and just status quo. Lana Turner tossed aside Husband No. 4, Lex Barker. Terry Moore and Eugene McGrath called it quits, then changed their minds. Ginger Rogers decided that one Frenchman could be wrong—she trotted into divorce court to shed Jacques Bergerac. Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman, who spent a lot of money on lawyers in '56, and made some interesting headlines, decided to start '57 out right. They reconciled New Year's Eve. And near year's end, newspapers screamed the separations of Rock and Phyllis Hudson and Jeff and Marjorie Chandler.

Jack Palance and his wife staged some preliminary fireworks in divorce court, then went back together again. Anita Ekberg and Anthony Steele battled in Brazil but patched things up in Copenhagen.

Yes, the year 1957 was quite the year—crazy, wonderful, mixed-up. And we wouldn't have had it any other way. **END**

program, supported by voluntary workers who receive only a pittance for living expenses, and generous contributions from members that, during the last war, ran well into the millions.

When Don left for the training camp in New Windsor, Maryland, he expected to find "little men with beards." Instead, he found a peace and a joy he had never known, with a stalwart, dedicated people who were filled with the optimism and enthusiasm that comes only to those who have found a real purpose in living.

Now Don shared that purpose, too, and when he was assigned to a relief project in Kassel, Germany, he put it to work with a vengeance. A powerfully-built athlete who had won many a track award, he was given a job as stonemason and bricklayer in building a new relief center. It was a far cry from the Broadway stardom that, as a result of his acting in "The Rose Tattoo," had been just within his grasp. But in it, he found a satisfaction he had never known before. At night, he studied German. He organized sports activities with the German boys, and, when his German improved, gave talks about the true meaning of democracy in the schools, finding there a purpose of real service to his country. It made him pleased and proud, too, to discover that the U.S. Army gave the relief activities hearty support, often lending needed equipment.

Then the call came to go to Naples. The need, he could see, was great, and it was a challenge he could not refuse.

And there, he faced what seemed like certain defeat. They opened a little clinic—but no one came to be cured. "What do these people want from us? How are they trying to use us?" was the coldly suspicious attitude of the people, wary from past mistreatment.

A ray of hope came when, out of desperation, a sick child was brought to the clinic, and made well. Then, others came, and soon the clinic was filled to overflowing.

In the refugee camp, too, there was much that could be done. Don, who set about mastering Italian as quickly as he had mastered German, tried to keep the youngsters out of trouble with organized activities, and give the older folks a purpose and a little money by staging bazaars where they could sell their handiwork. But to restore life to these dead spirits seemed impossible. How could one restore hope in the future . . . when there was none? All Don could do was to work harder. And his health broke.

On that Christmas Eve in 1954, his term of service was almost ended. And he felt that he had failed. When he got up be-

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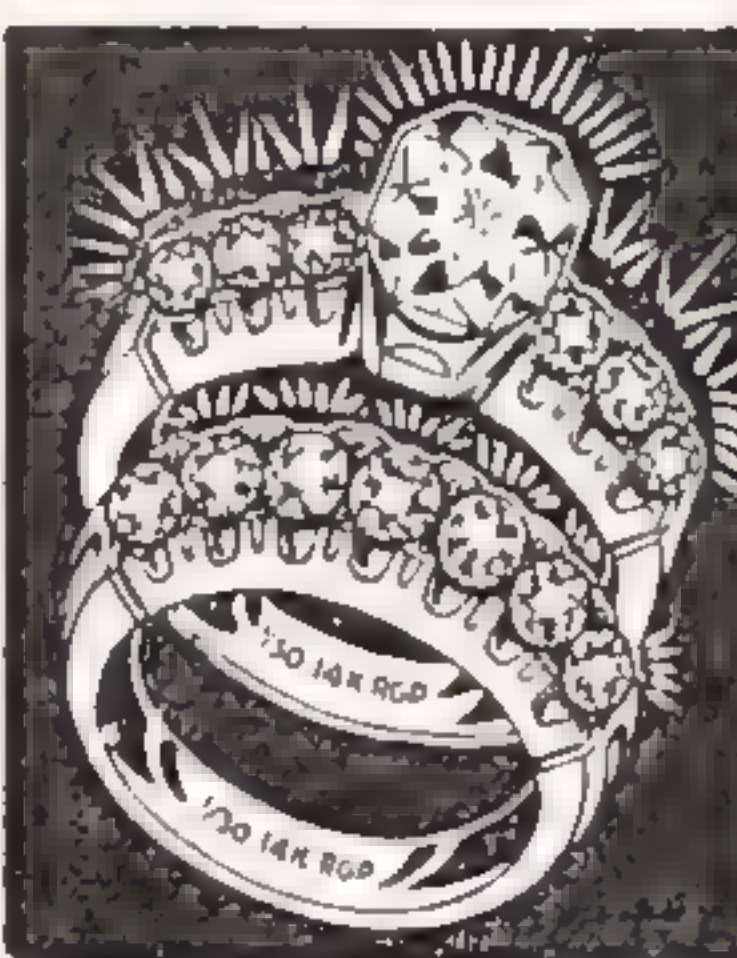
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fore the people in the refugee camp to introduce the little Nativity pageant that he had prepared, his heart sank. The camp authorities had warned him of what would happen, and they were right. From the motley assemblage of all creeds and nationalities, a chorus of jeers and boos drowned out his first words, stones clattered on the stage. But Don went on. "We can all share respect for Jesus Christ," he said, "if not as divine, then as a man."

Then, as the age-old story unfolded, a curious hush fell upon the crowd. And when it was ended, there were tears on many faces. Then, wild cheers and applause struck Don like a flood.

God is love. That is what the Bible said. And in that moment, Don Murray knew that love lies deep in the heart of every human being. And where that love is, is hope. Then and there, Don Murray dedicated himself to the service of these people, who had shown him so beautifully this greatest meaning in life.

It is on that meaning that Don's whole religious faith, and everything he does today is based: Love and service to others.

"One must have faith, to begin with," he says. "One must *believe*. It was this that pulled me through those rough days in Naples. Otherwise, I don't think I ever would have been able to hang on.

"Doubts? Oh yes, I had doubts—loads of them. So many times, I thought to myself, 'Why did I ever come here? Maybe I should have stayed in Germany—there I felt I was really accomplishing something.' And sometimes, I was terribly discouraged.

"This is something that every person who has religious faith should understand. Those doubts will come when things go wrong, for we're all human, with human weaknesses. But if your faith is strong, it will give you the strength, too, to see it through. I know it was like that for me. The thing to do is just go on working and trying—and believing."

Working. Again and again this word appears, when Don talks about his faith. For this is another great tenet of his religion. As it is written in the Scriptures, "Faith without works is dead." This, Don Murray firmly believes.

By profession, he is an actor. Both his parents were theatrical people, and it is a calling for which he had a natural bent. He appeared in plays since childhood, and went to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts as naturally as another boy might follow his father's footsteps as a doctor or lawyer.

Some may feel that acting is far afield from religion, but Don doesn't think so. "An actor, through the characters he plays, can help people to understand humanity, and bring them closer to one another in this way," he says. "Take a play like 'Hatful of Rain.' It dealt with very human problems. And in revealing the way some kids fall into the evil of dope addiction, it served a constructive social purpose, too."

But acting, for all his love of it and whole-hearted enthusiasm for it, is only the means to the end that he found in his religion.

Weak as he was, Don remained in Europe for six months' voluntary service after his term as a conscientious objector had expired. When he came home in May, 1955, he was thin as a rail, but to a young lady who met him at the boat, "He looked terrific." In spite of his woeful thinness, Hope Lange saw in Don Murray a quality that she hadn't seen in the fun-loving young actor who had been courting her ever since she was a seventeen-year-old dancer, and who had written her faithfully all the time he was overseas.

There was a strength and purposefulness in him that was oddly exciting, and she found herself becoming much more interested in him than she ever was before.

Don expected to have a tough time, breaking into Broadway again. But when he began to read for parts, he felt a new power in his work. He realized, then, that all his experience overseas had given him a professional asset that he had never dreamed of—the developed maturity and understanding of people that every good actor needs. He felt it when he read for "The Skin Of Our Teeth." Famed director Joshua Logan felt it, too, when he saw him in the play—and as a result tested and signed Don for the part of the cowboy in "Bus Stop."

And all the good things began to come his way—the best of all, his marriage to Hope while on the "Bus Stop" location. Overnight, movie and TV offers poured in.

To Don, this meant the beginning of fulfillment of a bigger dream—a dream now shared with Hope. He flew back to Italy to set up a program with the Church of the Brethren, of which he was now a member, aimed at giving a future and a place in life to the refugees, still hopelessly confined in the D.P. camps.

"These people have done nothing wrong," Don says passionately. "They are victims of circumstances. Some of them have been there from five to twelve years! People who escaped from Communism, or through territorial changes lost their country to Communism. Due to immigration restrictions, they have no place to go. In Italy, they cannot work, because the Italian Government has all it can do to solve the problem of unemployment for its own people. So these unfortunate people are condemned to a life that has no future—unless somebody helps!

"That's what we're trying to do," Don explains, his face glowing. "It's not charity—these people don't want or need charity. They need to feel that their lives are not a total loss, that they have a place and a purpose. To sit day after day with nothing to do and nothing to look forward to does terrible things to people. I know. I've seen it. Think of it—there are *forty-five thousand* of such people in barbed-wire camps in Western Europe today!

"Our project, HELP—Homeless European Land Program—has the purpose of buying land where these people are held and building new communities where they will be able to work, construct homes and earn their right to citizenship and freedom. We have the support of the United Nations, the Italian Government, the U.S. Escapee Program, various voluntary organizations and individuals—Protestants, Catholics, Jewish or Orthodox."

For this project, Don contributes not only time, work and words, but a large portion of the very hefty income he's now collecting as top Twentieth Century-Fox star of "The Hell Bent Kid." Since Hope won a top role in "Peyton Place" and her star status is also zooming, she, too, contributes sizeable sums from her income. Recently, both Hope and Don were overjoyed when the CBS-TV show "Playhouse 90" made them an offer to star in "The Homeless," a play about the refugees' plight based on his own experience that Don wrote with Fred Clasel. Every cent of the \$10,000 they get for acting in it will go into the initial HELP project in Sardinia.

"It's the first project, a model we hope will be copied all over Europe," says Don enthusiastically. "The U.N., the Italian Government and the U. S. Escapee Program put up half the money for the land, and we're trying to raise the rest. We've already planted the first crop, and hope

to move the families out of the barbed-wire into their own homes as soon as we can pay off the land.

"All contributions are gratefully received," says Don with a grin. "Send 'em to HELP, 22 South State Street, Elgin, Ill., and make checks payable to Brethren Service Commission." Incidentally, every cent goes directly to the refugees. Personnel, administration and promotion are paid for by the Brethren Service Commission, the Congregational Christian Service Commission, and the Murrays.

"I know a lot of people wonder why I joined the Church of the Brethren," says Don. "Well, I look upon a church as a place of fellowship. A house of worship is just a church building. It's the spirit of the people inside that counts, not the building or type of faith. I found that these people thought and felt as I did, and their faith wasn't a matter of words. They lived at it and worked at it. That appealed to me. And I think when you find that kind of fellowship in which you feel at home, no matter what the denomination, that is the place to be."

Don sighed as he added, "I'm so tired of reading about how I don't smoke or drink. It's true that I don't smoke or drink because my church doesn't approve of it. But it's played up so much, as if it were a big thing. It isn't *important*. That's a negative attitude. And religion should never be based on *negative* thinking."

Getting on his feet and waving his hands for emphasis, there's no doubt that

Don is now off on a subject he feels pretty hot under the collar about. "It's the whole point," he explodes. "Religion should be *positive*. It should be a matter of *working*, not just sitting around and waiting for things to happen.

"Just look around—are the evil-doers, the militarists wasting any time? The time to put religious faith to practice and work to bring peace and freedom to the world is *now*—and not when a war hits us!"

As a conscientious objector, Don feels like his church, that this is his fight—a fight to prevent war with positive action in relieving the distress caused by war and bringing hope and faith in a better way of life.

Among Don's cherished souvenirs, along with the track medals he won as a boy and impressive acting awards, is a strange memento. An old pair of socks, half made of darning. They are his socks. The darning, a careful, expert job, is the work of a Naples lady, who, with her niece, took Don into her home and nursed him, fed him and mended his clothes when he was too ill to look after himself. "I keep those socks as a reminder," he says. A reminder of the good in every human being. A reminder that working to bring out that good is the most rewarding, most soul-satisfying purpose that another human being can have.

"A Catholic priest put into words what my religion means to me, much better than I can," says Don. "Not long ago, I was privileged to hear Father F. A. Morlion, who is President of the International College of Social Studies in Rome. And in these words, that I'll never forget, he summed up exactly the way I feel: 'We cannot see God. We cannot have a conversation with God. We cannot hurt God or help God as a person. But what God has done is to put people on the earth who are here in place of Him to represent Him, and it is in these human beings that God expresses Himself.'

"The only way you can serve God is to help human beings, and the only way you can hurt God is to hurt human beings."

THE END

A DAY WITH RICK

Continued from page 42

said with a grin that seemed to add . . . "it's about time". . . .

"Good morning Mom, Dad. Say, where's Dave?"

Ozzie looked up from his newspaper and his eggs. "He's over at Twentieth Century-Fox. They're doing a scene of his for 'Peyton Place' today."

"Oh, that's right," Rick said, and proceeded to tear into his breakfast. "I almost forgot my brother's a movie star now."

Harriet smiled fondly at Rick and replied. "That's all right. David's brother is a recording star now . . . but you're both still just the Nelson boys to me." But her words did not completely hide the pride in Harriet's voice.

"That's right Mom," Rick called over his shoulder as he ran for the front door. "Got to run. Math test . . . I want to cram during study period. See you at the studio later." And Rick Nelson was off, leaving behind him a couple of loving, bemused parents named Ozzie and Harriet.

The study period went well, and so did the math test. Three periods later, Rick was whistling his way down the hall when a pretty, dark-haired girl he had dated a few times passed by.

"Hiya, Rick."

"Oh . . . Hi."

"I just bought another copy of your record, 'Teenager's Romance'."

"How come another copy?" Rick grinned at her.

"I wore out the first one," she laughed. "Say, sure wish I could go along and see you sing at the Indiana State Fair."

As she spoke, Rick felt a sudden twinge of apprehension. The early morning's excitement had only been a preparation for what he felt now: He was just plain nervous about singing, live, before a gigantic audience at these state fairs.

"Thanks a lot," Rick said, moving down the corridor towards his next class, "See you later." As he walked along, Rick thought: "It's silly to be nervous. All I've got to do is get up there and be myself . . . just myself . . ."

But being "myself" is always a tough job. Especially when you have as many selves as Eric Hilliard Nelson has. The Rick who grew up before America's eyes and ears on "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet" is not quite the same fellow who recently began to search for his own individuality . . . picked up a guitar on the set between set-ups . . . started to strum it . . . groped for the chords he heard inside himself . . . began to hum and then . . . to sing!

For then suddenly quite a few "selves" seemed to be crowded out of the picture. The Rick who wanted desperately to play tennis on America's Davis Cup team; the boy who threw himself into drag races driving a Plymouth stock car, trying to win with all his heart—these were suddenly replaced by a young man who wanted only one thing in the world: To sing his heart out!

But until now, it had been singing to a great unseen record audience. Except for that one unforgettable experience—that day in assembly period.

Singing at the assembly of a Los Angeles high school, Rick had suddenly tasted what the word fame could really mean. The kids, having their first glimpse of the boy whose record they'd danced to and hummed along with for months, went a little wild. He remembered the combination of exhilaration and nervousness he'd felt as the members of the school football team beat a path to his car for him, breaking through the overly-enthusiastic Nelson devotees.

Now, as he entered his fourth period classroom, he seemed to be feeling only the strangeness of having to face so many people at one time and in one place, all waiting for him to sing and dance. . . . During lunch period, he was still quiet and preoccupied.

But by the time he struggled into his tennis sweater, shorts and sneakers after school, these thoughts were replaced, for the moment, by the more pleasant thought that a certain girl (who had been Miss Illinois in the Miss America Contest) would be at the TV studio later.

He ran out onto the tennis court, anxious to do his best in the match. He half-wished he hadn't made the date for today. He and his opponent could easily have scheduled it for another day. That way he would have had time to practice his guitar before the TV show. But the old love for tennis and the months and months of playing stood him in good stead and he played a good match, beating his classmate 6-2, 6-2, 6-0.

After a quick shower, he dressed, grabbed a candy bar, and drove off to the recording studios. He looked at his watch. He still had time to listen to one of his playbacks before he was due at the TV studio. "Hey, Rick, slow down," he said to himself, as he noticed his speedometer had risen higher than it should.

"Hi, Rick, what's up? You're not cutting anything today, are you?" It was one of the sound engineers who recognized him as he entered the studio.

Rick shook his head. "Uh-uh. I just wanted to hear a playback of the one we did the other day. Would it be all right?"

"Sure. Go right in." As Rick disappeared into the sound booth, the engineer turned to a co-worker and said. "Some contract that kid pulled with us. Twelve records a year. Not bad for seventeen years old, huh?"

"I'll say," answered the other. "His last record sold like ice in summer!"

And as the two watched Rick Nelson through the glass partition, listening to his own recording, they saw a kid with limpid blue eyes, who was the newest and hottest show business personality. And they saw a serious Rick, his face clouded with concentration as he listened intently. Unconsciously brushing a thick lock of brown hair off his forehead, they saw him lift the needle arm, and play a section over again three times.

The engineer shook his head in amazement as he remembered the bright, bouncy lad he'd seen so many times on the Nelsons' TV show. It was the same youngster all right, but the boy sitting before him with an intense expression, was an artist as well as a teenager . . . a combination only a couple of guys have had recently . . . Presley . . . Boone . . .



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THE INSIDE STORY!
MARLON BRANDO'S MARRIAGE MYSTERY
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February PHOTOPLAY

BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. Full reviews this month are on page 11.

✓✓✓✓ APRIL LOVE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Utterly happy movie, full of songs and warm feeling. City kid Pat Boone gets shipped to a Kentucky farm for reform, and Shirley Jones is a big help. (F) December

✓✓✓ ESCAPE IN JAPAN—U-I; Technirama, Technicolor: Appealing family-style film, shot in Japan. As young son of Americans Teresa Wright and Cameron Mitchell, Jon Provost goes on the lam with a Japanese buddy. (F) December

✓✓ JET PILOT—U-I, Technicolor: Entertaining, wildly plotted air epic matches American flyer John Wayne against a Soviet opposite number—Janet Leigh! Fine flying scenes, lots of intentional and unintentional comedy. (F) December

✓✓✓✓ JOKER IS WILD, THE—Paramount, VistaVision: Strong, frank biography of night-club comic Joe E. Lewis, who's splendidly portrayed by Frank Sinatra. Socialite Jeanne Crain can't win him; dancer Mitzi Gaynor marries him. Eddie Albert's a loyal pal. (A) November

✓✓✓✓ LES GIRLS—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Dazzling musical, sly and spectacular, sophisticated and hilarious. Just what *did* happen with Gene Kelly and his "girls"? They are partners in his Europe-touring revue: Kay Kendall, Mitzi Gaynor, Taina Elg. (A) December

✓✓✓✓ MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES—U-I, CinemaScope: James Cagney scores in the affecting story of Lon Chaney, silent-era character star. Dorothy Malone and Jane Greer play the women in his life. (F) November

✓✓✓✓ NO DOWN PAYMENT—20th, CinemaScope: Searching closeup of young couples living in each other's laps in a suburban housing development. Cameron Mitchell, Joanne Woodward are the most dramatic pair. (A) October

✓✓✓✓ OPERATION MAD BALL—Columbia: Wonderfully wacky farce set at a postwar U. S. Army base in France. GI Jack Lemmon's schemes for a romantic party are opposed by Ernie Kovacs, but saved by Mickey Rooney. (F) December

✓✓✓✓ SAYONARA—Warners; Technirama, Technicolor: Powerful, visually beautiful drama of love across racial barriers. U. S. flyer Marlon Brando, in Tokyo, falls in love with Miiko Taka, dedicated actress. (A) December

✓✓✓ SLAUGHTER ON TENTH AVENUE—U-I: Hard-hitting waterfront melodrama sets Richard Egan against corruption, with Jan Sterling as a key witness. (F) December

✓✓ STORY OF MANKIND, THE—Warners, Technicolor: Are we worth saving? Before a celestial court, Ronald Colman says yes; Vincent Price (as Satan), no. Big stars in each history episode are often whimsically cast. (F) December

✓✓✓ TIME LIMIT—U.A.: Expertly acted, though talky. Richard Widmark discovers why fellow Army officer Richard Basehart "turned traitor" in a Korean prison. (F) December

"What do you think, Rick?" he asked when the record finished playing, and the boy emerged from the booth. Rick looked at him steadily and said, "I'm not sure . . . but I think it's pretty good."

"It's got your mark on it, anyway. No imitation of anyone else. It's pure Rick Nelson!" Rick's serious expression burst into a clear-eyed smile.

"Thanks," he said. "That's all I ever want to be." And he was off again, following out the pattern of his day.

At the studio where the Nelsons' television show is filmed, they were shooting a big senior prom scene, and a whirling mass of couples was dancing to Rick's new recording, "Have I Told You Lately That I Love You?" Rick, not in the present scene, arrived and greeted his father, who stood aside, casting a careful director's eye over the whole procedure.

In a moment, the lovely young Miss Illinois, one of Rick's recent dates, resplendent in a radiant blue gown, waltzed by. Rick's eyes opened wide as he admired her. "She's really a doll, isn't she, Dad?" Ozzie Nelson nodded in agreement, but his attention quickly reverted back to perfecting the scene.

Then a worried expression crossed Rick's face, and he whispered: "Dad . . ."

"What is it, Rick?" Ozzie answered, preoccupied for the moment.

"I'm kind of worried about something. I'd like to talk to you about it."

Instantly, Ozzie was all attention and the director was replaced by the father. "Sure, son. Tonight be all right?" Rick nodded and Ozzie added, "We'll have a 'bull session.'" He put his arm around Rick's shoulder and the two Nelsons got back to work.

Ever since Rick could remember, he and Dave had been able to turn to their folks for advice and guidance whenever they needed it. And the advice was almost always right, too, even though he and Dave, like all kids, didn't always listen.

"Rick . . . Rick Nelson on the sound stage, please . . ." came a voice over a loud speaker. And Rick hurried to take his place onstage.

After dinner that night, all the Nelsons gathered in the living room and the family "bull session" was on.

"It's these four dates to entertain at state fairs," Rick began seriously. "I'm suddenly realizing, I guess, how big and tough they look to me."

Harriet Nelson spoke out what they were all thinking. "That sounds," she smiled, "like a perfectly natural reaction. After all, these will be live audiences." Ozzie and Dave nodded agreement.

"That's just it, Mom," Rick said. "With a record date you can always do it over and over, till you get something real fine. But with an audience right in front of you . . . well, you've got to give so much of yourself. A guy really has to entertain the people."

"You're learning fast," Ozzie grinned. Rick continued, "And suppose you're standing in front of people who are there because they like you and want to hear you sing . . ."

"And suppose you goof, is that the idea?" Dave asked. Rick nodded.

It was Harriet's turn. "Rick, we all have great confidence in you. Don't forget that you're the *third* generation of a greasepaint family. My mother was facing live audiences when she was your age."

"And I was leading a band for dancing," Ozzie added. "What your mother's trying to say is that we're proud of the success you're making on your own. But, that doesn't mean we're not still a family

unit." Ozzie gave Rick a father-son wink.

"One for all, and all for one," Rick laughed, feeling better already.

"Exactly," Ozzie said. "So we're going to talk out the whole problem of this tour, and I'll write some material for you. And we'll help set your routines for you right here."

"That's great, Dad. Just like one of our own shows."

"Now that we've got that squared away," Harriet said with her particular brand of gentle humor, "how about housework?"

As with any other teenager, homework is an integral part of Rick's day. Usually, week day evenings, he stays in and, if there is any socializing on the agenda, friends drop in but leave around nine or so.

The weekend, same as all over America, is Rick's time to howl. And howl he does. There is no curfew at the Nelsons'. Ozzie and Harriet are reasonable about bed-times on nights out. So . . . Rick is reasonable too. Especially since Ozzie digs down and helps his son with some green spending matter. (Most of Rick and Dave's earned money goes into trust for them.) The give-and-take seems to work pretty well at the Nelsons'.

Tonight was no exception for social life. Rick finished his homework in good time, and soon the doorbell rang. A few young couples entered and within minutes, a rug was rolled back and Rick was whirling a young lady around in his own very special style of dancing (a cross between mambo and jitterbug. The girl was not Miss Illinois. Rick's gone steady five times, but he's playing the field vigorously right now).

When it was time to leave, one of Rick's buddies said at the door: "Hey, Rick. I heard you were going to make a movie. That true?"

Rick's laughing face sobered for a moment. "Uh-uh. Not right now. The right part hasn't showed up." He smiled. "They offered me a part in 'Peyton Place,' but it was a villain."

"You, a villain?" His friend laughed. "Your fans would riot."

"But you *will* make a movie, won't you Rick?" a girl asked.

"One thing at a time," Rick said, good humoredly. "Good night, gang."

As he got ready for bed, Rick was remembering his early brush with movie making. He'd once played Farley Granger as a young boy in "The Story Of Three Loves," and he thought it would be good to make another movie. But as Ozzie had said, there was no rush, even though he'd been told there had been thousands of letters asking when "that" launching movie would be made.

One thing at a time . . . First came the record album; and the state fairs. . . .

As he lay in bed, his eyes picking out the familiar, loved shape of his guitar, standing at his place at the foot of his bed, Rick felt doubly glad; glad that he'd had the courage to ask for help, and guidance from his family with a new experience on the horizon and glad that he had the kind of family who were always there when you turned to them.

Sleepily, he thought: "I feel pretty good now. I'm sure I passed the math test. . . . I'll find out tomorrow . . . and Dad and I will work out these routines tomorrow night . . ." Then, dropping into drowsy sleep, his last thoughts were: "Some day . . . a darkened theater . . . and a screen . . . and a movie . . . starring . . . Rick Nelson . . . and . . ."

The thought went unfinished because, after a day busy enough for half a dozen young men, Rick Nelson was sound asleep.

THE END

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